Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_KU-242-644

£10-00

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART

THE NATIONAL GALLERY
FRANCE AND ENGLAND

OTHER WORKS BY

SIR CHARLES HOLMES

G. BELL & SONS

THE NATIONAL GALLERY
Vol. I.—ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

Uniform with this Volume.

Medium 8vo. 112 Illustrations. 21s. net.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY
Vol. II.—THE NETHERLANDS, GERMANY, & SPAIN.

Uniform with this Volume.

Medium 8vo. With Illustrations. 25s. net.

CHATTO & WINDUS

NOTES ON THE SCIENCE OF PICTURE-MAKING.

With Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo. 4th Edition. 8s. 6d. net.

NOTES ON THE ART OF REMBRANDT.

With Photogravure Frontispiece and 44 Plates. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

NATIONAL GALLERY

AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Fiftieth Thousand. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE MAKING OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

1824-1924. By Sir Charles Holmes and C. H. Collins-Baker. Price 1s. 6d. net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

28 pp. Royal 8vo. 2s. net.

[From the Proceedings of the British Academy.]

OLD MASTERS & MODERN ART

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

FRANCE AND ENGLAND

BY

SIR CHARLES HOLMES

DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY

LONDON

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD

MCMXXVII

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.

TO
THE FRIENDS WHO HAVE HELPED ME
AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE
AND ELSEWHERE

PREFACE

It is now six years or more since this book was begun. During the latter part of that period, the demands of official life have multiplied until the satisfactory completion of any other continuous task (even of one so closely associated as this with my daily duties) became impossible. The present volume thus calls for even more liberal indulgence than its predecessors.

Several essentially structural questions, in particular those relating to Form, Line, Colour, Light, Scale and the conditions which govern the making of the cabinet picture, have been so fully treated in the two previous volumes that I have not thought it necessary to repeat my arguments, even though the omission may cause certain sections of the book to seem incomplete if taken without their presumed context.

Upon one other point a word of explanation is desirable. I have treated in some detail painters like Claude and Poussin, Reynolds and Turner, Manet and Whistler, who by their example and individuality are landmarks in the history of painting, but have had to discuss in much more cursory fashion, or to omit altogether, many other admirable painters whose work has a less direct bearing upon the vital issues. These omissions are

necessarily frequent in the case of my contemporaries. Some of them are not represented as yet in our public collections, although the recent splendid benefactions of Mr. Courtauld and Sir Joseph Duveen have repaired many of the gaps left by former neglect. But all Europe, from Scandinavia to Spain and Italy, has produced artists who still have to find a place in our galleries, although the scope of this book does not permit them to be discussed in its pages. For our immediate purpose we must regard them, in general, as coming under the heading of France, where most of them found their spiritual home.

Though designed as a popular commentary upon a particular collection, the book would have been patently incomplete if it did not occasionally exceed the limits of that first general plan. Even so fine a gallery as ours is not everywhere sufficient to elucidate the sequence of achievements which make up art history. In the present volume this insufficiency proved to be considerable. I was compelled, therefore, to include summary accounts of much that could not be seen at Trafalgar Square or Millbank, and to draw upon many other sources for illustrative material. The chapter on Oriental painting is the most conspicuous of these digressions, and perhaps the most essential. Until we know something about the arts in China and Japan, we can understand neither the course which painting has followed in Europe for the last sixty years, nor its full future possibilities. So intimate indeed are the artistic relations between East and West, that the absence from Trafalgar Square

of any specimens of Oriental art is a source of unceasing regret to me. Only by comparisons made on the spot can we hope to get full benefit from each of them, and to balance the competing factors upon which our artistic destiny may depend.

For permission to reproduce works of art in their possession I have to thank His Majesty The King; the National Galleries of Scotland, Ireland, Victoria and Berlin; the Victoria and Albert Museum; the Imperial War Museum; Christ Church, Oxford; the Manchester Art Gallery; the Earl of Kerry; Sir William Orpen; Mrs. Spring-Rice; Mr. A. Thomas Loyd, and others. I must also acknowledge with gratitude the assistance I have received in this and other matters from my colleagues at the National Gallery, from Mr. Laurence Binyon and Professor Hind of the British Museum, from the Witt Library, and from our photographic staff, who have spared no effort to help me out of my difficulties.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	PREFACE	vii
	INTRODUCTION	xvii
	PART I : FRANCE	
CHAPTER I	FRANCE AND THE ANGLO-SAXON	3
II	EARLY FRENCH PAINTING	18
III	CLAUDE AND POUSSIN	28
IV	THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN FRANCE	54
V	CLASSICS AND ROMANTICS	74
VI	THE JAPANESE	104
VII	MANET AND HIS SUCCESSORS	118
	PART II : ENGLAND	
VIII	THE EARLIER ENGLISH PAINTERS	143
IX	THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND	154
X	THE AGE OF TURNER	187
XI	THE VICTORIANS	221
XII	THE POST-VICTORIANS	247
	EPILOGUE	270
	APPENDIX	291
	INDEX	295

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

* Colour Plate

PLATE		FACING PAGE
	CHAPTER II: EARLY FRENCH PAINTING	
1.	POL DE LIMBOURG: The Month of March (Chantilly)	20
2.	MAITRE DE MOULINS: Meeting of Joachim and Anna	21
	CHAPTER III: CLAUDE AND POUSSIN	
3.	NICOLAS POUSSIN: Cephalus and Aurora - - -	36
4.	NICOLAS POUSSIN: Nursing of Bacchus - - -	37
5.	NICOLAS POUSSIN: Entombment (Dublin) - -	40
6.	NICOLAS POUSSIN: Landscape with Figures - -	41
7.	CLAUDE: Landscape Drawing (Christ Church, Oxford)	44
8.	CLAUDE: Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba - -	45
9.	CLAUDE: The Enchanted Castle (Lockinge) - -	50
10.	SEBASTIAN BOURDON: Return of the Ark (Detail) -	51
	CHAPTER IV: THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY	
11.	LE NAIN: Saying Grace - - - - - - -	56
	WATTEAU: La Gamme d'Amour	
12.	WATTEAU: Drawing for La Gamme d'Amour (British Museum) - - - - - - - - - -	57
13.	WATTEAU: Fêtes Vénitiennes (Edinburgh) - -	60
14.	WATTEAU: Gilles and his Family (Hertford House) -	61
15.	NATTIER: Comtesse de Tillières (Hertford House) -	66

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE		FACING PAGE
16.	FRAGONARD : The Schoolmistress (Hertford House)	67
17.	CHARDIN : The Lesson	70
18.	CHARDIN : Still Life	71
	CHAPTER V : CLASSICS AND ROMANTICS	
19.	DAVID : Marat (Brussels)	76
20.	PRUDHON : The Zephyr (Hertford House)	77
21.	DELACROIX : Baron Schwiter	80
22.	DELACROIX : Execution of Marino Faliero (Hertford House)	81
23.	INGRES : Mme. Bochet	82
24.	INGRES : M. de Norvins	83
25.	INGRES : Oedipus and the Sphinx (Louvre)	86
	INGRES : Oedipus and the Sphinx (National Gallery)	86
26.	DAUMIER : Don Quixote Reading (Melbourne)	87
27.	MILLET : The Wood-Sawyers (V. and A. Museum)	92
28.	MILLET : Le Printemps (Louvre)	93
	MILLET : Landscape Drawing	
29.	COURBET : Self-Portrait (Montpellier)	94
30.	COURBET : The Wave (Louvre)	95
31.	COROT : Claudian Aqueduct	98
	COROT : Palace of the Popes	
32.	COROT : Horseman in a Wood	99
	CHAPTER VI : THE JAPANESE	
33.	EITOKU : Pine Trees	108
	KORIN : Deer (Lacquer)	
34.	KORIN : Wave Screen (Detail)	106
*35.	KORIN : A Sage Fishing (The Kokka)	110
*36.	HARUNOBU : The Burning of the Love-Letter	112
*37.	HOKUSAI : Fuji from Katakura Tea-Fields	114
38.	HIROSHIGE : Bridge at Tokio	116
39.	HIROSHIGE : River among the Hills	117

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER VII : MANET AND HIS SUCCESSORS

PLATE		FACING PAGE
40.	MANET : Soldier examining the Lock of his Rifle	120
41.	MANET : La Servante de Bocks	121
42.	FANTIN : Mr. and Mrs. Edwards	124
43.	MONET : Plage de Trouville MONET : Vetheuil	125
44.	RENOIR : La Première Sortie	128
45.	CÉZANNE : Aix CÉZANNE : Still Life (Berlin)	129
46.	PUVIS : Vision of Antiquity (Lyons)	134
47.	DEGAS : Miss Lola	135
48.	GAUGUIN : Contes Barbares	138
49.	VAN GOGH : Landscape with Cypresses	139

CHAPTER VIII : THE EARLIER ENGLISH PAINTERS

50.	" The Chichester Roundel "	144
51.	Lady Margaret Beaufort (N.P.G.) HILLIARD : Richard Hilliard (V. and A. Museum)	145
52.	COOPER : Duke of Monmouth (Windsor Castle) (*By gracious permission of H.M. The King*)	150
53.	LELY : Duke of Buckingham (Detail) (N.P.G.) KNELLER : Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney (Detail) (N.P.G.)	151

CHAPTER IX : THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND

54.	HOGARTH : Marriage à la Mode, Sc. 2 (Detail)	158
55.	HOGARTH : Hogarth's Servants (Detail)	159
56.	REYNOLDS : Laurence Sterne (Lansdowne House)	162
57.	REYNOLDS : Nelly O'Brien (Hertford House)	163
58.	REYNOLDS : The Graces decorating Hymen (Detail)	166
59.	GAINSBOROUGH : The Painter's Daughters (3812) (Detail)	167
60.	GAINSBOROUGH : Dr. Schomberg	170
61.	ROMNEY : Lady and Child	171

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE		FACING PAGE
62.	ROMNEY : Beaumont Family (Detail)	174
63.	RAEBURN : Sir John Sinclair (N.P.G.)	175
64.	COPLEY : Death of Major Pierson (Detail)	178
65.	WILSON : Italian Coast Scene GAINSBOROUGH : Wood Scene, Cornard	179
66.	WILSON : View in Italy	184
67.	GAINSBOROUGH : The Market Cart	185

CHAPTER X : THE AGE OF TURNER

68.	BLAKE : The Spiritual Form of Pitt	190
69.	BLAKE : Elijah in the Fiery Chariot BLAKE : Satan smiting Job	191
70.	LAWRENCE : Pope Pius VII (Windsor Castle) (*By gracious permission of H.M. The King*)	192
71.	WARD : Landscape with Cattle	193
72.	CROME : Slate Quarries CROME : Mousehold Heath	196
73.	CROME : Boy keeping Sheep (V. and A. Museum)	197
74.	TURNER : Calais Pier (Detail)	202
75.	TURNER : Frosty Morning TURNER : Ulysses	203
76.	TURNER : Interior at Petworth	208
77.	CONSTABLE : On the Stour near Dedham (V. and A. Museum) CONSTABLE : The Haywain	209
78.	CONSTABLE : Sketch for the Haywain (V. and A. Museum)	216
79.	CONSTABLE : Windmill near Brighton (V. and A. Museum)	217

CHAPTER XI : THE VICTORIANS

80.	HOLMAN HUNT : The Scapegoat	226
81.	MILLAIS : Autumn Leaves (Manchester)	227
*82.	ROSSETTI : Damozel of the Sanct Grael	228
83.	MADOX BROWN : Christ washing S. Peter's Feet	230

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE		FACING PAGE
84.	FRITH : Derby Day (Detail)	231
85.	STEVENS : King Alfred and his Mother	234
86.	STEVENS : Mrs. Collmann	235
87.	WATTS : Cardinal Manning (N.P.G.)	238
88.	WATTS : " She shall be called Woman "	239
89.	WHISTLER : Miss Cicely Alexander	242
90.	WHISTLER : Little White Girl WHISTLER : Cremorne Lights	243

CHAPTER XII : THE POST-VICTORIANS

91.	STEER : Mrs. Raynes	250
92.	STEER : Painswick Beacon	251
93.	CLAUSEN : Gleaners Returning	252
94.	SARGENT : Ena and Betty Wertheimer	253
95.	CONDER : Romantic Adventure	256
96.	ORPEN : The Knacker's Yard	257
97.	JOHN : Smiling Woman	260
98.	JOHN : Madame Suggia	261
99.	INNES : A Waterfall CAMERON : Stirling Castle	264
100.	STANLEY SPENCER : Travoys arriving (Imp. War Museum) DODD : Interrogation (Imp. War Museum)	265

INTRODUCTION

Our present thoughts about Art are so coloured, overwhelmed or irritated, by the pictures, and the arguments about them, which come to us from across the Channel, that any honest attempt at an historical study of painting in France and England, cannot avoid the discussion of contemporary problems—problems that are no less decisive for us than their solution is elusive.

Events have moved fast in the painter's world, so that much which even two years ago might have seemed comparatively novel, is become a commonplace or actually out-of-date. Though these mutations may have involved me in an occasional discovery of things now quite obvious, or in some beating of bones a twelve-month buried, they provide one real cause for satisfaction. The main tendency of thought and criticism has not hardened. On the contrary, it has become more humane, and has moved away steadily from the rigid canon of aesthetic purity which at one time threatened to strangle all personal creative effort. And the benefit of the new freedom is made all the more precious because it is shared by the artist with the educated middle section of the community, upon

whom art and letters have learned to depend for their support, and among whom our museums and galleries have found their most unselfish friends. For England this liberation, this wider perception, has come none too soon.

When the two former volumes of this work[1] appeared our national position, though difficult, was still not incompatible with optimism. Since then the prospect has darkened. Our financial burdens are become a perpetual nightmare to those who work and think, as our dwindling resources seem to be the legitimized heritage of those who do neither. Our Old Masters and our other ancestral treasures vanish steadily across the Atlantic with little to hinder: our young painters are shown that salvation can come to them only from France. Impoverished and outmoded we can claim one compensating advantage; we should no longer excite envy, even in the most suspicious and exacting. From their secure abodes of material or intellectual supremacy, our friends at last can watch our struggles to set our rickety house in order, with the dispassionate interest of the man who has stirred up an ant heap.

What then is our chance of survival? We may fairly discount, I think, not a little of what we commonly hear to our national disadvantage. Paris has for the last half-century been the birthplace of all the notable movements in painting, and the French have a just

[1] *Old Masters and Modern Art. The National Gallery*, vol. i. *Italian Schools*. 1923. Vol. ii. *The Netherlands, Germany and Spain*. 1925.

pride in their leadership. This pride is reflected in their literature, and that so brilliantly as to dazzle eyes which might otherwise occasionally find merit elsewhere. The confidence born of success has been infectious, so that all criticism of modern painting is coloured by it, and where natural colour is lacking, there is plenty of the artificial product to supply the deficiency. Never has the organization of the French picture market been more efficient; never has a system of national propaganda been worked out so thoroughly. From Paris the network extends over all civilized countries. And it must be admitted that they do their work uncommonly well. They push their wares with a vivacious parade of logic that makes excellent reading, and so have the Intellectuals, who must judge chiefly by words, almost everywhere with them.

That fortunate being the American collector is, of course, the ultimate objective of this wonderful massed attack, and we cannot be surprised if he is affected by it.[1] But America has at least had the courage to discount French criticism in one notable instance, and to recognize that fine examples of Reynolds, as of Gainsborough and Turner, are among the most delightful of all artistic treasures. The plain fact is —let the aesthetic logician say what he will—that English portraits of the age of Reynolds are engaging and dignified inmates for any large house. Simple folk in England have recently been shocked because *Pinkie* by Lawrence fetched some seventy-five thousand

[1] See pp. 274, 275.

pounds at auction. We have really much less reason for being shocked at the magnitude of such purchases, than for wondering that the price for an attractive rarity should be so small in comparison with American wealth. The spare income of any rich American would enable him to buy a dozen *Pinkies*, if they existed, with less thought of the cost than an Englishman would feel in getting a new motor-car.

In the face of such wealth the continued depletion of our art treasures is inevitable. The most we can hope to do is to save here and there for our public collections, whether by state effort or by private generosity, a few of the remaining things that we value. Many of the best are already gone beyond recall. But our plight and our poverty may teach us one thing : namely that the best way of making up for the loss of our old masterpieces is to encourage the production of new ones. And as I hope to show, we can make the effort with some chance of success, if we set to work in the right way. The competition of the Old Masters can no longer be regarded as a danger. Old Masters of any merit, and on a scale suited to modern interiors, are practically unobtainable. And the average investor is finding public and industrial securities to be so insecure, that works of art may soon be regarded as a relatively stable alternative. This was the case on the Continent a few years ago, and many of us might wish even now that, instead of railway shares and the like, we had bought modern British etchings.

The promise shown by the British School in Rome is one favourable augury for our future. Among the

Dominions, Canada has produced a group of native painters who for vigour may rival the strongest landscape artists of Europe. In Australia, the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne is forming a collection of masterpieces with conspicuous judgment and courage. These may well become the foundation of a similar school of painting in the Antipodes. And although they do not properly come within the scope of this book, it would be unjust not to speak of the drawings and water-colours which have been produced in England during the last five-and-twenty years. The best of them are so excellent in quality, so direct and so intimate in expression, that they can hardly fail to find much wider favour, when our present habit of thinking exclusively in terms of oil paint is once broken. The oil medium of course is eminently convenient and appropriate for fair-sized pictures. But small oil sketches and studies, whatever those who sell them may tell us, seldom prove quite satisfactory possessions. They cannot be stored or changed like drawings; their colour, as it matures, is apt to look dull and stodgy; even the most careful framing does not always save them from looking insignificant on a wall. The fashion for them has very strong Continental backing; yet even this can hardly prevail for ever, when their inherent disadvantages, as compared with works in the slighter medium, are so numerous and so manifest.

We have other reasons for hope which were not apparent when this book was begun. Then the issue for our younger painters was still confused to some

extent by the Cubist theory. Now the bankruptcy of Cubism is admitted, and we may trust that the ground is clearing for a more ample and permanent artistic edifice. Yet Cubism, and the movements associated with it, have served one good purpose. As a child's box of bricks will illustrate the basic principles of mass construction upon which all good architecture is founded, so these courageous experiments in pressing the theory of pure design to its extreme limit have an educational value, especially for the Anglo-Saxon temper.

We naturally take so much pleasure in things for their own sake, that we may not easily visualize them in that 'plastic' or synthetic relation to each other which is the essential condition for any work of art. To the Frenchman this relation comes instinctively. While Northern France may still have something of our own racial character, the South has for two thousand years been impregnated with the Greco-Roman strain. The sense of proportion and fitness and rigid selection which inspired the Greek sculptors and vase-painters still survives there, and gives the Southern artists an initial advantage which the Northern nations do not possess.

But as I shall try to indicate in the first chapter of this volume, we may have advantages of another kind. The wide range of our interests, from delight in nature to that visionary outlook which we associate with the so-called 'Celtic' temperament, provides us with singular wealth of psychological material for the arts. And whatever the aesthetic critic may say to the con-

trary, it is from the expression of these psychological promptings that the greatest works of art have originated. They have not come into being as the result of brooding over abstract problems of Form and Colour, but because some actual visual experience, some prompting of the imaginative eye, has set the brain to work upon those problems with a view to complete and effective expression of the thing conceived. So if the conflict ever arises in the artist's mind whether he should in some particular case sacrifice matter to form, he would be wise I think to give matter the preference. Shakespeare is less perfect in form than the great French tragedians, but is he their inferior for all his defiance of the Unities ?

Still we must admit, if we are quite honest with ourselves, that the modern philosophy of aesthetics, when it demands the ruthless subordination of psychological content to form, is no less formidably entrenched in logic than it is fortunate in the eloquence of its advocates. To reconcile that depressing philosophical verdict with the very real, if theoretically improper, pleasures which we derive from the acknowledged masterpieces of painting, is of vital importance to us, whether we are practising artists or potential collectors. Not until this book was practically finished could I find any solution of the problem which satisfied me ; and the solution which I have ventured to put forward in the Epilogue may fail to satisfy others. Analogy is no conclusive argument, and upon analogy the suggestion at present depends. But it appears to provide a working hypothesis which painters may

find useful, and which someone better qualified as a writer and a thinker may be able to develop and substantiate. And there is one other matter which seems to me to be so important that it must be mentioned again, even at the risk of seeming tedious.

We are still, I think, inclined to undervalue the potentialities of self-development which the active mind possesses. Reynolds, its first great advocate, is out of fashion : the example of Rembrandt has never been sufficiently appreciated.[1] Of recent years the belief has found a new champion in General Smuts,[2] who, extending its province beyond the confines of art, has pointed out how the perfecting of personality is a necessary factor in all human evolution. Education in the arts is always missing the mark from concerning itself with nothing but professional accomplishment. That indeed is in some degree an essential. But it is the man himself, his preferences, his character and his convictions, that really count, not his fingers, or any theory of aesthetic perfection however incontrovertible it may sound. That is why we must endeavour (with good Mr. Samuel Smiles) to educate ourselves.

[1] *Notes on the Art of Rembrandt.* Chatto & Windus, 1911.

[2] *Holism and Evolution.* By the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts. Macmillan, 1926.

PART I
FRANCE

CHAPTER I

FRANCE AND THE ANGLO-SAXON

An age like our own, occupied so continually with problems of Form, will naturally contrast to our plain disadvantage the vague and romantic temper of the Northern nations with the clear cut ideas of the South. We might think the difference to be regional and climatic—that there is a natural clarity about the bright sunshine and the landscape of the South, which extends to its products, its buildings and its thought, while the Northern mind would reflect our cloudy mountains, our wet tangled woodland pastures and misty melancholy sea. And that such influences have played a large part in moulding the racial types of primitive man may be admitted. But experience proves also that those types are now so firmly fixed that environment cannot quickly change them. So a man's reaction to his surroundings is determined far less by the country in which he lives than by the stock of which he comes. If therefore we are to understand the differences between the English mind and the French, we must begin by considering their respective pedigrees.

To trace the origin of the temperamental and racial

forces which have conferred upon France her high place in the history of civilization, we must go back at least two thousand years. The long struggle between the Roman and the Gaul left France a veritable part of the Roman Empire, peopled by a race into which much of the Roman tradition had passed with much actual Roman blood. In Provence, of course, this transfusion had been so ample as to make the Provençal more of a Roman than a Frank. Further north Frankish blood remained predominant, to be gradually blended in mediaeval times with new strains from the North Sea and Scandinavia. Later there occurs a steady infiltration of Flemish blood over the ever-changing north-western frontier. France thus becomes the meeting ground of three entirely distinct racial elements, which reappear sometimes in combination, sometimes separately, through all her subsequent progress.

In French art these racial elements each display their definite and recognizable characteristics. In practical science, in the orderly use of materials, in the conception and execution of great structural or engineering schemes, Rome was pre-eminent. To these powers, which, with all their serviceable virtues, might have resulted in crudity or heaviness or ostentation, Greece added refinement, so that in the presence of buildings like the 'Maison Carrée' at Nîmes our thoughts fly not to Italy but to Hellas. In Provence this touch of refinement about Roman work may not be all derivative. Was not Marseilles once a Greek colony?

When this Greco-Roman civilization came to an end in France, the form of the classical basilica was retained

as a model by the monastic architects. In the days of the great Cathedral-builders, the structural logic and ambitions of Rome may be traced in the invention of the flying buttress to support the sky-pointing arch; we distinctly see the Greek sense of beauty in the sculptures at Rheims or Chartres. And when, with the Renaissance, men's thoughts turned consciously to those long-departed civilizations, even Italy did not grasp more enthusiastically at the principles underlying Roman art and Roman architecture, nor adapt them more instinctively to the needs of the time. The palaces, the mansions and the public buildings of France, from the seventeenth century to our own day, bear unmistakable testimony to the French inheritance from Greece and Rome.

The Teutonic and Scandinavian invaders bring with them an instinct for interlaced patterns and for grotesque imagery which inspires Carolingian decoration. Later, infinitely refined by time and experience, it bursts out into a final splendid efflorescence in the foliated borders of the finest French manuscripts, and the lavish intricate tracery of the cathedrals contemporary with them. Then, as in England, it seems to die out. Had this Northern blood some peculiar susceptibility to the plagues which then were ravaging Europe? Or did some survival of the Northman's war-like temper drive its possessors to self-extinction on the countless battlefields of the fifteenth century? We cannot tell; though in the contemporaneous diminution of the fair-haired 'Gothic' type in Italy we may note a similar phenomenon.

Lastly, in the fifteenth and succeeding centuries, over the plains of North-Western France there came a Flemish invasion. The boundary line there, both racial and political, which separates France from Flanders, was never clearly defined. The fame of the Flemish artists during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries constantly led to their invitation over that uncertain border by the art-loving French princes. So when Rubens dazzled all Europe in the seventeenth century, his art was received in France by a large body of sympathizers with Flemish blood in their veins. Watteau is the supreme example. Indeed, so strong was the infusion that French official art, from the days of Lebrun to our own time, has seldom failed to show some trace of the Flemings and their rather ostentatious exuberance. In Flanders this exuberance had rarely mated well with the Italian instinct for form and proportion. Rubens and Van Dyck alone had been able to return from Italy unspoiled and still masters of their own souls. All the rest were in some measure enslaved, and form that dismal company of Italo-Flemish eclectics whose pictures we now pass over in silence. By turning the Italo-Flemish strain to decorative ends, France utilized it in what was perhaps the one possible way, and in some great French tapestry, mellowed by time, this hybrid art may attain to a half-accidental beauty.

These racial elements in turn are dominated by another sentiment—national pride. The French build and carve and paint like a people conscious of their own high destiny. They may be swept away from time to time by some great idea, but that idea will bear directly

upon the grandeur of France, or upon her place in the forefront of civilized mankind. Her feudal fortresses were to be the biggest and strongest. Her cathedral arches soar higher than all others; no façades elsewhere carry such profusion of ornament. The chateaux of the Loire, the palaces of the Louvre and of Versailles, bear witness to the continuity of the tradition of magnificence in building. Athens and Corinth were not more lavish and consistent patrons of sculpture. The Grand Monarque, the Revolution, Napoleon, are examples of the like superb megalomania in political affairs.

This national trait has had an all-important influence upon the individual French artist. Once emerged from obscurity, he was a definite factor in his country's welfare, a testimony to her intellectual eminence, an instrument to be used in erecting some new monument to her greatness, the herald of a new gospel for less enlightened and fortunate peoples, a name to be added to her well-preserved roll of glory. The French artist thus became a professional personage with a position to which a certain traditional dignity was attached. He might have to struggle with ambitious colleagues, but he had not to struggle, as artists struggle elsewhere, for honourable recognition at the hands of society, unless he forfeited respect by unpardonably bad behaviour. This automatic acceptance of the professional artist was a custom unbroken in France until the coming of the 'Romantic' school in the nineteenth century. Even then the difficulties of the Barbizon painters, and of the Impressionists after them, were largely caused by

the suspicion that some, like Courbet, were Communards, and that none of them really could paint.

With recognition came organization. At first this was almost entirely official. Then, as private patronage extended, there grew up that studio system through which Paris has extended her influence all over Europe and America. The magnificent collections of the Louvre have long been available for analyzing the finest work of the past. In the crowd of ambitious art-students gathered from every country to sit at the feet of some honoured French master, there have been unrivalled opportunities for discussing and planning what art may become in the future. We can hardly wonder that with such origins, after such efforts, and in such conditions, the prestige and the performance of artists in France has been what it is.

France has proved to the world that art may become a most precious national industry, in which every grade of society, from the millionaire in his palace to the dressmaker in her workroom, has a definite interest; the foundation, not only of glory and credit to France, but of an export trade which has paid noble dividends upon the capital, admittedly large, which the country has invested in it. Moreover, by the industry, ingenuity and patriotism of French men of letters, it has come about that French products pass current in the world outside at a valuation hardly less high than that accorded to them in their native land. No wonder then that we are so constantly adjured to take this great achievement for our own national model, as other people on each side of the ocean have done, and to follow its each rapid

new development as nimbly as we may, lest international civilization should know us no more.

The cynic might add that since the English are already a mongrel race, one more crossing of the strain cannot, in any event, make much difference to them. But whatever the apparent advantages, the decision to surrender a nation's independence is not one that can ever be taken quite lightly. It may be well, therefore, before making such a momentous choice, just to consider as precisely as we can what our national resources amount to. In the past, of course, the English have had a certain artistic and literary tradition which, if sadly intermittent, is not wholly discreditable. Have we any reason for hoping that the vital elements in this tradition may not be exhausted? May they not still persist, in spite of our Francophile critics, in sufficient strength to justify an attempt to maintain our separate insular existence? It is a difficult question, because the answer depends upon a number of racial factors which may very easily be confused or misinterpreted.

If we may trust our antiquaries, successive waves of Mediterranean, 'Alpine' and Nordic peoples had swept over Britain before the Romans came. The Romans found an island possessing hardly the rudiments of a native art. They left it, four hundred years later, in much the same condition. Comparatively few of the colonists seem to have been of Italian stock, so that the Latin element in the country was never very considerable, and was almost negligible when the island was abandoned. The Anglo-Saxon invaders

dug themselves in more tenaciously, fighting all the while against the Romanized 'Britons,' who were finally driven to Wales, to Cornwall or to Brittany; against the Northmen, whose raids and settlements they could not prevent; and against each other.

Clinging to their farms and their little towns, the Anglo-Saxons gradually lost much of their primal fierceness. They accepted the Christianity which they had formerly persecuted; missions from Rome made them familiar with religious books and paintings in the Byzantine style. The monks of Ireland, a constant resort of the Northmen but long since converted to Christianity, produced in the Book of Kells the most marvellous extant development of the interlacings, spirals and fantastic animal decoration which are found on the stonework and metal work of Northern Europe, particularly in connexion with the Scandinavian peoples. In England, Lindisfarne, Durham, Winchester, Canterbury, became centres of monastic activity, where the Anglo-Saxons gradually evolved a style of design in which the rigid Byzantine contours became endowed with movement and grace, so that English work in time grew famous. The Norman conquest, far from interrupting this progress, encouraged it by keeping the English in touch with the technical advances which the arts were then making in France and elsewhere. The recent Exhibition of English Primitives proved clearly that, but for the Puritan iconoclasts who destroyed all the accessible relics of our mediaeval painting and sculpture, the English would long ago have been recognised as a definite and powerful force in the arts.

The Anglo-Saxon, while steadily developing his rhythmical linear style, his sense of facial beauty and his rustic humour, during several centuries of association with France or Scandinavia never lost one marked characteristic. In contrast to the ambitious city-loving Frenchman, the Saxon remained faithful to his native hamlet. His unit was the parish rather than the province or the nation; his true religious monument is not the cathedral but the parish church. This local affection, this attachment to the soil, remained till recently the dominant factor in English social life. It involved and included a perpetual pleasure in all the sights and sounds of the country side, a keen observation of man and beast, of woods and waters, of fields and flowers. To it Chaucer and Shakespeare, and those who in prose or verse have followed in their footsteps, owe their shrewdness and their sweetness. In spite of the infiltration of numerous other racial strains, this Anglo-Saxon temper persists as the fundamental element in the English character, though whether it can long survive the steady drain of population from the country to the town, and the no less steady bias of legislation in favour of the city-dweller, remains to be seen.

As in France, plagues and internal dissensions played havoc with this sturdy stock during the fifteenth century, and the promise of Anglo-Saxon painting was abruptly cut short. During the sixteenth century the wars of religion on the Continent started an immigration from the Low Countries: in the seventeenth the revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought us many

Huguenots from France. The Flemish, Dutch and Latin characteristics thus grafted on to the native stock played a considerable part in the English artistic revival during the eighteenth century. From its nearness to the Continent East Anglia was peculiarly subject to these new influences, as the work of Gainsborough, Crome and De Wint will indicate. The Latin element in Cotman may be accounted for in the same way.

The accessions of the nineteenth century were of more dubious quality. The *risorgimento* in Italy brought us a certain number of cultured Italian refugees like the Rossetti family. Unrest on other parts of the Continent gradually made London the recognized asylum for natives of Eastern and Central Europe, who for one reason or another had to leave their native countries. These immigrants have already had a considerable influence upon the habits and temper of our urban population, an influence out of proportion to their numbers, since being city-dwellers they can exert it where it is most in evidence.

The Russians, with their Oriental instinct for colour, and their heritage, through their church, of the Byzantine tradition of painting, have already made themselves felt in the decorative arts. The Poles and Jews, in the place of any such continuous tradition, have a faculty of adaptation, and an instinct for what is lively and effective, which go admirably with the practical application of the arts to modern life and commerce. For truly creative work, except perhaps in music, we may generally have to look elsewhere, yet this very

facility, implying as it does a quick sympathy with the changes of human taste, may serve as a valuable stimulus to the more stolid forces in the nation, and help or goad them to a wider outlook. We can already observe the process at work in America. There the impact of these continental immigrants upon the old Puritan strain appears to have produced an architecture in which the best qualities of the two races are ingeniously united.

One strong reserve of Anglo-Saxon stock remains untouched as yet by these invasions. From the time when the Saxons settled in the southern half of Scotland, gradually accommodating themselves to the Cymric peoples of the west coast and to the Gaels of the Highlands, the resultant nation has maintained a singular purity of blood as well as virtual independence. Kept hardy by the vigour of its northern climate and fortified by a long tradition of sound education, this Scottish strain has proved a most valuable ally to England, the ancient enemy—an alliance all the more precious now, when so much of the best blood of the country has been drained away by the Great War. Several of the most justly esteemed artists of to-day prove that the Scottish stock is still fertile here. The young painters of Canada, where it exists side by side with a strong French element, have recently given us additional evidence of its vigour.

The longer the whole question is considered, the more clearly one fact emerges. The foundation of almost all that is best in our art and our literature is Anglo-Saxon. Milton and Pope in poetry, Alfred

Stevens in sculpture remain, of course, typical of the Latin element in England, which here and there still emerges to give clarity, restraint and proportion to our native genius. The mass of creative energy, even in those parts of Great Britain where the foreign element is most conspicuous, remains Anglo-Saxon. That it does not more often attain to complete artistic success is partly due to an exaggeration of its natural qualities. The grace and sweetness of the old English work have too frequently degenerated into prettiness and sentiment. Also, the Saxon's affection for his native place still survives in us. It makes our fields and hills and waters, our ever-changing sky, our trees and flowers, appear so pleasant and precious in themselves, that the average modern Englishman asks for no art but that of the camera to interpret them. Thoroughly satisfied with the result, he applies the same photographic standard to all other forms of art, and then is constantly being surprised and shocked by the things which interest educated men in other parts of the world.

This tendency, this aesthetic streptococcus, to which the Anglo-Saxon is prone, would lose most of its perils if he could recognize his liability to infection, and take some precaution to avoid a fatal attack. He can, of course, always attain a sort of immunity by merging his identity in that of some other nation, the French for instance, who in virtue of their Latin blood are themselves comparatively immune. This is the prescription of those among us whose lives are devoted to detecting the least symptom of our national weakness, and whose tongues wag most nimbly when proclaiming

it to the world. To paint the same subjects that the French were painting last year, to paint them in the same way, whatever at the moment that may happen to have been, and if possible to find them and to paint them in France,—that is the essence of the treatment recommended to the poor Anglo-Saxon.

It suggests, however, one disquieting question. How does this remedy differ in essentials from that which was administered four centuries ago to the young artists of the Netherlands with such unfortunate results? Italy, of course, not France, was then the model to be copied, but the logic of the procedure was identical. And we know what followed. The young Netherlanders dutifully travelled in shoals to Italy, duly sacrificed all their honest native character, and gained in its place only a vain shadow of the Italian style, which may sometimes have earned a momentary repute for their canvases, but then consigned them for ever to the world's vast lumber-room.

Can we be quite certain that our Gallicizers stand a much better chance? Are we not already conscious of a certain emptiness and monotony in most of their work? And is not that emptiness a necessary consequence of all second-hand inspiration? The pioneer in any new movement, however modest, enjoys all the thrills attending a discovery: that, perhaps, is the chief reason why men try to be artists. This thrill the pioneer may be able to communicate to his audience. But those who follow him and imitate him cannot experience the joys of creation to anything like the same degree. So they can pass on to their audiences

only a faint reflection of the primal pioneering excitement, a reflection which will have neither its freshness nor its substance.

For this reason the Anglo-Saxon may well hesitate to try to improve his lot by merging himself in the tide of some other great racial current, whatever the temptations of ease or worldly repute, the sneers or applause of his contemporaries, may urge. If he is Anglo-Saxon enough to be at heart a lover of home and the country, an observer of minute traits of character, whether in persons or things or scenery, he must be content to make these the material of his art, and must refrain from bowing down before the gods of other races, however grand and glorious they appear.

But here his limitations end. If he is confined to a certain range of subject-matter, he is wholly free as regards form. Indeed he cannot well carry too far his search for the mode of expression which will enable him to recast the things which he loves into a form more convincing and more stimulating than any which the world has seen hitherto. So while clinging to his native affections and keeping scrupulous watch upon his native failings—prettiness and the photographic vision—he will eagerly scrutinize each new theory of the arts, each novel manifestation of artistic practice, knowing that here and there he is sure to light upon something which will conquer an existing difficulty for him, or open up a new horizon. If he fails to find what he needs among his continental contemporaries, he may find it among the Post-Impressionists, the Orientals, in Italy, in Spain, or in the Netherlands, with the youth-

ful Corot, or with any of the myriad specimens of man's handiwork which antiquarian or other exploration now places at his disposal.[1] An effort to master the fundamental principles of plastic design and proportion, the due subordination of the parts to the whole, which come so naturally to the Frenchman, need not involve a sacrifice of the Anglo-Saxon gift for linear beauty, fine colour and specific character. The intensive study of drawing in England, to which reference is made later, has done so much to strengthen our national reputation and standards of competence that there seems no reason why we should not get similar results in painting, by a little organized effort and agreement upon a few broad technical principles. If that could only be done, the Anglo-Saxon would not have any serious cause for pessimism, for all that he may continue to hear to his disadvantage.

[1] See Epilogue pp. 277-281.

CHAPTER II

EARLY FRENCH PAINTING

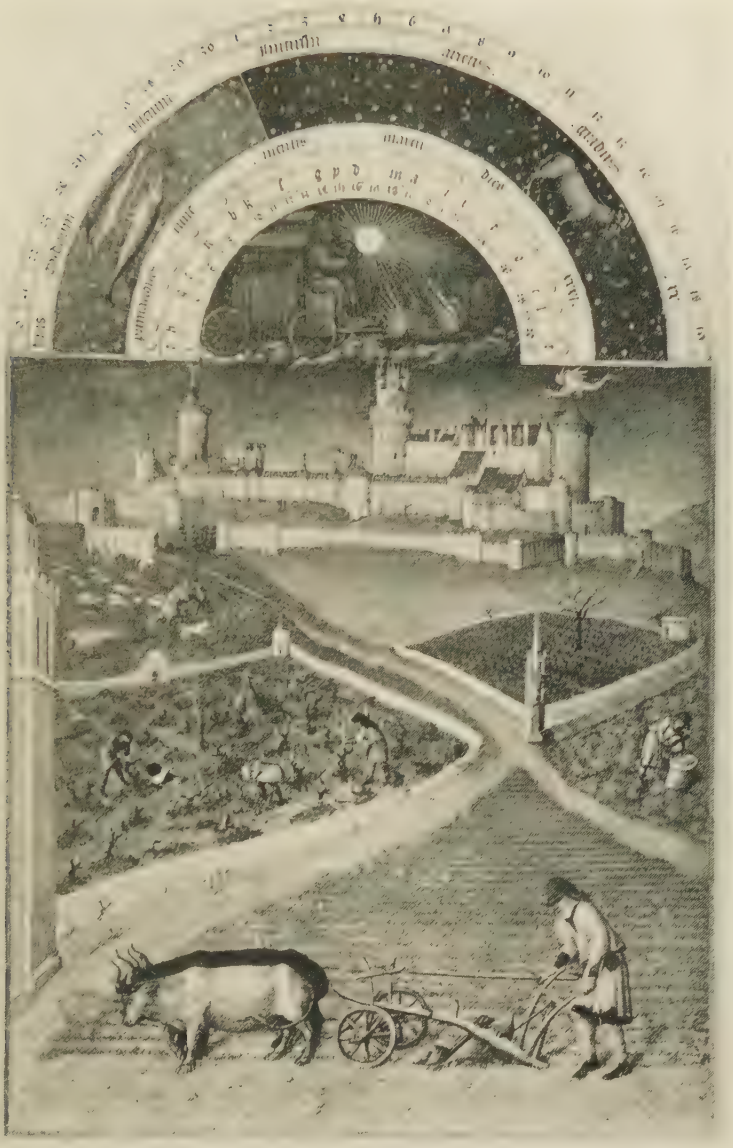
The political chaos in fifteenth-century France is reflected in her contemporary painting. Her illuminators had just previously shared with the English the first place in Europe. Later she pursued and promoted the Fine Arts with a consistent and ordered ambition which has no parallel elsewhere. But in the fifteenth century, and to a considerable extent in the sixteenth, we find none of this order or consistency. The earlier surviving relics of painting come almost wholly from scattered provincial centres. Even in the sixteenth century, when the French Court at Paris began to take its place as a nucleus of artistic effort, it was a long time before any notable results appeared outside the narrow field of fashionable portraiture. So the beginnings of painting in France may furnish a theme for the historian, because in them he may trace the various narrow channels through which the current of artistic life in the country was kept in motion. But only here and there will the artist discover any material for edification, comparable to that which France in the succeeding ages was to supply so abundantly.

When Henry V occupied Paris after the battle of Agincourt, the English invasion, and the wars and faction fights which followed it, drove all art workers from the capital, scattering them to the frontier and the provinces. Even before this dispersion, the craft of painting on panel had come to France from beyond her borders. The earliest specimen of it which we possess, *The Holy Trinity* (3662), is eloquent of Rhenish traditions. Though the work bears a strong resemblance in style and in design to the famous miniatures executed for the Duc de Berri at Bourges, about the year 1400, by Jacquemart de Hesdin and others, the manner of painting, the character and treatment of the heads, the vivid apple green draperies, all point to the School of Cologne. A comparison with the *Three Saints* (705), by Stefan Lochner, in the adjoining room, will show how close this connexion is. Yet there is a breadth, a spaciousness, and a serene balance of masses in this Trinity which point to French taste as the controlling element. The exquisite pallor of the gilding, to which the panel owes not a little of its decorative beauty, may be referred, I am told, to the same source. In the slender graceful sweep of the draperies, we may, if we so incline, see a survival of one of the qualities which I have termed Anglo-Saxon, and to which the French and English illuminators of the two previous centuries owe their pre-eminence. Sienese influence was also potent. But neither to England nor to Siena can we ascribe the development of landscape in the hands of Pol de Limbourg. His miniatures of the *Labours of the Months* at Chantilly give him, in this field,

a place with Hubert van Eyck. Unfortunately this outburst of lively naturalism was shortlived.

An interval of some forty years separates this group of admirable works from the manifestations of French art in the provinces. During the interval the tide of the English invasion had turned, but the country was still divided and distracted. The principal centres of artistic activity lay to the East. Flanders and Burgundy, Avignon and Provence, each contributed their share. Avignon perhaps deserves to be noticed first. Lying on the road to Italy, in the direction where the passage of the Alps is least formidable, and later becoming the seat of the Papal Court and of such Italian culture as collected round it, Avignon was constantly visited by travelling painters from Flanders and Burgundy. There, as at Aix, the capital of the art-loving King Renée, they might expect a welcome and find a home. In London we have no example of the work done at Avignon comparable to *The Coronation of the Virgin*, by Enguerrand Charonton (a native of Laon), which may still be seen at Villeneuve, or to that superb anonymous *Pietà* which has recently been taken thence to a place of honour in the Louvre. Our head of *The Virgin* (1335) may however serve to illustrate the blending of French and Italian influences which naturally took place in the Provençal district, and possesses moreover a tenderness of feeling and a richness of colour which deserve attention on their own account.

To define the work done in Burgundy, then at the height of its wealth and power, is no simple matter. In the South we may perhaps trace its influence in the



POL DE LIMBOURG

THE MONTH OF MARCH

(Chantilly)

MAITRE DE MOULINS

MEETING OF JOACHIM AND ANNA

famous *Annunciation* at Aix: in the North it merges with Flanders, and the two little pictures at Trafalgar Square which seem definitely to be Burgundian, the *Virgin and Child with Saints* (1939) and the double portrait (2613), though charming enough in their several ways, are not of sufficient importance to detain us.

The work done on the Flemish frontier is of finer quality. Simon Marmion (1302 and 1303) would not perhaps attract special attention among the true Netherlanders, for his work is less vivid in tone than theirs and less delicate in touch. But the *Premonstratensian Abbot with S. Ambrose* (264), as indicated in the previous volume,[1] has no such shortcomings. The gray cloudy sky is painted with an observation of natural tone and three-dimensional form that is most unusual at this period. More characteristic of the time and of French work in general is the *S. Clement and Donor* (2669). It is generally ascribed to the School of Amiens, but the comparatively thick pigment points to a derivation less near to Flanders, perhaps to the Valley of the Loire, whence came the famous Jean Foucquet, whose portraits are handled in a somewhat similar manner.

From a notable triptych at Moulins in this same valley of the Loire, the so-called Maitre de MOULINS takes his title. But his noble picture of *S. Victor with a Donor* at Glasgow points to Hugo van der Goes as the source of his inspiration, and to a training which is definitely Netherlandish. His portraits prove him to have been attached to the Bourbon princes, and the opinion is now widely held that he is none other than

[1] Vol. II. p. 32.

Jean Perreal (Jean de Paris), the celebrated court painter to Charles VIII. Whatever his name and origin the Maître de Moulins is the most accomplished French artist known to us during the latter half of the fifteenth century. His earlier work displays a tenderness and a refinement which the sharp contrasts of tone and the strong colour of our *Meeting of Joachim and Anna* (4092) conceal, and to some degree overwhelm. Probably if we possessed the whole composition, our impression would be different. But the panel is clearly only the left-hand portion of a much larger painting, of which the centre portion has been lost, and the right-hand portion has been identified with an *Annunciation* at Chicago. The detached figure of Charlemagne standing to the right, suggests that the altarpiece was a commission from Charles VIII. The figure was probably balanced on the other side by some conspicuous French saint, such as S. Denis or S. Louis, turning like Charlemagne towards a Madonna in the centre. Owing to the absence of this central motive, Charlemagne now appears to lack definite purpose; indeed the spiritual and compositional unity of the piece is not a little disturbed by the monarch's majestic indifference.

When allowance is once made for this incompleteness, however, the remarkable character of the panel becomes apparent. The colours are so fresh and vivid, the general tone so bright, the figures appear to be painted from living models so scrupulously and so sympathetically, that we cannot associate the work with anything else done in the fifteenth cen-

tury, but are reminded irresistibly of our own Pre-Raphaelites.

Just so might Joachim and Anna have been seen by the young Millais, and painted with just that white and vermilion, that green and that deep purple. And in Pre-Raphaelite work we often find just the same slight incongruity between the figures and the landscape—the figures scrupulously painted from the model, but in a studio, the landscape painted no less scrupulously out of doors. Here of course we can see that the landscape was no more painted in the Pre-Raphaelite way than is the foreground herbage. It is done out of the painter's head, possibly with the memory of some place like Bourbon l'Archambaut, but it displays a naturalistic feeling for light and air which is without parallel in the oil painting of the time. Its vivid modernity of tone reduces all the pictures round it in the French Room to the condition of veritable "Old Masters." Were it transferred to the early Netherlandish Room its brilliancy would be no less conspicuous. Fine feeling and superb craftsmanship, the Maître de Moulins has shown abundantly in his other works, sometimes more abundantly than here. But no other oil painting of the time makes so determined a bid for realism, or comes so near to bridging the gulf which separates the fifteenth century from the nineteenth.

Yet while it thus in a measure anticipates modern effort, the panel remains a thing of its own period, because it just fails to solve those problems of light and colour in the open air, which for more than two generations have been a recognized exercise for the intelligent

art student. Even if we regard it somewhat coldly as an unusually elaborate, ambitious and sumptuous miniature, of an epoch when the art of the miniaturist had passed its prime, we must recognize that the painter was no mean pioneer of realism. He was one who achieved much, and who in sympathetic surroundings might have achieved still more.

As it is, the Maître de Moulins appears to have had no following worthy of the name. The fashion of the early sixteenth century was all for portraiture, or for painting in the style imported from Italy by Francis I. Of this latter hybrid art we possess no specimen, indeed even at Fontainebleau its headquarters, it is something of an exotic, a curiosity having no relation to contemporary life and thought, and so with no abiding significance. With portraiture it was otherwise. The courtiers of the Valois kings delighted in likenesses of famous contemporary figures; a succession of able draughtsmen and painters supplied their requirements. The fashion begins with small panel portraits in the Netherlandish manner. Our *Mary Tudor, Queen of France* (2615), an excellent specimen, approximates more nearly to actual Netherlandish work, indeed in its refinement and power it comes very close to men like Quinten Massys.

Somewhat later, a very skilful Netherlander settled at Lyons, and under the name of CORNEILLE DE LYON (Corneille de la Haye) became one of the most famous painters in France. Though they are almost on the scale of miniatures, his little portraits have an incisive characterization, a beauty of colour, and a com-

plete craftsmanship, which leave nothing to be desired. Our *Antoine de Bourbon* (2610) and *Man in Black* (2611) are typical specimens.

The bulk however of the sixteenth century French portraits have a native origin. They pass by the generic name of CLOUET, a family which came perhaps from Brussels to Tours, and of which two members were successively Court painters to Francis I. Of the elder of them Jean (Jehannet) Clouet, we really know very little. The numerous works attributed to his son François Clouet contain so many things which are copies, and so much that is mere school work, that the painter's identity can only be disentangled here and there. A superb and powerful portrait of Claude d'Urfé (*l'Homme au Petrarque*) at Hampton Court (592) may be taken as the best example in this country of the elder Clouet's work. By François we have nothing to match the *Elizabeth of Austria* in the Louvre. Even the famous portrait of Mary Queen of Scots at Windsor Castle (*Le Deuil Blanc*), though based upon a famous Clouet drawing in Paris, and the best of all extant pictures of the subject—there is one for example in the Wallace Collection, No. 530—has not quite the same delicacy of touch. Nor can our damaged *Portrait of a Man* (3539), though it is clearly the work of a master hand, be regarded as quite characteristic of François Clouet. Not only is it larger in scale than almost all his typical work, but it seems less vivid in tone, and less substantial in pigment. Indeed in this latter respect it resembles more nearly the transparent atmospheric manner of Corneille de Lyon. A later stage of

the fashion set by the two Clouets may be seen in the portrait of *A Young Lady* (3582). Here, though the face displays no little charm and spirit, the workmanship is comparatively insensitive. But if we consider the panel as a piece of decoration, its arabesque of black and white and gray will be seen to have no little distinction. The Louvre contains several examples of this attractive painter, and his personality is so conspicuous that we may not unreasonably hope that he will some day be separated from his contemporaries, and have his name discovered for him.

In general this epoch of French painting has little attraction for the artist. The allegorical pictures of the time are childish compared with what Italy was then doing, the painted portraits which deserve to be seriously remembered are a mere handful, if we except those of Corneille de Lyon. The true genius of the age found vent in the portrait drawings from which paintings were occasionally made. The best of these drawings, like the similar but more powerful work of Holbein, are models of their kind. In them we possess a gallery of portraits covering the period from Henri II to Henri IV. There we can see face to face Catherine de' Medici, her formidable sons, and many another familiar to us in history or fiction. 'La Dame de Monsoreau' gains a new reality when we can look at the brave sarcastic M. de Quélus side by side with the handsome Antraguet who killed him, and the sinister François Duc d'Alençon, the villain of the piece. The times, indeed, were too exciting and too turbulent for any extensive patronage of the arts. With intrigue

and rebellion all around, even a luxurious court could find no place or time for anything except these portable personal mementoes. They enjoyed a considerable vogue, being repeated and sent about as are photographs to-day, but the repetitions, being the work of inferior artists, degrade the general average.

Not until order was restored during the last years of Henri IV did the French genius find the conditions necessary to its development. But when that development once started, its course, in painting at least, was so remarkably consistent and continuous as to relegate all that had gone before into comparative obscurity. With but few exceptions, we may leave the sporadic beginnings of French painting to the antiquary and the historian. For the working artist, the tradition of France starts with Claude and Poussin.

CHAPTER III

CLAUDE AND POUSSIN

In doing justice to the great qualities of Henri IV, fiction for once is in agreement with history. The King's adventures in war, in diplomacy and in love are not more wonderful than the feats he performed in composing the troubles which had disturbed France, in restoring her shattered finances, and in leaving her a great united nation, more conscious perhaps than ever before of the high place which she deserved to occupy in the eyes of the world. With the return of internal peace, and the gradual reduction of those territorial and feudal powers which had so often threatened the central monarchy, Paris once more became an effective capital. But Paris was still almost a mediaeval city, picturesque indeed, but wholly lacking in the dignity and amenities which the metropolis of a great and thriving nation might be expected to possess. To demolish, to open out, to rebuild, and to redecorate was not a luxury; it was a necessity. So there came about a lavish patronage of the arts, by the Court, by the Church, and by private persons, a patronage which continued, even in the midst of foreign warfare, internal dissension, and financial stress, all through the seventeenth century.

In this work of reconstruction the French artists at first were not able to take more than a modest share. During the long years of discord, the French craftsman had lost his skill. Hands and heads alike needed training before they were ready to execute all that the new age demanded. So the Italianizing Flemings had an artistic colony in Paris which drove a thriving trade. The great Rubens came to immortalize the marriage of Henri IV to Marie de' Medici. With Italy France had a still closer connexion. Rome became the recognized goal for French artists. Many of them settled there for long periods—Vouet for fourteen years, Claude and Poussin for life. Richelieu, Mazarin and Fouquet were all patrons of Italian art. Even Colbert, that most deliberate and consistent *impresario* of the national genius, invited Bernini to Paris when the extension of the Louvre was in question. Antique and Renaissance sculpture was purchased so freely that Italy became alarmed. Works of art which could not be imported were reproduced by drawings and engravings. The position of the artist in French society was permanently altered by the increased demand for his services. At the beginning of the century he was no more than a member of his trade guild, like the ordinary mediaeval craftsman. By the formation of an Academy in 1648, one hundred and twenty years before the similar event in England, he gained his first step in social rank. The organization of the Academy as a state concern, fifteen years later, completed the process, and gave the artist a definite and honourable place in the public service.

We may now turn to Nicolas POUSSIN, by whom all the vagrom aspirations underlying the revival were first put into concrete shape. So complete, in its way, was his achievement, so lasting was its influence, that he has, as it were, been canonized by his fellow countrymen. His name has become a fetish with modern critics, as that of Raphael was with our grandfathers. He is ranked with the greatest masters of all time. His example is invoked as a justification for every kind of artistic experiment. His memory is exalted as that of the one holy and unspotted intelligence in painting; as representing the climax and perfect type of pure logic in the aesthetic field, logic pursuing its calm even course, without fault and, proof positive of the superman, without emotion. To descend to the world of sober fact in the case of such a paragon, is like committing sacrilege. But German research quite recently has done so much to bring order and substance into the rather meagre records of Poussin's life that we are now in a position to judge him fairly.

Of Poussin's boyhood at Villiers Les Andelys, near Rouen, as of his work in youth, under a travelling artist Quentin Varin, and afterwards in Paris under Ferdinand Elle, we know very little, except that his great ambition to pursue his studies in Italy was not realized till his thirtieth year. Then, at last, in 1624 he was enabled to travel to Rome in company with the poet Marino. *Un giovane che ha una furia di diavolo* (so his friend's letter describes him at this time) he embraced with ardour his new opportunities. The Greco-Roman

element in the French character, emerging definitely for the first time in Poussin, rendered him peculiarly sympathetic to the relics of the ancient world which he found all about him. For Poussin, as for Claude a few years later, this ancient world was in the nature of a discovery, appealing to him with all the vividness of something fresh and novel, whereas to his Italian contemporaries, who had lived from childhood among ruins and statues, the impression made by them, being things familiar, was far less acute. Like Mantegna in the past, and Winckelmann in later days, Poussin might be described as one who " made himself a pagan for the purpose of penetrating antiquity." It is a mistake to regard him as one who merely studied the classical world from outside, and to treat his pictures as if they were so much antique sculpture skilfully projected on canvas, and not inappropriately coloured. The world which he reconstructs may not fulfil all the requirements of modern archaeology, but it has at least so much of the light and fire of Hellas about it, in addition to the more communicable Roman dignity, as still to carry conviction.

To this understanding of the past, Poussin was doubtless guided by the example of Raphael, that other great student of Rome, whose vision of antiquity as revealed in the *Parnassus*, has an Olympian loftiness, a serene and god-like atmosphere, to which the Frenchman never quite attained. Indeed, memories of the *Parnassus* are far less common in Poussin's painting than are memories of the *Transfiguration*, and of those decorations in the Vatican which are known as ' Raphael's

Bible.' From these admirable illustrations to the Old Testament, Poussin learned the great secret of clarity of statement—the art of telling a story with the fewest possible figures and gestures. It is clear from his letters, that this aspect of his art occupied Poussin no less constantly than it occupied the despised 'anecdotal' painters of the Victorian era. And about him were many others engaged upon similar problems.

The Carracci were dead, but their influence still was potent. Domenichino, with whom Poussin was then working, had been their pupil; so had Guido and Albano, then at the summit of fame. The tendency to become insipid, which, as we have seen in a previous volume,[1] is the ever-present danger of Eclecticism, had been met by the violent 'Naturalism' of Caravaggio: the painting of Guercino was an able compromise between the two conflicting ideals. Pietro da Cortona, Poussin's junior by two years, was already exhibiting that facility in decorative painting which, with the help of Bernini, was soon to set the fashion, and to lead nowhere. Lastly, Andrea Sacchi, a grave nature, in many respects sympathetic to Poussin, had just shown in his *Miracle of S. Gregory* the first signs of the genius which later was to produce the *Vision of S. Romuald* in the Vatican.

Surrounded by these powerful forces, Poussin might himself have become a mere Eclectic, more austere perhaps than the Italians, in virtue of his passion for the ancient world and in particular for ancient sculpture, but still an Eclectic and a somewhat arid one.

[1] Vol. i. pp. 50-51, etc.

Here accident intervened. The four *Bacchanals*, which Titian had painted for the famous 'Cabinet' of Alfonso I at Ferrara, had been taken to Rome, and were for the time in the Ludovisi Palace. Upon Poussin these *Bacchanals* had a profound effect. Not only did he copy them, with a scrupulous attention which he gave to no other of his predecessors, but memories of them come out again and again in his subsequent work. The picture lent to Trafalgar Square by the National Gallery of Scotland, one of the two copies which have survived to the present day, is thus a document of no little importance, quite apart from the light which it throws upon Poussin's way of translating the elaborate Venetian technique into his own simpler method. But neither this Bellini-Titian *Feast of the Gods*, nor the *Bacchus and Ariadne* near which the copy once hung, was more beloved by Poussin than the pair of pictures which were shortly (1638) to leave Rome for Madrid. The host of chubby Cupids who sport or flutter in so many of Poussin's paintings all have their origin in Titian's *Worship of Venus*: Titian's *Bacchanal* is the direct inspiration of a number of similar compositions—and indirectly of things still more important.

But for Titian, the fiery element in Poussin's genius might have remained unlit, to be overwhelmed eventually by his antiquarianism. These pictures, however, passed on their fullness of life to the young Frenchman. The figures in his vision of the pagan world became creatures of flesh and blood, flushed with a glow of colour appropriate to the primitive passions. If

Poussin's genius appeals to the intellectual critic mainly in virtue of the man's logical scholarship, the artist will remain thankful that Poussin's was a dual nature, and that the other part of it was warm-blooded pagan.

The chronology of his work is uncertain, and is likely to remain so. No relic of his youthful style is known. When he came to Rome at the age of thirty he was already a trained painter, and the precise order in which he assimilated the new interests which he discovered there is not easily determined. With singular clarity of mind he soon recognized that there was no single manner of painting well, but that each class of subject demanded a separate mode of treatment. He took Giulio Romano as a model for his early battle pieces, Raphael and antique sculpture as models for religious and heroic themes, Titian as a model for Bacchanalian and kindred subjects. So we find that several distinct styles of painting are contemporaneous with him for many years. Only in later life does the Raphaelesque element become definitely predominant, and with its cooler colouring prepare the way for the landscapes in which his genius makes its final effort. Otherwise we can only guess at the course of his development by premising that those works in which the design is most compact, the planes and masses most clearly defined and disposed, are more mature than paintings where the simplification is less complete, the design less firmly constructed and less directly expressive.

So we may judge our *Venus surprised by Satyrs* (91)

to be an early work, less from its youthful pagan frankness than from a softness in the figure drawing, and a want of decision in the treatment of the background, which Poussin, when once he had learned his lesson from classical sculpture, would never have permitted himself. In the *Plague at Ashdod* (165), which is said to date from about 1630, the lesson has plainly been assimilated. Here the figures have the clear-cut contours of statuary, so that their appearance gives countenance to the painter's reported practice of modelling figures in wax, and studying their combinations by artificial light. They are disposed with a well-contrived confusion appropriate to the horrors of the scene: the austere colouring reflects its gravity further; while the architectural background is planned to convince us still more, by its varied recession, that we are dealing with solid objects, set in real air and space. Unluckily, the painting has lost its original tone and colour, to such a degree that only the earnest student will have the patience to look for the merits which the darkened canvas veils; but it cannot be passed over, since it is the only specimen of Poussin's most austere mood which the Gallery owns.

The study of his Titianesque phase, which culminates about the year 1640, will naturally begin with his copy of the *Feast of the Gods*. The copy is the more valuable to us because the original Bellini-Titian picture was lost to England just after the war. The harsh blues of the sky represent an attempt to obtain by solid painting the force which Titian had gained by more gradual and subtle methods. In the foreground, how-

ever, notably in the recumbent figure on the right, Poussin comes very near to Bellini.[1] That Poussin should have made these copies is a remarkable tribute to his respect for Titian. Copying, in general, he held to be a mistake, contenting himself with slight sketches, and trusting, as a rule, to very careful ocular study of the things which he wished to remember. So, like all men possessing well-trained visual memories, Poussin is apt to be much more of a realist than either he or his contemporaries imagined.

In our *Bacchanalian Festival* (42) we see him producing not a copy, but a sort of alternative version to Titian's *Bacchanal* at Madrid, repeating actual Titianesque details, like the recumbent figure with her arm thrown back over her head, or the vase which lies on the drapery in the foreground, as in our *Bacchus and Ariadne*. Though the main groups are admirably painted and full of lively incident, such as the lady-faun with the blue ribbon tumbling off the white goat, the general effect is not altogether satisfying. The tree forms, a compromise between Titian and Bellini, are awkward in themselves and distract attention from the figures. The design would be far more compact if the picture were shortened from the top by some two feet. Nor have the two figures playing with the donkey any clear relation either to the groups in front

[1] It will be remembered that this picture was painted by Bellini in extreme old age: "Joannes Bellinus invictus fecit" is the legend on the *Cartellino*. Later the picture was drastically rehandled by Titian, who put in on the left the rock and castle of Cadore, and the sky behind them, over Bellini's more formal woodland background.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN: CEPHALUS AND AURORA

NICHOLAS POUSSIN: NURSING OF BACCHUS

of them or to the landscape behind them. It is in tone, however, that the work falls short most conspicuously. Poussin has tried once more to get the fire and glow of Titian by direct painting over a red ground: once more the result is heaviness. As in many other cases, we have to seek for Poussin's merits under a dullness of outward appearance, which is due neither to damage, neglect, nor restoration, but simply to the painter's own mistake in employing a dangerous technical method.

So the visitor might, in a rapid survey of the French rooms at Trafalgar Square, overlook the *Cephalus and Aurora* (65), because the canvas is battered and darkened. Yet it is a thing of singular beauty. The head of the Goddess shows all Poussin's youthful feeling for human loveliness. The sweeping lines of the composition to left and right, so admirably foiled by the verticals of the tree trunks, the figure of Cephalus and the central Cupid, give the subject the degree of movement appropriate to it. The light, albeit more dusky than when Poussin created it, is just that of the moment before the full sunrise for which the great winged horse is waiting. The chariot of Phoebus is already in the sky: on the hillside a giant figure (is it Gaia ?) slowly wakes from slumber: the river god below is still pillowed upon his recumbent urn. What other vision of antiquity, of that pre-Homeric age when the world and the gods of Olympus alike were young, has ever been set upon canvas in a fashion so convincing ? All others are learned reconstructions or painter's exercises. Here a myth flashes upon us for a moment with the

completeness of historical fact. And what passages, too, of noble painting? Look, for example, at the white and amber draperies of the Goddess, or at that marvellous horse!

The Nursing of Bacchus (39) is a work of almost equal beauty, and, though equally dark, is in better condition. Here, once more, we can enjoy the compact interweaving of planes and contours and masses in the central group around the infant Bacchus, supported by sweeps of light and shadow to left and right, and made steadfast by the woodland colonnade behind. Nor is the sense of marvel wanting. What strange passion moves the two vine-crowned cupids to embrace in this twilight aglow with Titianic fires? Our *Bacchus and Ariadne* has no more notable descendant. *The Bacchanalian Dance* (62), like No. 42 a commission from the then all-powerful Richelieu, remains to be considered. Here the traces of Titian are less numerous and less definite. The effect is that of some antique relief translated into paint, and coloured in a scheme of blue and russet, relieved by a noble use of white on the figure of Priapus and the draperies near it. Though full of spirit and rhythmic movement, the group of dancers is defined with a singular austerity of contour, a breadth of light and shade, and a simplification of masses and modelling which have nothing Titianesque about them, but are wholly Poussin's. Only in the two delightful children to the left does a distinct memory of Titian recur.

Yet in this excellent and thoroughly characteristic picture we miss that element of strangeness, of revela-

tion, which makes the *Cephalus and Aurora*, and to a less degree *The Nursing of Bacchus*, so eternally fascinating. The vision of antiquity is becoming formalized, and though the man's power and intelligence remain unabated, the fiery insight which inspired a few charmed years in Poussin's life is seen to be dying down. In 1640 he was summoned to Paris, and appointed painter in ordinary to Louis XIII. Numerous commissions for religious paintings followed, some on a very large scale. But the jealousy of the other artists in Paris troubled him, so in 1642 Poussin succeeded in getting back to Rome, which he never again left.

His skill and industry were undiminished, but the temper of his work had altered. He became more and more the learned eclectic, who brings to his task all that the science of design and experience of his art can contribute, but has no fresh message to deliver. The *Dance of the Seasons* at Hertford House (108), will illustrate this growing coldness; our *Adoration of the Shepherds* will indicate that it was not accompanied by any weakness in formal design. Indeed the Raphaelesque science of certain works of his later life, like the famous *Arcadian Shepherds* in the Louvre, has led many artists to occupy themselves too exclusively, I venture to think, with this single aspect of Poussin's genius. Yet, as with Titian, the full fire of the man blazes out once or twice in his last years. *The Entombment*, in the National Gallery of Ireland, is a thing so noble in design and colour and tragic feeling as to deserve a place among Poussin's masterpieces.

Landscape had frequently played an important part

in Poussin's earlier compositions. In his later years his interest in it developed to such a degree that at last he came to painting landscape for its own sake. The change came gradually. In the best work of his first Roman period, the landscape masses are kept large and simple, but subordinate to the figure masses. The *Inspiration of Anacreon* in the Dulwich Gallery will illustrate the singular impressiveness which resulted, as *The Nursing of Jupiter*, in the same collection, illustrates the beginning of the next phase, in which the landscape and figures are accorded nearly equal importance. Later this equality leads to a diffusion of interest, and when Poussin's compositions lose compactness they lose with it, as it seems to me, nearly all that separates them from other sound eclectic painting.

But when once he passed to the stage of *Landscape with Figures* (40) (the connexion with Phocion is surely dubious ?), this danger is removed. The little people in front may be historical personages or mere useful stage properties ; it does not matter. We are face to face with an interpretation of nature in a rare and solemn mood—a splendid threatening afternoon, a place of great trees in shadow, a low horizon, rolling clouds, gleams of stormy light, and a sky of wonderful thunderous blue. Much, I think, depends upon this blue. In a photograph the composition is certainly imposing, for the tumbled contours of the distant mountains and the clouds above them contrast admirably with the verticals and horizontals prevailing elsewhere. But the foliage tells as an expanse of almost unrelieved darkness, so that the general effect is heavy.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN : ENTOMBMENT (Dublin)

NICHOLAS POUSSIN: LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

In the painting our eyes are diverted from these denser masses by the powerful colouring of the sky, and by flashes of light on the clouds which make the colour still more emphatic. So profound, indeed, is the impression left upon us, that it seems beside the point to ask (as Ruskin did, and not quite fairly), whether the illumination is " true to nature " ? For, whatever our opinion may be, we have to admit that the picture is one of the grandest landscapes in the Gallery. But since the character of the design differs from anything which we have previously noticed in Poussin's work, we may well inquire whence this new quality can have come ?

The date of the " Phocion " landscape is 1648. Some twenty years earlier Poussin had made the acquaintance of a young Lorrainer, one of a little group of artists from the North, who were drawing from the life in the studio of Andrea Sacchi. The two men sketched together, talked together, and were neighbours. Both in time became famous, but the Lorrainer's was the more tardy genius, so that Poussin's name was well known in France and in Rome long before CLAUDE had emerged from obscurity. By 1648 however Claude's rare personal gift was developed and recognized, and there can, I think, be no doubt that he contributed far more than is commonly supposed to Poussin's ideas about landscape. Intellectually Claude was so inferior to Poussin, that Poussin's admirers may be reluctant to concede the possibility of such an influence ; but the proofs appear unmistakable. In the landscape we have just been discussing, we find that

the effect is dependent upon the planning of the design in large masses of tone. The colour of the painting, its three-dimensional character, and its gravity of mood are Poussin's, but the architectural principle underlying it is borrowed from Claude.

Claude Gellée, called Claude le Lorrain, was born in 1600 at Chamagne, near Charmes in the Vosges. He came to Rome as a lad of thirteen, with the hope, it is said, of finding employment as a pastry cook. Fate led him to take a situation as servant to Agostino Tassi, a painter much employed in decorating rooms with friezes and perspectives in the fashion of the day. Tassi, a pupil of the then famous Paul Brill, was a man of riotous life. He had even been condemned to the galleys, and so had acquired a knowledge of shipping and harbour scenes which he subsequently turned to good use. From being a servant, Claude was gradually promoted to be an assistant, learning thereby the technique of fresco-painting. Leaving Tassi after some nine years, he seems to have acquired his knowledge of painting in oil while acting as assistant to one Gottfrid Wals. The example of Elsheimer, then recently deceased, was also a potent influence, and in the matter of water-colour technique a direct inspiration. In 1625 Claude visited his native country by way of Venice and Munich, and was given some decorative work in the Carmelite church at Nancy. But the sight of an accident to a fellow artist, who fell from a scaffolding, caused him to throw up his engagement, and return to Rome by Lyons and Marseilles, the one occasion on which he set foot in France proper.

During this visit he may have made the acquaintance of Callot, who was then busy at Nancy. He certainly studied Callot's etchings, as his own early efforts in that medium indicate. The first of these plates may be a reminiscence of the storms which accompanied his voyage from Marseilles to Cività Vecchia in the autumn of 1627.

On arriving in Rome in 1627 he continued to make a living by his decorations in fresco. His future was possibly determined by a young German, Joachim Sandrart, who joined the artistic colony in Rome some two years later, and to whom we owe the greater part of our knowledge about Claude. In the chapter on landscape in his "Teutsche Academie," Sandrart says, "my immediate neighbour and house-mate in Rome, Claudius Gilli, otherwise called Lorraine, was ever desirous to accompany me into the country in order that we might draw together in the open. In such work my friend was by nature not favoured. He had, on the other hand, an exceptional gift for painting from nature . . . instead of drawing or tinting with black chalk and the brush, he painted on prepared paper or canvas straightaway from nature." Not one of these early works by Claude is known to survive. Yet we can guess that he was one who attained to success only after a very long apprenticeship in the different branches of his profession, and it would have been most instructive to watch the stages by which he made his way to immortality, as we can do in the analogous case of Constable. Claude, like Constable, was nearly forty before his reputation as an oil painter was established.

If our clumsy brick-red *Seaport at Sunset* (5) is an authentic specimen of his work at the age of forty-four, we cannot wonder that recognition was so slow in coming. I prefer, however, to think that the *Narcissus and Echo* (19), said to belong to the same year, 1644, represents him more truly. Here for the first time in European art we have a design which is built up entirely upon a sequence of broad atmospheric tones, and which derives all its quality from their disposition and their truth. Almost all previous painting in Europe might, by comparison, be described as draughtsman's painting, because linear contours, defining patches of colour, are an essential feature in it. Here the conception is clearly that of a painter—one accustomed to think in terms of the brush, and of the broad sweeps of tone which it produces. So plainly is the scheme of tones mapped out, that even the inexperienced eye will at once recognize its three large divisions; the light of the sky, the much darkened mass of foliage in front, and the half-tone of the middle distance and distance which connects them so harmoniously. Any fairly skilful water-colour draughtsman could make an adequate sketch of the design with two brushfuls of brown or gray upon a suitably toned paper, so simple are the constituent parts.

Claude's drawings, of which the British Museum contains some three hundred examples, point to exactly the same conclusion. The actual line work in them has little sensitiveness and no facility (as Sandrart clearly saw), but as brush drawings in tone they are often quite extraordinary. Even Van Dyck, in his

CLAUDE

LANDSCAPE, DRAWING

(Christ Church, Oxford)

CLAUDE: EMBARKATION OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

rare sketches from nature, is not so wholly modern in his use of the bistre wash to intercept a momentary burst of light over plains and woodlands, so audacious in rejecting all that the emergency does not imperatively call for, so emphatic in accenting just the things that matter, so vivid and so luminous in his results. Claude, in fact, could use a wash of simple colour to express light and space and atmosphere, and not infrequently substance also, with a power quite unrivalled before the nineteenth century. His long apprenticeship to fresco painting no doubt helped to develop this breadth of vision and decisive brushwork : we must regret that his experience of oil painting began so late, and was dominated by models like Brill and Elsheimer, who worked in the minute linear fashion of the North. Under some more liberal influence he might have translated into oil paint far more of the spirit of his drawings than he was ever able to do.

The main masses of his pictures are grandly and gracefully planned, but then they are overlaid with an uniform minuteness of detail which deprives them of character and accent. In the case of trees this detail is often admirable of its kind, and based upon a real observation of nature, but its very precision renders the result a static one, so that all Claude's characteristic oil paintings are deprived of those attractions of wind and lively movement which the more vigorous handling of his contemporary Rubens could present so well. And since Claude was no great draughtsman, this minuteness inevitably led to poverty of form, a defect specially notable in his foregrounds. Readers of

Ruskin will remember what he says about those unlucky banks in the foreground of the *Cephalus and Procris* (2). Yet, as even a small reproduction will indicate, the banks are not badly designed. Their general sweep gives movement to what might otherwise be a too drowsy design, and had they been more freely handled they would have been an admirable foil to the rest of the picture.

Again, with talk of the antique and the Grand Style all about him, with Poussin for a neighbour and with Rome as a working centre, Claude's impressionable mind was diverted from the things which he understood by instinct, to those which everyone said that he ought to study. So the air and sunshine which he sketched had to be turned into a vision of antiquity when it came to painting a picture. In spite of persistent efforts he never mastered the human figure; hence the figures in his landscapes had to be quite subordinate quantities. But still there they had to be, and to tell some kind of a story, to which the landscape had ostensibly to bear some kind of a relation. Thus we have to face a stage peopled with awkward tinselled 'supers,' crowded with unsatisfactory 'properties,' and possibly with gimcrack architecture too, before we can discover, as on a back-cloth, the light and air and tranquil space which are the true gifts of Claude to landscape.

For instance, when recalling our two noble *Seaports* (14 and 30), do we think much about S. Ursula, or the Queen of Sheba, or the precise build and character of the palaces and boats which frame the two composi-

tions? Does not the memory bring back to us overwhelmingly in each case the wonderful rendering of the sun, as it bursts through a faint veil of mist, and sends its long reflection down the ripples of those gently heaving seas? When considering the Dutch painters we saw how light could exert its full fascination only when it was allied to movement. Had the sea of Claude been rougher, the sun's reflection would have been fragmentary; had the sea been calm it would have become oily and tame. Never had open sunshine been so painted before, and never again until the time of Turner was any serious attempt made to rival Claude in this respect. Nor could Turner, though infinitely more various and more daring, ever quite equal his forerunner's straightforward presentation of the sun in mid-heaven.[1]

The remaining works by Claude in the Gallery are less notable. The *Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca* (12) is only a mechanical repetition of a similar picture in the Doria Pamfili Collection, showing all the painter's defects and none of his merits. In the *Landscape with Figures* (61), the picture to which Sir George Beaumont was so devoted, we see the prototype of numerous

[1] The brightness of the *S. Ursula* (30) calls for a word of comment. During the war it was seriously damaged, a full square foot of the surface being torn and disfigured. The work of restoration necessitated the removal of the old varnish, which from time, or other causes, had come to be of an uniform Burnt Sienna tone. Under this was revealed a picture as bright and fresh as any modern work, many details such as the *fleurs-de-lys* on the ship's flags becoming visible for the first time. The repairs were executed by Mr. Holder with so much delicacy, that even those who saw the work done, cannot now discover any trace of it.

works by Turner and Corot, the system of the tone divisions being similar to that in the *Narcissus and Echo*. The *Aeneas at Delos* (1018) represents Claude's later style. In it the masses are disposed with an informal grace quite unlike the deliberate composition of his early time, and the tones are so delicately fused that the whole scene is filled with gentle light and atmosphere. This novelty of aspect, this translucent air, this serene harmony in turquoise-green and gray, recur in a few other works of the same period, the most famous, in England at least, being *The Enchanted Castle* which Keats immortalized. And immortalized deservedly, for never were 'faery lands forlorn' so revealed to human eyes as in this twilit place by the sea, where the moon rises mysteriously above the silent palace and its wild gardens. A similar magical light pulses through the *Dido and Aeneas* at Brussels, and the *Acis and Galatea* at Dresden.

It has been the fashion to speak somewhat contemptuously of Claude, because his intellectual and technical defects, the petty details, the feeble ill-constructed figures, the occasional lapses in his perspective, are of a kind which catch the eye, and which any well-trained student in these days would be able to avoid. But, as the austere Poussin recognized, there is more than one 'mode' through which an artist may rightly express himself. Poussin, with his firm contours and systematized colouring, inclined to the stern Dorian mode. Claude is definitely limited to the mode which we may term Lydian, the mode of grace and gentleness. But his instinct for grace and gentleness was so strong, his

eye for tone and light and atmosphere so keen, his feeling for the balance of masses so sensitive and so just, that he triumphed in the face of disadvantages which would have overwhelmed any student less sincere and less determined. Like Constable, he was able so far to conquer his technical inabilities as to leave us hundreds of sketches, which, in their freshness, spirit and luminosity, may still be taken as models, and a certain number of large landscapes which will always rank with the finest things of their kind.

Let us grant that almost all of them contain faults; but do we think of the faults when we stand before the sea and sunshine of our *S. Ursula* or *Queen of Sheba*, or are spell-bound by the moonlit solitude of *The Enchanted Castle*? Do we trouble ourselves about Psyche or Aeneas, or any other puppets who may happen to provide a picture with a distinctive title? Are we not moved and interested only by the play of light and the ordering of the masses of the piece; that is to say, by considerations no less definitely aesthetic, however different in character, than those which influence us when Form rather than Light is the dominant factor? And even with the masters of Form we surely admit and enjoy something more than the pure aesthetic of their creations? If we are attracted by the Dantesque mysticism of Botticelli, or by the Lucretian fire in Poussin, may we not also accept without reproach the Vergilian serenity of Claude? His tiresome details, his dummy figures are obstacles from which we can slip away as easily as we do, when once we have left school, from the recognized bores in the 'Aeneid.'

Even then it may seem extravagant to claim for him a place by the side of Poussin in point of influence upon subsequent art. Yet we cannot fairly do much less than that. If we glance through Earlom's engravings of the 'Liber Veritatis' in which Claude sketched his principal paintings, neither the harshness of the prints, nor the ever-present weakness in the structure and detail of component parts, can blind us to the man's fundamental sense of beauty. In these designs, more various by far than common repute allows, we see how much all subsequent landscape painting has benefited by his example or borrowed directly from him. And, as we have already indicated, Claude's drawings are still more surprising. In them we find not only that perception of air and space and movement and sunlight which we are apt to regard as quite a modern faculty, but also a freedom from the scholastic limitations of his material, whereby, like Rembrandt, he anticipates our contemporary water-colourists. Was it the example of his learned neighbour Poussin that compelled Claude, when in his studio, to be as prim and solicitous as an old-fashioned Academician, and allowed him to reveal his real self only when he could get away to the country, and play about with his paint in the sunshine just like Cézanne or Mr. Steer? Only by some such postulate can we explain Claude's curious dual personality.

In England a hundred years ago the fame of Gaspard Dughet, called after his teacher and brother-in-law Gaspar Poussin, was almost equal to Claude's. Time however has not confirmed this estimate. Gaspar Poussin, indeed, has no special talent of his own where-

CLAUDE: THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

(Lockinge)

SEBASTIAN BOURDON

RETURN OF THE ARK (DETAIL)

with to attract us. He borrows from Poussin and Claude and Salvator, and combines his borrowings with some tact; but that is all. There is, undeniably, a general grandeur of effect in our *Abraham and Isaac* (31), but if we compare it with Poussin how monotonous are the details, how commonplace the structure. If we allow an occasional freshness of colour, as in the *Landscape near Albano* (68), some decorative quality as in the *Italian Landscape* (161), some dramatic force in the black sky and tossing trees of *The Calling of Abraham* (1159), we have said almost all that can be said for Gaspar. What he did has been done better by others.

Sebastian Bourdon is more notable. If he continually disappoints by falling just short of excellence, he has at least the attraction of variety. Landscapes, portraits, historical and religious subjects, *genre* pieces in the Dutch manner—his facile brush was ready for any of them. But when this facility is controlled by the example of Poussin, as in our *Return of the Ark* (64), Bourdon is seen at his best. The picture had the honour of being owned by Reynolds, and praised by him for the entire congruity of the theme and the treatment. It is indeed an admirable essay in the Grand Style, with much of Poussin's power of bending the shapes of earth and sky into a harmony no less impressive than appropriate. We may wonder perhaps why the broad and fluent serenity of the landscape to the right has not been emulated more often. We may find something akin to it in a few of Cotman's finest works, but the method appears to have further

possibilities which the painter in oil might do well to explore.

Much of Poussin's personal success, as of his influence upon subsequent art, must be referred to his power of adapting the large ideas and imposing imagery of the Italians to the scale of the easel picture. A great fresco or canvas will almost inevitably lose most of its dignity and spaciousness if the scale be reduced, however precisely. The figures in the original work may be on a scale which is rightly proportioned to its area ; yet they will look crowded or like pigmies when that area is much diminished. Recognizing this difficulty, Poussin felt his way, with Titian's example before him, to a new formula whereby the majestic spirit of Renaissance art could be preserved upon a canvas no more than three or four feet square. Clarity of expression and decorative unity alike demanded that, upon such a scale, the figures should be as few and their spatial relations, whether in extent or in depth, as convincing and clearly defined as the subject would admit. But all these qualities, and with them the orderly massing and marshalling of the various units of light and shade and colour, were kept strictly subordinate to one grand central purpose,—the preservation of a just balance between the parts and the whole. So Poussin, and Claude also, come to suggest a canon of pictorial proportion, infinitely variable of course, as a canon of the human figure is variable, with the ever-changing claims of artistic expression, but still, for those who keep it in mind, something to serve as a general standard of sound

design, an aesthetic pivot between the extremes of emptiness and crowding, between the martinet and the rioter, the Puritan and the debauchee.

It is, of course, a fatal error to look upon any such canon as final. Claude's example, in particular, for some two centuries, was continually being forged into a chain for fettering landscape. But as a broad working principle the idea of such a canon has no little value; especially for those with the Anglo-Saxon temperament, so prone, from its interest in detail, to overlook the due relation which in any complete work of art the parts must bear to the whole. For that lesson, for that golden mean of pictorial structure, we may turn to Poussin with the knowledge that we shall not be misguided. In this matter at least he deserves all the respect which his admirers claim for him.

CHAPTER IV

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN FRANCE

While Claude and Poussin were busy at Rome, French official art was no less busy in Paris under the leadership of Simon Vouet, the master of Le Sueur, Charles Le Brun and Pierre Mignard. This phase of painting is practically unrepresented at Trafalgar Square, and we need not greatly regret it. The altarpieces commissioned by religious bodies, like the histories and allegories executed for the Monarchy, are rarely enlivened by any freshness of vision or aesthetic enthusiasm. Only now and then in some unpretentious portrait do we find that Vouet and his circle could really be artists and craftsmen, when freed for a moment from the necessity of painting in the Grand Style. As the glamour of this frigid and pretentious eclecticism grows dim with the passage of years, a few figures, once relatively insignificant, assume a certain prominence.

Jacques Callot of Nancy, for example, has an honourable place among the pioneers of etching. Our drawing of *Tartarus* (2757) will sufficiently illustrate his capricious spirit. The three brothers LE NAIN have been

the subject of some discussion. It is now generally agreed that the small bright-eyed figures, like those in our *Portrait Group* (1425), must be the work of Antoine, the eldest brother; for all his odd proportions an accomplished artist with a fine taste in colour. To the second brother Louis is ascribed our *Saying Grace* (3879). Nothing similar to it had hitherto appeared in France. It is a piece of homely *bourgeois* realism, of a type familiar enough in Holland. Yet there are notable differences. With the Dutch, as we saw, such work at its best depends for its effect either upon the lively presentation of character, as with Brouwer and his following, or upon those effects of naturalistic illumination of which De Hooch and Vermeer are the recognized masters. In our picture by Le Nain, the figures are almost pathetically stolid. Neither the spatial relations nor the lighting have been adjusted with any particular charm or precision. The shadows are heavy, the proportions uncertain. Nevertheless the painting has a certain largeness and solidity which would make most Dutch work seem *petite*, while in the orderly distribution and simplification of light and dark masses we see that side of the French temper which Poussin and Chardin exhibit.

The same ordered simplicity, the same gravity of mood, distinguish the portraits of Philippe de CHAMPAIGNE, a native of Brussels who worked all his life in Paris. His most famous likenesses are connected with the sect of the Jansenists; that of *Robert Arnauld* (127) at Hertford House being a typical specimen. In the same gallery may be seen two of his religious

compositions. One of them, *The Adoration of the Shepherds* (129) exhibits him at his best; *The Marriage of the Virgin* (119) touches, we may hope, his lowest level. For the three portraits by his hand at Trafalgar Square prove him to be a worthy companion to Poussin. If the likenesses of *Richelieu* (798 and 1449) are a trifle hard, they are also sincere and dignified, while the *Cardinal de Retz* (2291) is not only supple in touch and admirable in colour, but presents that intriguing prelate with uncommon spirit. The short-lived Eustache Le Sueur was another serious artist, who should not be judged by his anaemic *Holy Family* (1422). In him, an intellectual temper similar to Poussin's was joined to a Raphaelesque sense of proportion, and the resulting product is just redeemed from being colourless (his colour indeed is Le Sueur's weakest point) by a certain rather frigid beauty. We shall appreciate this ascetic mood better if we contrast it with the tiresome insincerities of Mignard. The oily portrait of *Descartes* (2929) shows Mignard's idea of the heroic; his *Marquise de Seignelay* (2967) painted some forty years later, foreshadows eighteenth century France at its pretentious worst.

At this point the historian proper should intervene with an account of the age of Louis XIV, including the part played by Mignard's rival Charles Le Brun in the decoration of Versailles, and in the development of the Gobelins tapestries under the wise Colbert. But for our purpose it will be enough to follow the course of portraiture, from the pomposities of Rigaud and the glittering ornament of Largillière to the change in

LE NAIN

SAYING GRACE

WATTEAU

LA GAMME D'AMOUR

WATTEAU: DRAWING FOR LA GAMME D'AMOUR

(British Museum)

style which took place at the death of Louis XIV, and which lasted till the Revolution.

Rigaud, we may note, was a much better portrait painter than our dull *Cardinal Fleury* (903), or the majority of his state likenesses, posed in cuirass and billowy swathes of satin, would ever suggest. Some of his family portraits in the Louvre have a plain dignity and solid workmanship which could not in their way be bettered. The spirited head of *Bolingbroke* (1493) in the National Portrait Gallery shows a similar temper. There, too, Largillière's precocious beginnings, when he worked under Lely, may be recognized in *Mrs. Middleton* (612); a masterly harmony in silver-grey and a model of broad and delicate brushwork which deserves to be better known. But when Largillière returned to France he quickly assimilated the flimsier French fashion, and practised it with success for half a century. Our *Princess Ragotsky* (3883), with her rouged cheeks, her negro page and her sparkling brocades, is thus a more typical specimen of his art; brilliant, showy, perhaps even a trifle vulgar, yet with so much accomplishment in design and execution that it cannot be deemed contemptible.

At the very time (1713-1717) that this portrait was painted, a man of about thirty was preparing as his diploma picture for the Academy that *Embarquement pour Cythère*, now in the Louvre, in which the whole spirit of eighteenth century France may be said to have its origin, and to culminate. Antoine WATTEAU had come to Paris in 1702 from Valenciennes, which had become French by conquest only six years before

his birth. In Paris ten years of poverty and privation had to be endured before the young painter, received into the house of the collector and financier Crozat, was at liberty to develop his rare personal talent. The details of his artistic growth are too vague for precise reconstruction. It seems fairly clear that Teniers and Van Ostade were Watteau's first technical models; in his few military pieces he may also have taken some hints from Wouwerman. His decorative work under Gillot and Audran kept him apart from the prevalent Academic style; when at last he competed for the Prix de Rome the award was given to another. So the drawings and paintings of Rubens in the Crozat and Royal collections, when once he had access to them, became the real foundation of Watteau's practice. Any chance influence from the Venetians or others which we may notice in his work is always translated into the technical language of his great fellow-Fleming.

On that same foundation, a hundred years earlier, Van Dyck had built nobly; the artistic edifice raised by Watteau was no less remarkable. But whereas Van Dyck rivals his master chiefly as a painter in oils, Watteau was primarily a draughtsman. He had not the fecundity of imagination or the physical powers which enabled Rubens to pour out one vast composition after another, containing numbers of figures in every variety of vigorous action. On the contrary, Watteau's studies are comparatively small in size, and almost always made from some single living model. Yet these chalk studies of heads and hands and dresses are done with so much tenderness, precision and force;

with so fine a perception for delicacy of modelling and contour, and yet with so firm a structural science, that they stand in a class by themselves. It would be unfair to say that they bear a relation to the great art of the two preceding centuries similar to that which the finest Greek terracottas bear to Greek sculpture in bronze and marble, because Watteau's drawings are touched in with a swordplay of the hand which is more varied and more stimulating than the gentle craftsmanship of the statuettes, yet it is by some such comparison that we can best illustrate their place in the scheme of things beautiful.

Watteau's own affection for his drawings and dissatisfaction with his paintings have been recorded. He filled whole books with sketches and based his oil paintings directly upon them. " He never " says his friend, M. de Caylus, " made even the slightest sketch or design for his pictures . . . when he desired to paint a picture, he chose out of his collection (of drawings) those figures which suited him best, and formed groups with them, generally as an addition to a background of landscape which he had already imagined or got ready. To execute his effects more rapidly he preferred to use his paints liquid. . . . To make use of this method with success it is necessary to prepare the ground carefully, and this Watteau hardly ever did. In order to remedy this omission he was in the habit after letting a picture dry, of rubbing it all over with ' fat ' oil and of repainting upon this. . . . He rarely cleaned his palette, and often went for several days without setting it. The pot of oil he used so freely was full of dirt

and dust, and mixed up with colours of all sorts from the brushes he dipped into it." This excessive use of oil is corroborated by another friend, the dealer Gersaint, who attributes to it, quite rightly no doubt, the changes in colour and tone which even in his day began to take place in Watteau's pictures.

Our one indubitable specimen of Watteau's painting, *La Gamme d'Amour* (2897), will be found to confirm this account of the painter's methods. The studies from which the two principal figures were painted are in the British Museum, that of the lady being in reverse. They recur as the central figures of a much larger company in a well-known picture at Berlin (474B). In our picture this group is balanced with a certain haphazard felicity by a group of smaller figures to the right and by a tree trunk to the left; a terminal bust among the trees behind is the crowning feature. The unsoundness of the painter's technical method is indicated by the blurred condition of the lady's skirt and neck and face, where the pigment has lost both accent and shape; by the cracked condition of the distant vista of lawns and lakes and clouds and mountains, and perhaps by some fading of the rosy tones of the guitar-player's dress. But for the *gourmet* of fine painting there is still much to enjoy,—the silvery sheen on the lady's murrey-coloured sleeve, the deep vinous purple of the man's cap, the note of exquisite blue on the distant water which is echoed by a blue ribbon lower down, the bows of red velvet which strike so sharply upon the more delicate tones round them, and above all the player's face and hands put in with those firm

WATTEAU

FÊTES VÉNETIENNE

(Edinburgh)

WATTEAU

GILLES AND HIS FAMILY

(Hertford House)

nervous strokes, that perfect sense of bone and sinew and gesture, which make Watteau's drawings incomparable.

We may reinforce if we will this brief summary of Watteau's technical characteristics by examining the *Plaisirs du Bal* in the Dulwich Gallery, somewhat darkened, yet still famous with its memories of Rubens and adroit use of black and white to foil the positive colours, or the *Fêtes Vénitiennes* at Edinburgh, a more perfect and luminous example. Yet for most people the series of paintings in the Wallace Collection will be sufficient. Lack of space prevents me from treating them in detail, but even the briefest summary must call attention to the *Lady at her Toilet* (439), one of the very few cases in which Watteau painted the nude figure. With its wonderful breadth and freshness, the evident result of direct and simple painting, we may contrast *Gilles and his Family* (381). Here the pigment has suffered through over-elaborate workmanship, yet the colour retains a nacrous beauty, as of opal or mother-of-pearl, and the principal figures have an air of foreboding which the laughter of their companions cannot dissipate. Like the ominous prologue to *I Pagliacci*, the picture sets before us the tragedy of the Mummer's life, or rather that of Watteau himself, predestined to an early grave. All students of the painter have noted this pathetic strain in his work; and perhaps made rather too much of it. Yet even where this feeling is in abeyance or inconspicuous, there is a certain remoteness or indifference about Watteau's figurines, compared with the very definite and earthly passions illus-

trated by his imitators and successors. This gives him a place apart. In spirit, as in time, he stands at the point where the self-repression of the age of Madame de Maintenon passes into the license of the Regency. He had suffered much under the old *régime*: when the new epoch came he was too frail and tired to have pleasure in it.

Hardly any praise can be extravagant for Watteau's drawings. His taste as a colourist, when due allowance is made for the deterioration of pigments, is wonderful. Yet it is possible to exaggerate the permanent aesthetic value of his painting, as it is easy to read into it more spiritual and psychological significance than is really there. His little pictures have the sparkle and quality of a precious stone; but can we claim that most of them, when compared with the masterpieces of other great artists, are more than fragile exquisite visions? As we might expect from the words of Caylus, and his lack of academic training, Watteau was apt to be indolent and casual in constructing his pictures. With happy carelessness he scatters his little figures, like so many glittering butterflies, along the grass under his feathery trees, rarely troubling about the exact proportion of the groups to the background, and never about the formal geometry of design. So his airy vignettes with their points and splashes of light and colour have rarely any definite message for the modern student. It is rather in his exceptional pieces that contact with to-day is maintained—in the freshness of the *Toilet* at Hertford House, the fine firm realism of the signboard painted

for Gersaint, in the breadth and audacity of design in the *Gilles* at the Louvre, or in the radiance of *L'Embarquement pour Cythère*, where the dainty couples are strolling down the hill towards such fairy seas and mountains, such golden mists, as Turner himself might have imagined.

Our own age seems to be either too strenuous to need, even for diversion, such pictorial visions of a world devoted to beauty and idle dalliance, or too materialistic to accept them in any other shape than that provided by musical comedy. So Monticelli is the only figure in modern France upon whom any portion of the mantle of Watteau might be thought to have fallen, and even there the connexion is distant. The early works of Conder afford a much closer parallel, for in them a very similar strain of feeling was allied to a similar mastery of colour, colour which, alas! has proved far more fugitive than Watteau's. Even when Conder's fans and decorations were fresh and vivid, thirty years ago, the world which they pictured with such spirit and variety of design was a world of transient dreams. Now that they have faded, these images of life and youth and pleasure are become mere phantoms, dim stains upon perishing silk, so that the future will never recognize that England once possessed a veritable heir to Watteau.

As we read the history of the Regency and the age of Louis XV, we cease to wonder how Watteau's visions of fair ladies in pleasant places made so swift and complete a conquest over eighteenth century France. Heedless of the tempest which even then

was gathering, the French courtiers lived for fifty years in one perpetual *Fête Galante*, while a succession of able painters materialized Watteau's dreamland for their gratification. But that delicate fabric was no foundation for such a superstructure. In the cold imitations of Pater, which we can study, if we will, at Hertford House, all Watteau's charm has evaporated. In our *Four Ages of Man* (101-104), by Nicolas Lancret, we find a sparkling colour and executive skill, which led to Lancret's work being mistaken for Watteau's own, even during that painter's lifetime. Yet the quality of Lancret's colour does not stand the test of examination; it has neither the variety, nor those hints of silver and pearl and opal, which Watteau can give us. In spirit the decline is still more evident, for poetry has turned to prose, and prose that in its purport is often silly or common. As an example of dexterous handiwork, a painter might still keep a good Lancret by him: but if its subject matter, its eternal smiles and graces, gave him much permanent pleasure, we could hardly think much of his intelligence.

François BOUCHER, on the other hand, is one who impresses by his immense profusion. Basing himself partly upon the Rubens tradition as it was then developing in France, and partly upon the 'Pastoral' element in Watteau, whose work he had helped to engrave, Boucher evolved that hybrid style of decorative painting which is seen to perfection at Hertford House. Our little *Pan and Syrinx* (1090) will serve as an example of his professional accomplishment, his cold mechanical gaiety. His touch in his larger canvases

is not always so crisp and sure, doubtless they contain much that is merely assistants' work. Yet still they dazzle by the fecundity of their invention, by the sense of movement which usually redeems their flourishes and flutterings from being absurd, their arabesque of bare limbs and amorous gestures from being wholly tiresome. Boucher was *par excellence* the painter for the age in which he lived ; but we can no more imagine its recurrence than we can imagine his return to a place among the great. J. F. de Troy, represented at Hertford House by two hunting scenes recalling the similar work of Carle Vanloo, has a stronger claim to permanence. His paintings of contemporary court life are undeniably rather thin for all their superficial cleverness, and with them his name and fame are commonly associated here. But these were merely so much adroit homage to contemporary fashion. De Troy has been trained in Rome in the days of Louis XIV : his reputation was made by his designs for tapestry and by sundry paintings in the classical style. One of these, the *Plague of Marseilles*, now in the Marseilles gallery, is so impressive in conception, so rich and harmonious in colour as to have exerted a strong influence upon Delacroix, and to remain perhaps the finest work of the kind which was executed in France during the eighteenth century.

At the head of the corresponding group of Court portrait painters stands Nattier, at present unrepresented at Trafalgar Square. His popular fame rests upon his portraits of the daughters and favourites of Louis XV, the former in elaborate costumes, the latter

in Boucher-like mythological undress. Since flattery rather than personality was Nattier's aim in these productions, they have little individual character. Their popularity led to the making of numerous studio repetitions; in consequence the name of Nattier too often stands for what is showy and superficial. Yet at his best when he was not playing the courtier, Nattier was a spirited painter and an effective colourist. Some of his male portraits rank with the best of their age; of his portraits of women, the *Comtesse de Tillières* (453) at Hertford House is a good example. Nattier's son-in-law, Louis Tocqué, though less famous, had a finer eye for character. As a workman Tocqué is sound and careful rather than brilliant, but Gainsborough himself could hardly interpret more sensitively the tolerant good-humoured wisdom which middle age may bring with it. Some of Tocqué's portraits of ladies illustrate this capacity even better than our *Man in a Flowered Vest* (4097).

In technical virtuosity J. B. Perronneau comes much nearer to Gainsborough, but his oil paintings and his pastels lack strength of tone, and always seem more attractive in reproduction than the originals prove to be. Like his more successful contemporary, Quentin de Latour, we may easily overrate him. Latour at all events does not lack force and spirit, but when we see any considerable collection of his lively pastels we begin to suspect that their liveliness is a technical trick. We notice that the tone of the eyes is uniformly bright; in fact their sparkle is obtained by a device similar to that which Lawrence employed, with similar applause, a few decades later.

NATTIER

COMTESSE DE TILLIÈRES

(Hertford House)

FRAGONARD : THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

(Hertford House)

The spurious moralities of Greuze were held in their day to represent a return to nature, in contrast to the meretricious artifice of Boucher and his following. Now we recognize in him a suspicious likeness to the 'sensibility' of Sterne, a sentimentality which covers, and barely covers, much commoner passions. Such variety as he exhibits can be studied at Hertford House: there too we must turn to appreciate FRAGONARD, a much better painter. Indeed in Fragonard the technical accomplishment of the whole century, and perhaps its spirit too, find complete expression. In *The Swing* (430) we see him emulating the 'gallantries' of Boucher; more commonly, especially in his drawings, he prefers the amours of the bedroom to those of Olympus or the *parc aux cerfs*. A second group of paintings, of which *The Schoolmistress* (404) is one, show him exploring the domesticities of Greuze, but with more liveliness and humour. His landscapes, in spite of their obvious artifice, have a character at once formal and romantic, which make him seem a sort of connecting link between Watteau and Corot. Something of Watteau's feeling appears again in *The Souvenir* (382); *The Fountain of Love* (394) anticipates Prudhon; the *Boy as Pierrot* (412) stands half-way between the luminism of Rubens and the nineteenth century. If then virtuosity is the first characteristic of Fragonard's many-sided talent, we cannot deny to him a certain veracity, and a certain freshness of vision, which in his time were rare enough, although they were not sufficient to save him from eclipse when the epoch he represented came to an end with the Revolution.

Even when we take into account the fragmentary manner in which it is represented in the Gallery,[1] this summary of the French eighteenth century may seem unduly brief. But the truth is that the world is moving away from the age of Louis XV. The conditions which produced it, and the art which corresponds to it, are not likely to recur again, in Europe at least, for many a long day. They demand more wealth, more leisure and more contempt for appearances from the rulers, and infinitely more patience from the under-dogs, than our impoverished and discontented hemisphere is likely to develop. Boucher and Nattier are admirable illustrations of one phase of bygone history, and for those who are interested in their period, or perhaps are a little envious of its luxury, their work may still have an attraction. But for the modern student seeking inspiration for the art that may be, or that is to be, this vanished society has no message. The vain life it lived has no conceivable relation to any life that we know. Only in one single figure standing apart from all the rest do we discover a mind which thought as we should like to think, and which apprehended many of those factors in pictorial representation which we have come to regard as cardinal.

In Louis Le Nain's *Saying Grace* we had evidence of a realism different in aim and in character from that

[1] Continuous efforts have been made of recent years to supply the deficiency. But the pictures now attainable are for the most part so conspicuously inferior to the rest of the Collection in quality, and the rare exceptions command such prices in the world market, that additions except by gift or bequest cannot often be made.

which the great Dutchmen had developed with so much ability. What Le Nain did imperfectly and, it might seem, more by good luck than by conscious endeavour, was done thoroughly and with deliberate science by CHARDIN. Flemish technical influences derived from Noel Coypel and J. B. Vanloo, mark his early paintings of 'Still Life' subjects,—dishes of oysters and the like, enlivened sometimes, in the *bourgeois* fashion of the day, by the incursions of cats or monkeys. For us these early works of Chardin, murky in tone and without any conspicuous distinction in design or execution, have little intrinsic interest. But from such unsatisfactory beginnings Chardin, by sheer honesty of vision and logical appreciation of the qualities which count for pictorial greatness, made himself a master who in his own field may rank with Velazquez.

We have not the material in England for tracing this process of self-education in detail. Its general characteristic is the persistent search for more simplicity, more solidity and more light. More simplicity Chardin attains by perpetually reducing the number of the elements which go to make a picture, not only by suppressing or eliminating major quantities, but even by taking out every minor detail, like the folds in a skirt or an apron, which might interfere with its effect as a broad mass. More solidity, more three-dimensional quality, he attains by abandoning the transparent Flemish technique, and by so loading and modelling the more prominent parts of a picture that they acquire a substance of pigment equivalent (relatively at least) to that of the object which he is depicting. More

light he attains in similar fashion, not by studying those minor nuances of atmosphere and local colour which fascinated the Dutch, but rather by concentrating on the broad opposition of 'values,' and the relations of light and half-tone and shadow which make for pictorial coherence. Where this breadth of effect involves a sacrifice of local colour Chardin does not hesitate to make it. His work in general is thus much more sober in effect than Dutch work, but also much larger in design; his advantage in the treatment of 'Still Life' being specially conspicuous.

It must not however be imagined that Chardin was no colourist because he thus subordinates colour to design. On the contrary few painters can get such colour as he, when he chooses to introduce a touch of pale blue or rose or primrose yellow into a scheme so austerely limited in other respects. Repetitions of his more popular designs are not infrequent, and by comparing them with each other, we can see how Chardin, like Greco, was unremitting in his search for perfection. The first version will, perhaps, be a study in which many of the accidents of nature are retained. In the next, we notice the simplifying of a contour here and there, the omission of this or that minor detail, the broadening of this or that mass of light, till, possibly in a third picture, the statement is made large, substantial and final.

Our pictures at the National Gallery will not illustrate this habit, nor do they give such an idea of Chardin's greatness as we can obtain at the Louvre. *The House of Cards* (4078) has been smoothed out in

CHARDIN

CHARDIN: THE LESSON

CHARDIN : STILL LIFE

the process of relining, and so has lost its pristine variety of surface. Hence the painter's quality can be seen much better in *The Lesson* (4077). The finely modelled impasto on the girl's hand and cap, the Watteau-like blaze of red and orange upon the child's head-dress, the breadth of the design, and the tenderness of the contours are points which call for notice. An earlier version of the same subject in the Dublin Gallery will serve to show that this tenderness was not gained except by a revision of the first design. *La Fontaine* (1664) looks less experienced. It is solid enough, but the impasto is more clumsy, the background heavier, the sense of space less completely realized. If we were able to compare side by side the four versions of this subject, we could better determine the place of this characteristic but not quite satisfactory picture. Finally we come to the *Still Life* (1258), a work of the painter's maturity, and a fine one. Here tone, light, texture and solid form are rendered in a shape so compact and convincing, that detailed commentary is no more necessary than it is in the case of our *Philip IV* (745), by Velazquez. Modern pictorial science, by investing such things with the colours of the spectrum, may obtain effects more brilliant; it cannot possibly give us better painting.

Some of the substance and breadth of Chardin's work may be found in the *Parade* (2129), one of the very rare works in oil by the gifted Gabriel St. Aubin. His name recalls the group of distinguished draughtsmen etchers and engravers who embellished the fine books of the eighteenth century, and in their dainty

plates preserved, and sometimes developed, that sense of design and logical proportion which, while typically French, hardly shows at all in much French painting of the time. Generally speaking, however, we can view the suppression by David of the artistic heirs of Boucher (including that facile lady Madame Vigée Lebrun) without inconsolable regret, especially since the age which followed the Revolution was so fertile in genius, and so significant for us even to-day, as to deserve all the consideration we can spare for it.

It would be unjust, however, to omit to give credit to the dying epoch for much that was good in the change of taste which followed. All through the eighteenth century French Sculpture never lost touch with the past; indeed in the work of Houdon the classic style might seem to reach a new perfection. And elsewhere, while rococo ornament was still the fashion, men's minds were turning back to antiquity. The century was but half done when the excavations at Herculaneum, ultimately abandoned owing to geological difficulties, threw a new light upon Greco-Roman culture. Winckelmann a few years later made his great contribution to the study of antique sculpture, as then represented in the Roman museums. Lessing's 'Laokoon' pleaded the same cause. The discovery of the ruins of Paestum had a similar effect upon architecture. In England, the Dilettanti Society, Sir William Hamilton, and the tardy 'Athenian' Stuart, started the rediscovery of Greece.

So the republican sentiments of the Revolution fell upon a soil which was prepared to receive them. The

contrast between the luxurious court of Louis XV and the servile condition of the people who supported it was, of course, too violent to be enduring. Yet the uprising might have taken a very different course if the educated classes had not learned to respect the political ideas which a republic seemed to embody. Many tolerated or supported revolution as a necessary step towards the realization of that phantom Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, with which their men of letters, in glorifying the republics of Greece and Rome, had made them familiar. And, when theory became practice at the downfall of the monarchy, a neo-classical art seemed the natural adjunct to the neo-classical state. No doubt the antique fashion would in any case have superseded the lighter gaieties of the eighteenth century, even though these were supported by a considerable body of talent, including men like Fragonard. That the end came abruptly, that the older style was not superseded but suppressed, was due to the influence of one man, Jacques Louis David.

CHAPTER V

CLASSICS AND ROMANTICS

By the caprice of Fortune DAVID started his career as a pupil of Boucher, the man whose influence he was afterwards to destroy. Handed on by that master to the more austere teaching of Vien, David succeeded, after several efforts, in winning the Prix de Rome. When he reached that city the passion for the antique took hold upon him. He became its fanatical devotee; incessant study soon gave him unusual competence; recognition and authority followed. The youthful pictures, like *The Oath of the Horatii* at the Louvre, in which David worked out his theories, created a sensation in their day, carrying him almost at once to the foremost rank in his profession, and still for all their deliberate aridity commanding respect. A genuine faith in the greatness of republican Greece and Rome, and in the correspondence of that greatness with the Greco-Roman sculpture which he found all about him, led him to regard as his first duty the translation of this theoretic marmoreal perfection into terms of paint, by suppressing every natural variation of individual personality, of picturesque environment, of colour, of light

and shade, of atmosphere or of dress, whereby the effect of this Spartan programme might be impaired or obscured.

When the Revolution came, David found in French republican enthusiasm the same ideals which had inspired the Greece and the Rome of his dreams. He was drawn into politics, and became a member of the Convention, closely attached to Robespierre. As one of the Committee of Public Safety, he was involved in the bloodthirsty policy of his chief, and in his subsequent fall. The imprisonment which followed was the end of David's brief political career. But he had become the dictator of the arts in France, the organizer of the fêtes and pageants of the Republic, the designer of its dress and its furniture. And in the exercise of his authority he was ruthless. Holding that art was corrupted by the teaching of the French Academy, he abolished that ancient foundation. All the older French talent of the day was cast adrift, and though certain remedial measures were introduced, it was clear that there could be no effective opposition to the Davidian will.

The coming of Napoleon brought no diminution to his prestige, but it changed the character of his work. The First Empire demanded shows and ceremony. David, in *The Coronation of Napoleon*, put away the rigid nudities of *The Rape of the Sabines*, and depicted velvets and feathers and satins like a born court-painter. The truth is that, while his intellect demanded from him an extreme of sculptural generalization, his hand and eye were those of a great realist. In his powerful portrait

of the dead *Marat* these qualities are united : veracity for once is made monumental. If the hardly less famous *Madame Recamier* is dry from excess of simplicity, some of the other portraits by him in the Louvre are excellent. Not only are they instinct with life, but they are rendered with a force of pigment and fullness of colour which compel admiration. It is unlucky that no characteristic portrait by David has hitherto found its way into our public collections, but some reflection of his more gracious mood can be traced in the *Head of a Boy* (4034) by Gerard. His historical painting is usually so vast in scale, and so intimately bound up with French history, that we can hardly expect to see it except in its native land.

David's theory had been too narrow, and his application of it far too rigorous, not to provoke a speedy reaction. The florid ambitions of Napoleon had compelled him to modify his practice ; the encouragement given in the same quarter to his favourite pupil Gros, and the patronage by the Court of PRUDHON, whom he disliked, prepared the way for change. Prudhon too had worked in Rome, but his sensuous temper led him to study Correggio, Sodoma and the Leonardesques in preference to David's stony models. ' Le Boucher de son temps ' was that master's phrase for him. And to-day the place which we accord to Prudhon's suave contours and elaborate inky chiaroscuro must remain a matter of individual taste. Though some of his drawings and designs are excellent, and his child figures have often a certain naturalness, Prudhon is too apt to play the oily sentimentalist, as disagreeable

DAVID

MARAT

(Brussels)

PRUDHON

THE ZEPHYR

(Hertford House)

in temper as in the texture of his paint. To his fellow-countrymen, and to some others, he is a genuine master, and his influence on French academic painting lasted to the end of the nineteenth century. But since Prudhon is well represented in the Wallace Collection, the English reader had best go there and judge for himself.

GROS, as a young man, attracted the attention of Napoleon, and went from David's studio to Italy and the service of the First Consul. Possibly the duty of selecting Italian pictures for the Louvre gave him a wider outlook than that of his master, for in the vast canvases whereupon he celebrated the deeds of his patron, Gros displays an eye for realities of colour and environment and a freedom of design which David did not possess. His first great work *Les Pestiférés de Jaffe*, now in the Louvre, was instantaneously successful. It was the forerunner of a series of similar products by Gros and his contemporaries. So rich in colour and movement, so heroic in scale, so close to life and so free from the chilling influence of the antique was the new style, that for a moment it must have seemed as if another Rubens had been born in France. By some tragic defect in character, Gros proved unequal to the burden of his genius. So long as Napoleon was at hand to stimulate and inspire, all went well with him. But when Napoleon was gone and a Bourbon king ruled in his place, Gros, though still at the height of favour and fame, remembered his old master David. From his retirement at Brussels that master urged him to put aside his errors, to return to the one true faith

and worship the antique. Gros dutifully obeyed, submitting failure after failure in the classical style to the mocking eyes of Paris, eyes which his own early example had opened; finally he drowned himself in despair. In all the history of the arts there is no more tragic figure.

The change of pictorial taste which was started by the example of Gros, was hastened and augmented by the masterpieces of art which he had helped to collect for the Louvre. The colour, the lively touch, the sense of movement in Rubens and the Venetians fascinated the rising generation. These novelties found expression first with GÉRICAULT. His vast *Raft of the 'Medusa'* in the Louvre illustrates only one side of his talent: his more characteristic works are portraits, battlepieces, races and the like, in which horses play a prominent part. Though Géricault is often referred to as if he were a colourist, the sombre tone of his work does not actually represent an advance upon the practice of Gros. But he was a real innovator in his powerful brushwork and use of freely handled 'fat' paint, characteristics confirmed if not originated by a visit to England, and by the study of Reynolds and his following, then almost unknown on the Continent. Even Gros, for all his vigour, retained the unemphatic smooth handling which he had learned in David's studio. Géricault died young, but in him we see the inception of nearly all those technical features which Delacroix afterwards developed. As I have indicated elsewhere, these features had been familiarized in England nearly thirty years earlier by the work of men like

Copley. It was in France however that they became identified with the current of modern progress.

Men's thoughts had been moving in a new direction for some time past. We have seen how the classical ideals of the Revolution, as embodied in the teaching of David, had been utilized and bent to his purpose by Napoleon. After the fall of the First Empire, these ideals persisted for a while, in the Fine Arts at least, simply because there was nothing in particular to replace them. But France, now reopened to the outside world, seized greedily upon that world's literature. Goethe, Scott, and Byron among the moderns, Dante and Shakespeare and Cervantes among older writers, took the place of Livy and Plutarch. Byron in particular, with his vivid personality, his championship of freedom, his disdain for conventions, his daring cynical eloquence, was the idol of the young. Letters, music and painting alike reflected the desire for new sensations, whether drawn from the poets and novelists, or from an idealized Orient, full of colour, sunlight and picturesque adventure. Such were the inspirations of the 'Romantic' movement, of Berlioz and Victor Hugo, George Sand and de Musset, of Dumas and Balzac and countless others. In painting the protagonist was DELACROIX.

The work of Géricault had been limited in range, so limited that, had he lived another thirty years, his contribution to French painting might not have been essentially augmented. The artistic enthusiasm of his young admirer Delacroix had all this newly discovered world of literature to feed it. Delacroix, being him-

self more of a thinker and man of letters than painters are wont to be, pursued his own theories with little regard for current opinion, and none for current practice. The vivid colour, rapid movement and picturesque drama which he found in the literature beloved of the Romantics, led him to seek similar qualities in the graphic arts. For the cold fixed illumination of the classicists he substituted the fitful gleams and flashes of storm : for their stately draperies and formal motions he substituted agitation and restless activity : for their austere and rather pallid tones, he substituted every deep rich note of colour which a well charged palette and a lively invention could suggest. His synthetic gift too was so powerful that he could usually compel his numerous and unruly elements, his wild broken contours, his passionate swaying forms and loose rippling brush strokes, into coherent harmony. At times the task was too much for him : the design remains as ragged as its component parts, or in the impatient effort to be expressive the sense of form is lost. Now and then a certain florid flimsiness recalls the more superficial work of his friend Bonington : some looseness of touch he may have derived (together with freshness of tone) from his admiration for Constable. But if these, and other English artists like Etty, contributed to the formation of his style, the spirit behind it was always that of a scholar, a student of Rubens and the Venetians, and one occupied no less consciously (and even more continuously) with the painter's problem, than David himself had been.

We need not refer to the famous paintings by

DELACROIX

BARON SCHWITER

DELACROIX

EXECUTION OF MARINO FALIERO

(Hertford House)

Delacroix in the Louvre to illustrate his technical competence : our portrait of *The Baron Schwiter* (3286) is proof enough. Here we find the then current formula for a full-length portrait, to which Lawrence has accustomed us, applied to a young French man of fashion, but applied with a disdain for all the tailor-made graces which controlled pictorial fashions in England. The quaint projecting skirts of the coat, the legs in the black trousers, are made into a pattern so unexpected and so effective that we see at a glance that we have to do with no conventional talent but with a true creator. And when we pass to details, to the painting of the shoes, of the blue jar to the left and the azalea blooms above it, we see in them the work of a master craftsman. Manet himself could have done them no better. For an example of Delacroix in his dramatic vein we may turn to the *Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero* (282) at Hertford House. The taste of the day is averse to these rhetorical costume-pieces ; but even modern criticism would admit this to be one of the most brilliant and spirited examples of its type, although the type is one which a host of mediocrities have long ago worked to death. We may perhaps judge Delacroix with less prejudice from the two smaller pictures in the Victoria and Albert Museum, The *Barque of Don Juan* will show his power of summing up a situation in terms of colour ; *The Good Samaritan* will convey some idea of his command of tragedy. The awkward pose of the legs of the wounded man carries with it a conviction of physical collapse such as Rembrandt might have suggested, but

it is easy to understand how repugnant such ungainliness must have been to INGRES, the great rival influence upon contemporary France.

Delacroix had visited Spain and Morocco in 1832, but otherwise passed the whole of his working life in Paris. Ingres, going to Italy as a young man, worked there continuously for eighteen years, and later was Director of the School at Rome for another seven years. So the main current of the French Romantic movement passed him by. Yet, as the titles of his pictures indicate, it was not without influence upon him. Though he had been David's pupil, he did not sympathize with that master's antiquarian fanaticism. Ingres admired Greek art, but he admired Raphael still more. His peculiar sensibility to subtleties of linear contour was refreshed and strengthened by the necessity of earning a living by portraiture. A visitor to Rome or Florence between 1810 and 1824 could, for a modest fee, have his portrait drawn in pencil by Ingres. Into this humble practice Ingres threw all his powers. No one before or since has touched in a frill, a ribbon or a flounce, the folds of a skirt or the creases in a coat, with more delightful magic. With a precision, a delicacy and a selective taste worthy of Raphael or Holbein, he learned to transmute each oddity of pose or fashion into a linear design of such rhythmic beauty that the best examples are beyond praise.

This portrait element, the vivid impression conveyed by a model before the artist's eyes, invariably caused Ingres to exercise his refining powers to the utmost. In his later years of success he frequently repeated or

INGRES

MME. BOCHET

INGRES

M. DE NORVINS

revised earlier designs. When he does so his line tends to lose its peculiar savour. A generalized grace of contour remains, as it remains in the work of Raphael's following ; balance of parts remains, and may even be perfected by the revision ; but the decisive and unexpected natural accidents which give true linear vitality are no longer there.

Because Ingres is so often termed, and quite rightly, a classic draughtsman, because so many of his subjects are mythological and are rendered with sculptural simplicity, and above all, perhaps, because of his pontifical denunciations of Delacroix and the Romantics, we might easily think that the academic factor in him was the predominant one. The truth is that, like David, he was a bourgeois realist, who did not always understand the source of his strength. But in taking Raphael for his teacher and in accepting portraiture as his youthful profession, Ingres had far more practical and inspiring guides than the mediocre classical statuary which David favoured, and so his extraordinary gifts of hand and eye were not prematurely checked and stunted in their growth.

When making his little portrait drawings, exigencies of time not infrequently seem to have prevented him from effecting the complete rhythmic unity at which he aimed. When composing his portraits in oil he had more leisure for the adjustment and balancing of contours and spaces. It is in works executed before 1830 that Ingres is seen at his best. Up to that time he took advantage of any quaintness in dress or character which might serve as motive for a novel linear

pattern. His later portraits, though sound enough, are by comparison, conventional: the smooth paint becomes more like plaster or wax; the shadows show signs of damage by bitumen. The earlier works are executed with a thin rather hard enamelled surface, not inappropriate to their scrupulous finish. Some of these, like the *Mme. Rivière* in the Louvre, are executed with so little dependence upon cast shadows as to be almost Oriental in their effect; affording the painter thereby the chance of giving full play to his genius for line. It was with no unconscious felicity, however, that he foiled the larger masses of his drapery with long sweeping contours or smaller folds sharply accented. In one study for a portrait the puffing of a sleeve is somewhat empty. Ingres has marked the place with the note 'plus de mouvement'; a proof that even when at the height of his fame and power he did not relax his quest for perfection.

In our portrait of *M. de Norvins* (3291) painted at Rome in 1812, Ingres shows his full strength. Two pencil studies of 1811 show de Norvins as a lively personage with a little rough-haired terrier on his lap. But he was Prefect of Police, and contemporary feeling no doubt demanded that his portrait should reflect his rank and office. So he is painted as Raphael or Holbein might have painted him, serene and watchful; his dress and surroundings befitting his place in the world. Comparison with Raphael and Holbein is not inappropriate: for in design, in colour and in characterization the portrait is not unworthy even of these great names. The dignified easy pose is ingeniously supported by

the folds of the curtain which carry round the forms on the left, as does the bend of the left arm on the opposite side. The general scheme of black, white and red is simple enough, but the quality of the reds, of the black coat and the white linen is that of a master. The black coat in particular is a marvel ; like the curtain, it deserves to be studied fold by fold. The modelling of the head shows the same scrupulous perfection. If the keen penetrating regard of the eyes is the keynote of the piece, the subtle modelling of the mouth is no less eloquent of the painter's superb craftsmanship. In its quiet all-round completeness the portrait holds its own, not only in the French Rooms but in the whole National Gallery.

Our two examples of the painter's subject pieces, though interesting, have not the same importance. No less than nineteen years (1808-1827) elapsed between the inception and the completion of the large picture by Ingres in the Louvre, representing *Oedipus and the Sphinx*. Our miniature version of the design (3290) is one of the earliest, and not the least successful, of the painter's attempts to find an appropriate background for his figures. In the final recension of the Louvre picture, a precipitous gorge slopes down behind Oedipus, affording at the end a glimpse of a far-off city. The lines of the cliffs repeat and balance those of the bending back and leg ; and all would be in harmony, but for the introduction of a terrified man in the mid-distance, too conspicuous to fuse with the landscape, too small to be rhythmically congruous with the heroic figure in the foreground. It is an almost

solitary lapse on the part of one who watched over these logical relations with exceptional care. In our picture his aims were more simple. By choosing a background of strong blue sky, much as Poussin in his Titianesque time might have done, Ingres obtained at once a broad and powerful contrast with the warm colours to the left. At the horizon the bank of storm clouds, and the fiery gleam beneath them, sound an appropriate note of portent, just as it might have been sounded by Delacroix and the Romantics. The supple transparent painting of the Sphinx is that of one still fresh from the study of the Old Masters; in the relative dryness with which the figure of Oedipus is modelled we may still recognize David's pupil. There is a pleasant warmth and liveliness in this comparatively youthful effort, which dies away in the course of time. As with Poussin, a deliberate and rather dogmatic science takes the place of enthusiasm, so that the later works of Ingres, with all their academic completeness, will appeal more to the painter's intellect than to his affection or to his eye.

We can see this plainly in the *Roger delivering Angelica* (3292). Of several variants and repetitions our version would seem to be one of the latest. In the course of these successive recensions of the design, Ingres endeavoured to bring its component parts into the most perfect possible harmony, with the result that our composition is perhaps the best of them all as an essay in rhythmical space-filling. But a heavy price had to be paid for the improvement. Vitality has been sacrificed upon the altar of Unity. During the process

OEDIPUS AND THE SPHINX
(Louvre)

INGRES

OEDIPUS AND THE SPHINX
(National Gallery)

DAUMIER

DON QUIXOTE READING

of recasting, the pigment has lost its quality, the forms have lost their primal accent. The general oleographic texture and colour are no less unpleasant than the slipshod rhetoric of Delacroix can sometimes be. Had this picture been painted by anyone except Ingres, I am sure that critics would long ago have confessed that much of the workmanship (as in many similar products of the painter's latter time) is oily and common, although in the nude figure and in the linear pattern, a master's knowledge is still evident.

Among the pupils of Ingres, only one, Theodore Chassériau, deserves to be remembered ; and he turned away from his master to the Romantics. The relics in the Louvre of his brief career, with their sense of movement, their rich colour and genuine creative power, indicate that by his death France lost a great artist, who might have been a connecting link between the old and the new, between Ingres and Puvis, between Delacroix and Gustave Moreau. Paul Baudry was another brilliant figure, more of an eclectic it is true, but using the results of incessant study in Italy with so much spirit and accomplishment in the decorations of the Paris Opera House, as to disarm the criticism which finds his easel pictures to be mere brilliant commonplace.

The main current of French taste under Louis Philippe followed neither Ingres nor Delacroix, but concentrated upon the historical melodramas of Delaroche, and the sentimental classicism of Ary Scheffer, mediocrities sufficiently illustrated by their works at Millbank. Far more important was the reaction

against the ' bourgeois ' government which found vent in caricature. By this path men's thoughts were brought back to actualities and contemporary life, so that before the revolution of 1848 Realism had become the young men's movement. To the upper classes Meissonier appeared as its leader, as Menzel was rather later in Berlin; from below Daumier, Millet and Courbet presented the people's cause.

For his costume pieces Meissonier very rarely chose contemporary subjects, but went to French history and social life. The age of Louis XIII and XIV, the eighteenth century, and the Napoleonic epoch, were treated by him in a miniature style, ostensibly based on Dutch models, but with far less fusion of parts, and a far less supple and solid technique. His minute metallic dexterity, his frequent coldness of colour, his petty anecdotal vein, and his immense popular success, have combined to make Meissonier's name a bye-word with modern critics. Yet in his day he was not only a virtuoso, but a pioneer in the matter of precise observation and the painting of plain daylight. Menzel in Germany worked with the same scrupulous care, but with greater learning, greater concentration of purpose, and far greater power. As a realistic draughtsman he had few equals. His honest, if rather prosaic, visual curiosity, led him to turn from illustrating a History of Frederic the Great, by which he made his fame, to explore the pictorial possibilities of the social and industrial life around him. The result is somewhat hard, chilly and glittering, but the play of light is vivid enough to give Menzel a definite place among the

moderns, an honour which cannot be accorded to Meissonier. Meissonier can be well studied at Hertford House. The *Hired Assassins* (327) will give a good idea of his capacity. Menzel's painting is not represented in any London collection.

Meissonier and Menzel, for all their skill, lived as it were in an artistic back-water : the main stream of influence was continued by Daumier, Millet and Courbet. DAUMIER was by profession a cartoonist who made a considerable reputation, and a bare living, by political satire. His medium was lithography, a craft in which Goya, Géricault and Delacroix had already made brilliant experiments. Daumier mastered the process with professional completeness, so that it became in his hands a vehicle of extraordinary range and force. To render his satire the more clear and incisive, he made little portrait models of the personages whom he pilloried, so that even in his most freely handled designs the sculpturesque element is never wanting. A noble rage against the politics, the follies, the shady finance, and the legal hypocrisy of his time inspired him with a style of extraordinary vehemence, so that to his contemporary admirers he seemed a new Michelangelo. Goya, from whose example both in drawing and painting he learned much, would be a more appropriate parallel. With Daumier painting was of necessity but a secondary profession, for his work in that medium was too daring and too remote from current taste to be acceptable to the picture buying class. Yet the paintings are of exceptional interest, both in themselves and for the influence they have

exerted upon others. The later works of Goya are the only previous artistic efforts which bear any resemblance to them. Here Goya finally succeeded in reducing painting to its simplest elements, line and tone, leaving colour quite subordinate. Daumier effected a similar distillation, but his sculpturesque feeling led him to devise forms more massive than those of the Spaniard, while his realistic vision saw them illumined from above or from the side by the direct light of Paris windows, instead of by the reflected light of Madrid, striking upwards from below.

Line, however, was Daumier's favourite weapon. At one moment his line will ripple playfully over the surface of a face in an outburst of humorous exuberance; at another it will expand into a veritable sword stroke of the brush, suggesting the most passionate contortions of expressive form, the most dramatic play of light and shade; a superb and decisive instrument. Yet while Daumier was thus pointing the way towards the significant use of line to express character, as contrasted with the expression of formal beauty by Ingres, his contours were not infrequently too summary for the realistic effects of tone and colour which he sought to combine with them. In his painting we have often to put up with a certain incongruity between colour which is natural, and black shadows which are not. This incongruity becomes less conspicuous as the paintings verge upon monochrome, or where the dramatic interest, being comparatively slight, does not call for violent emphasis of light and shade and contour. The *Don Quixote* at Melbourne illustrates well the

former type. It is in his drawings that Daumier consistently triumphs. Standing as he does between the Romantics and the Realists, his vehement genius for design brings him much nearer to the former than to the latter. And we may be thankful that this should be so, even if some of his paintings are more forcible than complete, since the gift of design is no less precious as an example for others than it is rare in itself.

Daumier died in utter poverty: MILLET escaped from it only after years of struggling. But there was a certain picturesque quality about this peasant painter of peasants that made him a notable figure even during his lifetime. After his death, the enormous prices realized for some of his pictures helped to surround his name with a golden mist of legend and romance, whereby the essentials of his art are in danger of being obscured. It is difficult to be quite just to artists whom popular sentiment and the fashion of the picture market have united to exalt, so Millet's name is seldom mentioned by those who now direct our taste. Yet there is much in his principles and his practice which merits remembrance. His power of drawing was conspicuous from the first; his painting was based upon study of the old masters in the Louvre, and in some degree upon Delacroix. This we may see in our little picture of *The Whisper* (2636), a specimen of the romantic *genre* whereby Millet, in youth, attempted to make a living. Convinced by a chance remark that in doing work of this kind he was being false to his true self, he turned once for all to paint the life of the French

peasant, the one thing which was never absent from his thoughts.

In depicting the life of the people, Chardin (like the brothers Le Nain before him) had employed a technical method which served his purpose well. Millet resembles Chardin in the simplicity of his colour schemes, usually a brownish monochrome enlivened with a few passages of stronger local colour, in the simplified contours and planes, and in the loaded pigment with which he makes people and things become substantial. But Chardin's vision was unimpassioned. A figure for him was just a figure, engaged upon this or that, and pictorially valuable for its mass or gesture, just as a cooking pot or a dead rabbit might be valuable, but no more. Even the natural graces of children and young women, which Chardin could express so well, do not rouse him to accentuate or to idealize them. For Millet, however, the peasant was a kind of Hercules fettered to a round of rustic labours; under the solid homely externals of a peasant woman the dignity of a goddess was still evident. As they toiled on the farm, in the field or the cottage, he saw the primeval majesty of their movements, and set himself to isolate and emphasize that single quality.

Suppressing all petty details of dress, all accidents of open-air illumination and variety of colouring, which might distract the eye from the one thing needful, Millet concentrated upon the lines which express movement, and the modelling which indicates massive substance. In his most characteristic works the figures are like great statues, fashioned out of the brown earth

MILLET: THE WOOD-SAWYERS
(Victoria and Albert Museum)

MILLET: LE PRINTEMPS [Louvre]

MILLET: LANDSCAPE [Drawing

under their feet ; even the sky above them reflects this earthiness. A few touches of red or blue or green may disguise the monochrome—but it is the essence of the man's art, even where, as in *The Wood Sawyers* of the Victoria and Albert Museum, " the blue of the foremost sawyer's trousers explodes with a certain violence." In its design, its strong contrasts of light and shade, its vigorous contours, and its substantial quality the picture resembles Daumier. The ingenious way in which the shadow upon the tree trunk, and the circular forms of the sections already detached, are utilized to echo and emphasize by contrast the backward swing of the principle figure will be evident at a glance. But Daumier was a town dweller, and never attained to the expression of atmosphere and sunlight which Millet the countryman gets instinctively, even where, as in this picture, he was not aiming at naturalism, but at design and mass and movement.

Towards the end of his life Millet became acquainted with Japanese art. Though much of it seemed to him to be lacking in humanity and fidelity to nature, the vivid colouring and skilful arrangement had an almost immediate effect upon his treatment of landscape, as the water-colours in the Victoria and Albert Museum will prove. There we find an entirely fresh type of composition, with large spaces and high horizons in the Japanese fashion, characteristics accompanied (especially when he uses pastel) by a freshness and lightness of colouring in strong contrast to his earlier style. For the culmination of this new brightness we must go to the Louvre, where *Le Printemps*, with its storm clouds

and rainbow and dazzling sunshine upon the blossoming trees, challenges all that modern landscape has done ever since. The *Church at Gerville* in the same collection is another masterpiece. Here the synthetic simplification of Millet's figure compositions is applied to a landscape subject, with an intimacy and a solidity which even Corot has not equalled.

However, before we turn to Corot, we must consider Gustave COURBET, another remarkable personality who is still imperfectly represented in England. Yet as all visitors to France will remember, no figure of the time leaves a more powerful impression. He was practically self taught, acquiring the elements of his craft by copying in the Louvre. From the example of Delacroix he learned something; from Ribera still more. Like Millet he took his material from the everyday life about him, and the huge *Funeral at Ornans* in the Louvre was started in 1849, at the very time when Millet, moving to Barbizon, had determined to devote himself to the French peasant. But Millet's dignified seclusion and heroic ideals found no favour with Courbet. On the contrary, he proclaimed himself with clamorous vanity to be the champion of true realism (the very word as applied to painting is his invention), the enemy of all flattery and conventional posing. It is almost incredible that anyone who worked so sincerely and so soundly should have been so noisy, so conceited, and so greedy for advertisement.

In early works, like the *Self-portrait* at Montpellier and in the Louvre, Courbet paints with a smooth and shapely touch which indicates how thorough his self-

COURBET

SELF-PORTRAIT

(Montpellier)

COURBET: THE WAVE

(Louvre)

training had been. Later this shapeliness gives place to a much heavier impasto, suggesting by its very solidity the substance and volume of the things represented. This characteristic, coupled with an emphatic use of dark contours and shadows, gives extraordinary force of effect. Yet with all their heaviness of tone, his pictures strike a note of grim, almost brutal, sincerity. They have neither light nor atmosphere, but they are powerful and weighty and frank, even to vulgarity, in their mode of expression. So to a new age which was tired of all conventions and idealizations, Courbet seemed a veritable prophet who heralded, by the mere variety of his subject matter, possibilities of advance in many different directions. In him we see the germs of the more summary and forcible modes of pictorial expression which Manet and Cézanne were afterwards to develop. We in England should understand much better the sequence of artistic movements in France, if the National Gallery could acquire even one characteristic example of Courbet's figure painting, to serve as a link connecting Delacroix with Manet, the Romantic with the full-blown Realist. Nor do our specimens of Courbet's landscape exhibit his full power. We have nothing comparable to the background of the *Funeral at Ornans*, and similar early pictures, to illustrate his peculiar gift of painting the bare limestone crags of his native district. No one indeed before or since has interpreted this type of hill country so well. He could also, on occasion, render the vivid greens of spring foliage with surprising breadth and vigour. Of the man's sombre vision we can gather

some idea from *L'Immensité* (V. & A.M.), or *The Wave* in the Louvre, two of many landscapes which prove that there was a grander, nobler strain in Courbet than he himself quite realized, or than his conduct would suggest.

The landscape work of Millet and Courbet was the by-product of men primarily occupied with painting the human figure. Long before they experimented with landscape, the art had been making great advances in other hands. First both in age and in importance came COROT. The Classical revival at the end of the eighteenth century was not confined to figure painting: it affected landscape painters also. The frigid harbour scenes and Italian landscapes of Vernet (230), the architectural fancies of Hubert Robert, and the gardens of Fragonard had long been familiar. With the classical revival Nicolas Poussin naturally came once more into men's thoughts, so that formal landscape compositions in his manner were the fashion when the young Corot set about learning his business. A natural bent towards the presentation of air and sunlight, stimulated by the example of Constable which showed the new generation in France what freshness of tone, what movement and what intimacy of feeling might be rendered in landscape, led Corot to depart almost at once from the rigid methods which his elders favoured. Constable's pictures had made a sensation in the Salon just before the young Frenchman left Paris for Italy. In 1827, when Corot himself exhibited at the Salon for the first time, his work was placed close to that of Constable and Bonington.

Our little painting of *The Claudian Aqueduct* (3283), executed about this time, shows the blending of these various influences. Something of Poussin survives in the architecture of the piece, in its reliance upon rectilinear forms, in the firm simple statement of each patch of tone and colour. But the broad effect of glowing afternoon sunlight which illuminates earth and sky, the carefully modelled canopy of the clouds receding to the horizon, prove that a new perception and a new spirit of research are at work. Similar qualities are seen in *The Palace of the Popes, Avignon* (3237), in the Lane Collection, a slightly later painting, in which there are few direct traces of Poussin's influence, but a very powerful and luminous rendering of Southern sunshine upon the parched earth. An unstable green appears to have faded, as in several other works by Corot of this period, and has left a patch of rather purplish tone in the middle distance. Otherwise the picture is in excellent condition, and a model also of straightforward brushwork, sound design and unified serenity of effect.

An art based on such firm foundations could not fail to make its mark ; yet the subsequent developments are not all of them quite satisfying. Corot fell so deeply in love with the play of shimmering sunlight upon water and foliage that his finer faculties of design were not invariably exercised. His early works seemed to foreshadow a new Poussin, with far more light and freshness and freedom. The impressive painting of *Macbeth and the Witches* at Hertford House shows how this Classical tendency could be harmonized with

the Romanticism of Delacroix. But Corot was too often content to follow the softer, and by comparison invertebrate, graces which Claude elaborated in his typical compositions. Hence come those countless little paintings in which vaporous trees and lakes, or fields and cattle and little red-capped figures, are combined and recombined. Their charm is so obvious, and was in its day so novel, that the painter towards the end of his life achieved an immense popular success with them. The best of these airy trifles, for trifles relatively speaking they are, possess undeniable charm. In our *Bent Tree* (1862), for example, we must admit an exceptional delicacy of atmospheric tone; the masses are admirably shaped and balanced, the harmony of silver greys and greens is masterly. Masterly too is the drawing of stems and branches. But the formula when once discovered could be repeated without much creative effort; and Corot repeated it too often. Hence our modern respect for his genius is based upon the firm designing of his earlier days, and upon his figure painting.

For Corot unlike many landscape painters painted more or less continuously from the living model, sometimes using the studies as accessories to, or motives for, landscape compositions. More often however these figure studies were made for their own sake, and for the painter's own pleasure. In them he shows all those qualities of atmosphere and compact design, cool colour and sound painting, which we should expect from him, with a mastery of drawing and modelling the figure such as few professed figure-painters have

COROT

CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT

COROT

PALACE OF THE POPES

COROT

HORSEMAN IN A WOOD

excelled. Our little painting of a *Horseman in a Wood* (3816) will give some idea of the easy dainty perfection of these things. Neither horse nor man could be done better, nor set against a background with a more refined sense of space and proportion. Of the comparatively numerous examples in the Louvre, the *Lady in a Blue Dress* (Camondo Collection) is specially notable for its superb colour. Corot in this vein is a veritable successor to Vermeer of Delft.

Over the remaining landscape painters, composing the 'Barbizon' group, we need not linger. They played their part on the Romantic side in the great artistic contest which divided France between 1830 and 1870, but the student of to-day is not likely to turn to them often for inspiration. Among them Theodore Rousseau deserves the first place, in virtue of his struggles, his ambitions and, on the whole, his achievement. Like his humble predecessor Georges Michel (2759), Rousseau learned his business chiefly by studying Ruisdael and the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century; but his artistic education was incomplete. He never seemed able to shake off the technical defects of his models, their pettiness of touch and their heaviness of tone. Yet Rousseau had a large sincerity, a feeling for the cosmic grandeur of nature, which makes him, on occasion, the most impressive artist of the 'Barbizon' group. Our tiny *Sunset in Auvergne* (2635) has this impressiveness, so has the sketch of *A Storm* at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The sense of catastrophe impending over the drowned country in this little study, is more profound than that which Diaz

attains with all his black clouds in our *Storm* (1631), though this is one of the most powerful and important of that painter's works.

The sincere and charming gift of Daubigny expands now and then into designs which have considerable power. Of these we possess no specimen, but our *Banks of a River* (1852), almost as true in its way as a sketch by Constable, and the examples at Millbank, will give some idea of his general temper. Nor can Monticelli be overlooked. Though his florid variations on the ancient theme of fair ladies sporting in sunlit gardens became intolerably slipshod in his later years, they do represent a brave effort to escape from the formal prose of naturalism into the world of colour-music, as Turner had done before him. And in his best work Monticelli may claim some success. His sense of design may be limited; the quality of his paint may too often resemble treacle and strawberry jam; his Armidas are staged with an opulence which, if we think of the refinement of Watteau or the butterfly graces of Conder, must appear garish or common. Yet while the majority have been content to imitate, Monticelli was a creator, and his chords of white and gold and crimson and russet brown foiled by notes of emerald green and deep blue are not always so despicable in themselves, or so devoid of usefulness to others as his present obscurity might suggest.

A few other paintings and painters remain to be mentioned. Bouvin's *Village Green—Pinkerne* (1448) is the work of one who was by profession a painter of *genre*, and an uncommonly good one. But excellent

though his *Still Life* (3234) in the Lane Collection is, the uncommon breadth and quiet of our *Veuberie* make the spectator regret that Bonvin's excursions into landscape were not more frequent. In strength of tone the picture recalls Courbet, but the shadows are full of colour, not mere depths of blackness, and the edges of the masses are varied with delicate touches very different from the summary plastering which Courbet affected. The quality of these silhouettes, and the accurate notation of the relative tones of sky and foliage and sunlit grass, leave an impression of verisimilitude to which the admirable planning and brushwork give very definite artistic value. How many landscapes so ostensibly photographic in aim could hang without discredit next to Manet and to Ingres?

Fifty or sixty years ago the sea painter Boudin was of small account. Yet his little coast and harbour pictures have stood the test of time in virtue of their fresh and lively truthfulness. The sky in our *Harbour of Trouville* (2078) could not, in its way, be painted much better; the specimens of his work at Millbank will show how uniform this accomplishment was with him. At Millbank, too, there is a striking *Seascape* (3966) by the Belgian Alfred Stevens: the more striking because we do not expect to find that dainty designer, virtuoso and connoisseur of Parisian fine ladies, as in *The Present* (3270), approaching nature with a weight and gravity like Courbet's.

The brothers Maris, born in the Hague, enjoyed in their day a reputation almost equal to that of the Barbizon painters with whom they were for a time

CHAPTER VI

THE JAPANESE

The legend goes that an example of Japanese art first reached Paris in 1856. It was a small book of woodcuts after Hokusai, which had been used as packing for a piece of porcelain. Twelve years later, when Japan was opened up to European trade, Japanese *objets d'art* and Japanese colour prints poured into Paris, creating a wave of excitement among the artists resident there, like that which two hundred years earlier had swept over Delft. As we have seen, this Oriental influence upon Holland was both local and transitory. It left its mark upon Carel Fabritius, Vermeer and Emmanuel de Witte, but two decades were enough to comprise its arrival and its extinction. And in Paris, at first, things Japanese were regarded chiefly as delightful curiosities. Few critics were observant enough to discern the greatness which was concealed by the appearance of gaiety or caprice. But gradually the driving force behind these enchanting novelties was found to be real, powerful and permanent; so much so that in the course of the next half-century Oriental ideas have become a constant factor in European art.

It is necessary, therefore, to devote a few moments to their origin and to their nature.

Painting had flourished in China long before Buddhist missionaries, early in the eighth century, established the art in Japan. This Buddhist art was a complicated product, in which elements derived from India, and in some degree from Turkestan, were at least as prominent as those contributed by China, or by Korea which was the passage-way between Japan and the mainland. But the general technical character of Buddhist painting must be accounted Chinese. Painting in China had always been closely allied to calligraphy. The same brush, the same ink, the same manipulative dexterity, were required in both of these arts, and the Chinese connoisseur expected to find in any notable specimen of handwriting the same life and rhythmic power that he looked for in a picture. So the quality of the brush-stroke came to be all-important. Only its character varied with the taste of the age and the nature of the work. At one time the artist would delight in elaborate detail and involution, at another a large simplicity would be the ideal; sometimes extreme delicacy of line would be contrasted with sharp angular touches, or passages of flat colour.

Poetry and philosophy played their part in refining and defining the Chinese painters' aims. Under the Sung dynasty, from the tenth to the twelfth centuries, a climax was reached. The habit of turning to the contemplation of nature as a cleansing spiritual discipline, brought the study of landscape, of flowers and of animals into the sphere of religion. Painting and

poetry alike came into being as a result of happy, reverent meditation, as a summary of perceptions which the mind had absorbed and weighed and refined until nothing but the pure essential substance was left. The crowded imagery and intricate convolutions, the rich harmonies of blue and gold and scarlet in which the earlier Buddhist painters had delighted, gave place to broad, simple brush drawings in black and white, occasionally relieved by a few passages of unobtrusive colour, but aspiring always towards a rhythmic vitality of touch and contour corresponding to the life of the persons or things depicted. A solitary hermit, a range of hills half-hidden in mist, a bird or a water-plant, will be sufficient material for a Sung masterpiece.

By the tenth century commercial intercourse with Japan carried these ideas over to the islands. So we find two Japanese Schools working side by side—the old Buddhist school of brilliant colour, elaborate technique and hieratic subjects; and the newer Chinese school with its larger, simpler brush work, its preference for plain black and white, and its lively naturalism. This last in time became the Kano School, the classical school of Japan, whose masters had the first place in native estimation and in art records. The greatest of them, such as Kano Motonobu, certainly exhibit a power comparable to that of the Sung masters from whom their method is derived, and with it a more lively style than was customary with the pensive Chinese. Yet to Western eyes much of the Kano work, especially the landscapes, will seem conventional

[illegible]

[illegible] DEER

KORIN

DEER (LACQUER)

KORIN

WAVE SCREEN (DETAIL)

if not actually monotonous. Too often the artists appear to be mere followers of a tradition rather than creators, men content with repeating a few well-established motives with dexterity, but rarely bringing any freshness of vision to the task. Possibly a Japanese would experience the same feeling in a room full of early Italian altarpieces.

Side by side with these Kano artists worked a third group using a finer line and more brilliant colour. The famous roll of Ku K'ai-Chih (fourth century), in the British Museum, shows that this technical tradition, too, was Chinese, and of not less venerable antiquity than the Buddhist methods. In Japan it became so identified with rendering of scenes from native life and tradition that it was known as the ' Yamato ' or national style. By the thirteenth century its practitioners, the Tosa school of artists, were producing painted scrolls and larger decorations in which vigorous action, witty pattern and vivid colouring were allied. Certain conventions give these designs an audacious and capricious beauty. When the Tosa artist wished to illustrate an interior, he did so not by imagining the scene as viewed either through a window or by someone present in the room as we do, but by ignoring the existence of a roof, and by treating the action as if it took place in a courtyard viewed from above. The steep perspective thus produced gives an unfailing variety to Tosa design. A further variety, and a remarkable decorative asset, was provided by the use of conventional cloud forms, which float across the scene and reveal the main action through their interstices.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this lively tradition gained strength from an alliance with the more massive style of the Kano school. In the work of Kano Eitoku grandeur of design and treatment are combined for the first time with the utmost decorative splendour, and the way prepared for the group of craftsmen artists, of whom Korin is the most famous. With Korin we must associate his forerunner, the lacquerer Koyetsu, Sotatsu, the great painter of flowers, and Korin's brother, the potter Kenzan. Through them the close of the seventeenth century has become glorious in Japanese annals.

Of these, Sotatsu kept most closely to the old Tosa tradition of fine linear drawing and vivid colour, but in his work these qualities were invigorated by an exquisite sense of proportion of mass, and of floral growths in all their splendour and delicacy. In the painting of the others a new character appears. Oriental art, whether in the form of a scroll (makemono), or of a hanging panel of silk (kakemono), had, for the most part, observed the customary conventions of graphic design, though permitting far greater freedom in the balance of masses and spaces than the relatively symmetrical pattern-sense of Europe had encouraged. The Tosa practice of painting on folding screens, in which each section of a design was liable to be seen separately or at a different angle from its fellows, encouraged the study of this asymmetry. The conventional cloud forms which drift across the panels were not only useful in concealing awkward or insignificant forms and filling vacant spaces, but provided a connection between the

various parts which was not sensibly impaired when the angle of vision was changed by folding.

Still further complications were involved when the ornament had to be adopted to the top and sides of a box, or to the varied curves of an earthenware vessel. Kenzan's rare excursions into painting are eloquent of his training in the potter's craft; Korin's inventive powers show most conspicuously in his lacquer. His materials display an ostensible plainness. Korin indulges in none of those elaborate variations of gilding, or those minutiae of detail upon which so many Japanese lacquerers rely. His plants and animals are presented with a symbolism that is primitive, almost lumpish, in its extreme simplification: a few plaques of mother-of-pearl and pewter give the only permitted contrasts. But these unexciting elements are disposed with such a daring rhythmical genius, that a small lacquer box from his hand will convey in a few square inches the thrill of life and movement and power which we commonly associate only with things upon the heroic scale. With no less cunning than audacity his forms slash and sweep across the angles and curves of the object he has decorated: each turn of the hand reveals them in some new and surprising pattern.

When painting a panel or a screen Korin retains this valiant grandeur in the disposition of the principal masses, but blends with it a sense of the delicacy of living things like Sotatsu's. The masterpieces of the school, with one or two exceptions, are composed of some group of plants or flowers, exquisitely thrown upon a background of gold or silver. Deep rich

colour, and, above all, the taste and audacity displayed in settling the proportion of background to ornament, are the other primary sources of attraction. We must admit that a good many rather trivial sketches bear Korin's signature, but his elaborate decorations, like his works in lacquer, are superb, and more varied, I think, than the painting of Sotatsu, his only rival. Long after Korin's death his fame and his style were revived by the enthusiasm of his admirer Hoitsu, and so passed into the main stream of Japanese art as it appears to European eyes. The naturalistic animal pictures of Okio, and the monkeys of Mori Sosen, are perhaps the most notable features of later Japanese painting, but they have little aesthetic importance for us compared with the Korin group, or with their contemporaries, the designers of colour-prints.

This craft, which has done more to make Japan famous than all her other industries, was obscure in its beginnings. When the increasing wealth of the middle classes created patrons for a popular art, that art was so closely associated with the theatre, and with life in the Yoshiwara (the courtesan quarter), that it was viewed with dislike by the nobles and the warrior class, as degrading the high ideals which the patriotic Japanese was expected to hold. But these pictures of the passing-world (Ukiyo-ye), being drawn from contemporary life, had a certain racy naturalism, a lively spirit, which the traditional schools too often lacked, and their popularity was immensely augmented when, in the first decades of the eighteenth century, they were made accessible even to the poor through the medium

KORIN

A SAGE FISHING

(From the Kokka)

of wood engraving. At first the prints were coloured by hand. Then one or two simple tints of red and green and gray were added from subsidiary blocks. Finally, between the years 1760-1780 these subsidiary printings increased in number, achieving a fullness of rich and varied colour which proved the craft to be complete.

The products of it are now so familiar in Europe as to call for no lengthy description. Most of us know the languid ladies of Harunobu and Shunsho, as well as the subtle tones of apple-green, of dull red and purple, of silver-gray and tender white in which they are set. The tawny tigerish note of Koriusai, the dreamy massive realism of Kiyonaga, a master of grays and pale blues, are rather less frequently seen. It is, however, for Utamaro that admiration has been most general. The sword-like or sinuous curvature of his line contrasted with passages of rich solid black, the magnificence of his colour patterns, and the number of his variations on the feminine theme—from ferocious grandeur to feline softness—all these combine to make him notable. Prints of flowers and insects display another side of his talent. Similar characteristics, with a more uniformly aristocratic tone and a preference for harmonies in black and lemon-yellow, are seen in Yeishi. Refinement could be carried no further. A climax had been reached, and reaction naturally followed. The rise of Toyokuni, with his pupils Kunisada and Kuniyoshi, introduced grimacing figures, violent action and colouring no less violent, qualities which culminate in the rare prints of Sharaku.

Much stress has been justly laid upon the contrast between these products of the first half of the nineteenth century, and the far more refined work which preceded them. But neither the exaggerated gestures, nor the coarse modern pigments employed, can make these later Japanese woodcuts wholly despicable. With all their relative vulgarity of sentiment and execution, they still display a crude decorative force, a vitality of pattern, which, though it may have no particular intensity of feeling behind it, is effective just as a good poster is effective. For this the innate decorative sense of the Oriental is in part responsible. Something of the vigour and daring of the great Japanese decorators of the seventeenth century survived in their successors two hundred years later. To find those qualities at their purest we must go back to Kano Eitoku, Sotatsu and Korin, just as in European art, when we are studying Form we turn back to Giotto, Masaccio and the other great Florentines. But there is another factor, and that a technical one, which gives a certain value to the commonest Japanese colour print. However crude and garish the component hues may be, they unite, if not into positive harmony, at least into a chromatic consistency of some sort. We rarely find in them the muddy, woolly or sooty tones which bring dullness or heaviness into so much European painting, still less those passages of wholly unrelated colour which so frequently invalidate our most ambitious efforts. A Japanese colour print is produced from a limited number of wood blocks; each block carries only one colour, so the final effect is built up

HARUNOBU

THE BURNING OF THE LOVE-LETTER

by the iteration and combination of a few selected tints.

This all-important principle of colour harmony had never, I think, been formally enunciated or universally accepted in Europe. The limited number of available pigments and the personal genius of certain masters, like Fra Angelico, had from time to time led to results analogous to those of the Japanese. Rubens showed what the oil medium could do in obtaining fine quality both in individual hues, and in their combination by means of a general tint of transparent golden brown into which these individual colours were floated. The Venetians had worked on analogous lines. But even Reynolds, when attempting to analyze the principles of colouring, could not get beyond the theory of Rubens. It was not till Japanese colour-prints came to Paris that the larger and more trustworthy principle was recognized. The limited palette of the Impressionists was one direct result. In Whistler's 'Ten o'clock' appeared, I think, the first clear statement of the truth that rigid selection and iteration in Colour, as well as in Form, is essential to artistic harmony.

It is necessary to lay stress upon the nature of the Japanese works of art which came to Paris during the sixties and seventies of the last century, because their effect upon the course of modern art was immediate and potent. This Oriental influence will not die out. There is behind it a vital energy which cannot fail to remain an abiding factor in all creative design. And because so much of that vital energy has its origins in the past, and has given us there some of its noblest

manifestations, a rapid sketch of its history seemed essential. Those who care to do so may now seek inspiration from a hundred sources which were not accessible in Paris fifty or sixty years ago.[1] The briefest record, however, would be lamentably incomplete without some account of Hokusai and Hiroshige, from whom in particular the French first learned the new gospel.

The majority of the Japanese artists were men of comparatively narrow range. Having mastered one type of subject they were content to keep to it. In Hokusai, as if by way of compensation, nature implanted a vast curiosity to explore every phase of life and of natural phenomena which could be interpreted by the brush. So he was not only a prolific illustrator of novels and historical romances, as well as a famous delineator of contemporary life, but flowers, animals and landscape all fell within his scope. In his rendering both of fantastic subjects and of everyday happenings an inexhaustible humour marks his inventions; humour which so controls the design as to make him often seem a capricious trickster of the brush, more intent upon provoking his immediate audience to laughter than upon producing a permanent work of art. Indeed his immense facility and fecundity, coupled with this taste for the grotesque, have caused his workmanship to be suspect with native critics.

[1] For Londoners it will be sufficient to mention the fine Oriental collections at the British Museum, and the Library at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The marvellous colour reproductions in that sumptuous magazine the "Kokka" are invaluable for students of the earlier periods.

HOKUSAI: FUJI FROM KATAKURA TEA-FIELDS

And we must admit that the colour of his extant paintings, though effective, has not the fine material beauty which the other great Orientals develop, just as his touch, though magnificent in its precision and a certain prickly effectiveness, has not their delicacy or their large serenity.

But, as with Brueghel, the grotesque was only one side of Hokusai's genius. On the other he was one of the greatest designers of landscape which the world has produced. The engravings in the "Mangwa," the "Gwafu" and the "Hundred Views of Fuji," prove that no aspect of summer or winter was too grand for him. Never have the vast silences of snow-clad mountains been more impressively shown; never has ingenuity gone further in coaxing these huge distances into coherent design. The prints of the "Thirty-six Views of Fuji," "The Bridges," "The Waterfalls" and the "Hundred Poems," while further illustrating this blend of majesty, audacity, and humour, suggest also that Hokusai's mastery of colour was very much greater than his extant paintings might seem to indicate. It was impossible that patterns like these, in which all the expressive powers of a very high horizon, of a very low one, of distances contrasted with strong verticals or diagonals, of great natural forms echoed by homely persons or things in the immediate foreground, were so wittily and so powerfully exploited, should fail to excite the Western artists who set eyes upon them for the first time.

The approach was rendered more easy by Hiroshige. Hokusai had made Japanese scenery the vehicle for his

own humorous fantasy, weaving its seas and mountains into the web of his creative imagination with little regard for minute topographical or even physical truth. Hiroshige was, by comparison, a realist. The places he represented were recognizable places: his effects of night, of mist, of snow, and of falling rain, were the most natural and effective which had hitherto been seen. His powers as a colourist, too, were considerable, and that in a range of tones far less arbitrary than Hokusai's. His place with regard to that master is somewhat similar to that which Constable occupies in relation to Turner. Hiroshige was thus exactly fitted to introduce Japanese art to Europe, but his consequent popularity has not been all to the advantage of his reputation. No Japanese, not even Hokusai, has suffered so much from the reprinting and imitation of his designs. Of the two or three artists who sign with Hiroshige's name, only the first deserves a place on the roll of fame, and even his merit can be judged only in fine early impressions from the wood blocks. The later prints, with their staring reds, blues and greens, their coarse, blurred or crumbling outlines, are simply travesties.

It is not, however, with this *finale* alone that we should concern ourselves. We must never lose sight of the previous epochs, in which China and Japan did work which will ever remain as a superb example of what Line and Colour can effect without the help of three-dimensional realism. Books on Oriental art, and accessible examples of it, are now so numerous that the student who neglects this potent and noble source

HIROSHIGE: BRIDGE AT TOKIO

HIROSHIGE

RIVER AMONG THE HILLS

of inspiration has no excuse for the oversight. It is, indeed, hardly too much to say that the National Gallery itself will be incomplete, until a small representative group of Chinese and Japanese paintings can be seen at Trafalgar Square.

CHAPTER VII

MANET AND HIS SUCCESSORS

No visitor to the public collections of France will forget the impression of power left by the works of Courbet and Manet, whenever he chances to come upon them. Though they are the precursors of the painting of to-day, they have a peculiar vigorous character of their own, a character which suggests the past quite as often as the future. In Manet's case the source of this character is, generally speaking, Spanish. Ribera, Velazquez and, above all, Goya are Manet's real teachers. MANET had something of Goya's nervous, sardonic temper: even more sympathetic to him was the Spaniard's direct, caressing, suggestive brushwork. While the Classicists were still constructing their figures with cautious elaborate modelling, while the Romantics were still thinking of Rubens and Delacroix, Courbet proclaimed that painting was all a matter of handling. "La peinture, c'est ça," he would say, snapping his fingers. Manet had a similar feeling. Through all his many experiments we may trace his desire to paint *alla prima*, to mix on his palette the exact tone which he needed, and then to coax it on to

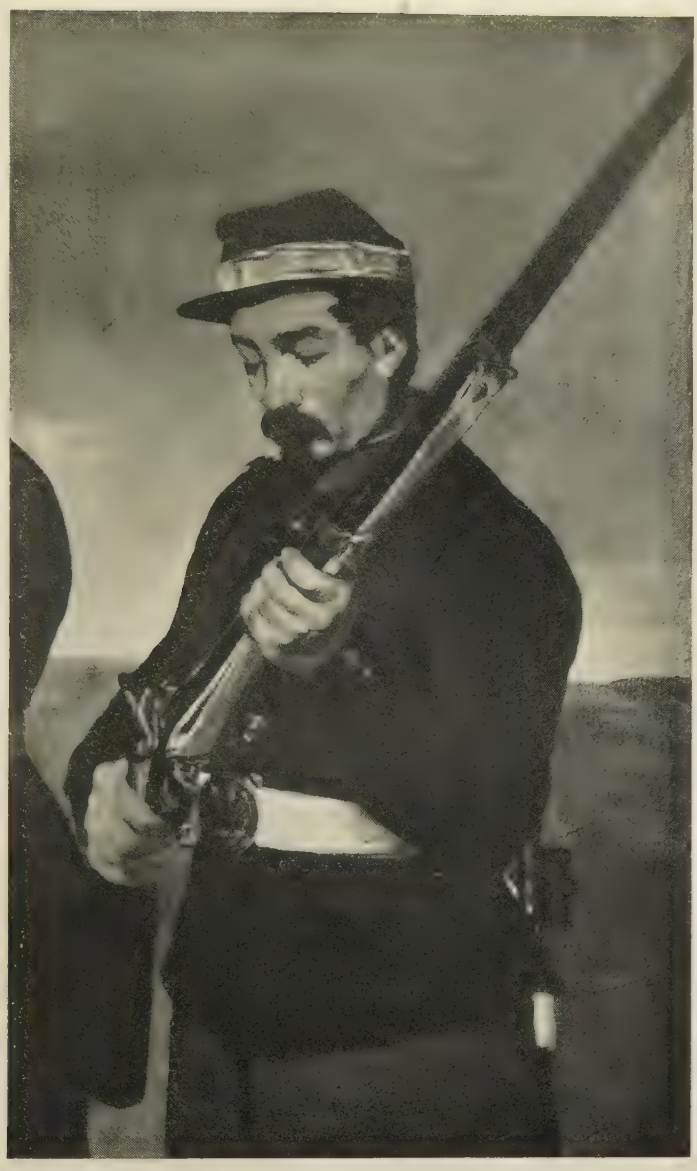
his canvas with such deftness and precision that it would stand for ever as the required rendering of what his eyes had seen. As all painters know, there is an undeniable freshness and spirit—a natural vitality—about works thus executed, which more elaborate processes fail to attain. This vitality is Manet's predominant characteristic.

When we come, for example, upon *The Firing Party* (3294*a*) at Trafalgar Square, all the rest of the pictures in the room seem so much pleasant painted canvas. Manet's soldiers in gray, black and white stand against the blue distance with the force and solidity of real people. Nor is this the result of mere hard hitting. If we turn to the smaller fragment of this great vanished composition, the *Soldier examining the Lock of his Rifle* (3294*b*), we find that refinement also is there. The painting of the soldier's attentive face is no less direct than the work of Hals, though without the Dutchman's rather ostentatious cleverness. The gentle dragging touch with which the silver band upon the red cap is rendered may be taken as a typical specimen of Manet's skill with the brush; more masterful economy of labour and material there could not well be. Though these fragments do not represent more than one facet of Manet's many-sided and experimental achievement, they will illustrate, better perhaps than any other examples of his work which we possess, that peculiar combination of accurate vision with plain decisive brushwork which bring his painted images so close to life itself.

At Millbank he is more variously shown. The

Execution of Maximilian, from which the above-mentioned fragments come, had its parallel in a well-known design by Goya. Goya, too, was in Manet's mind when he produced the *Concert aux Tuileries* (3260), and thereby scandalized artistic Paris. For to French eyes, still partially dimmed by training in more formal traditions, this painting of a crowd in motion seemed a collection of casual blots and scratches, and its essential vitality was overlooked in horrified anger at its apparent defiance of accepted technical standards. Yet there was warrant for this direct rendering of life and movement in Goya's later work; in point of atmospheric tone the *Concert* is no more 'advanced' than the painting of Courbet, for the shadows are still black. The same darkness persists in the *Eva Gonzales* (3259), but the painting of such things as the peony lying on the blue-grey carpet proves the painter a supreme master of his craft. The general tonal scheme is similar to that which Manet had employed five years earlier, when he raised a storm of execration at the Salon of 1865 by showing his *Olympia*. This famous picture, now one of the notable treasures of the Louvre, has something of the simplicity of an early portrait by Ingres. A great mass of light, made significant by firmly marked contours and the lowest possible relief, is sharply opposed to spaces of darkness. This pattern-making of light upon dark, of which the *Eva Gonzales* is our most accessible specimen, remains typical of Manet until his outlook was enlarged by acquaintance with Japanese art.

The effect of Japan was two-fold. The *Concert aux Tuileries* with its abrupt tree trunks, its slashes of dark-



MANET

SOLDIER EXAMINING THE LOCK OF HIS RIFLE

MANET

LA SERVANTE DE BOCKS

ness and light, the curlings of the iron chair-backs, and other details, had illustrated Manet's entire freedom from the ordinary conventions of pictorial design. To this freedom Japan gave balance and a notable extension. Manet was quick to see the infinite possibilities of a high horizon, and of the admirable arabesques which figures make against the verticals and horizontals of the buildings around them. With this new range of patterns came a new range of colours. In the past black had served as a general background for a scheme of lighter, brighter tones. Now Manet found that nature was made up of colours, to which patches of black, as in the work of Utamaro, made a most valuable and effective contrast. All these new qualities we can study in *La Servante de Bocks* (3858), one of the finest pictures which the munificence of Mr. Courtauld has added to the National Collection. And with the heightened colour sensibility it will be noticed that other visual capacities have developed. Light and atmosphere are seen and studied as they had not been studied hitherto. The focus of attention is the central foreground group; all outside that focus, the natural field of vision, is seen rather more dimly, as it would be if painting presented us only with the phenomena of human eyesight. So far has this centralization been carried that the hat with the black band assumes a rather too positive relief, simply from the accident that it falls within the focal centre. It was however to phenomena of light, rather than to those of vision, that attention was turning, and before Manet died, as we may see from the dazzling sketch of a *Lady with a Cat*

(1869), he had carried his experiments far enough to deserve a place among the 'Impressionists.'

Manet's great figure fills the gap between the sombre realism of Courbet, with its reliance upon black shadows to supply relief, and the next age in which black was banished from the painter's palette. In his early life Manet inclines to Courbet; in his last years the interval which separates him from Claude Monet is sometimes very narrow. It is in his variety and the unfailing beauty of his brushwork that his personal powers are manifest. His design is no mere audacious caprice, but always a new and deliberate creation. His brushwork is not mere manual accomplishment or bravado, as with some of his admirers, but has an exquisite sensibility to natural effects of form and colour, whereby his pigment seems to flow of its own motion into conformity with the tones and colours of the object it has to render. Even a little fruit piece by his hand will (as in the case of Courbet) prove at once that we are in the presence of a master-painter. But Manet is far more than that. In his day he was a great inspiring force, revealing the beauty of modern civilized life, the maker of a series of pictures which have inexhaustible vitality, and the artistic father of almost all subsequent painting that has retained its value for us.

Among the associates of Manet and Courbet, one alone remained wholly unaffected by these innovations, and yet achieved distinction. FANTIN-LATOUR might almost be termed the historian of the newer movement, for several of the principal actors in it are immortalized

in his *Hommage à Delacroix* in the Louvre. But he is better, because more intimately, represented by certain smaller portraits, in which he shows the insight of a new Moroni. Of these *Les Deux Sœurs* at Lyons is perhaps the most perfect in its absolute sincerity. It is even more full of light and atmosphere, even more subtly and sympathetically characterized than our *Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Edwards* (1952), though in this a simple dignity and a fine austere completeness are sufficiently manifest. Fantin's name, however, is less frequently associated with these too rare excursions into portraiture than with flower pieces and vaporous allegorical fancies, often carried out in lithography, of which craft he is one of the recognized masters. His *Study of Flowers* (1686) is an excellent example of the singular power and refinement which he devoted to this form of ' Still-Life ' : with all its richness of colour the painting displays the same sobriety and sincerity as the portraits.

It may be well to mention here a much younger artist, of somewhat similar temper, who pre-deceased Fantin by twenty years, but in his short life attracted far more attention. BASTIEN LEPAGE attempted to view Nature with the same detached sincerity as Fantin. He first gained repute as an accomplished portrait painter on a small scale : *Henry Irving* (1560) in the National Portrait Gallery will illustrate this side of his talent. Then he acquired fame and influence by peasant subjects painted from life, life-size and in the open air. Now these canvases appear to us like dull colour-photographs, so studiously unemphatic is the

painter's attitude, so monotonous the treatment. Yet at the time of their appearance they created a sensation, and exerted over younger men with tendencies to naturalism an authority which is become historic, even though both pictures and painter are passing to oblivion. Fantin's fame meanwhile has survived and increased, perhaps because sincerity with him was a conviction, whereas in Bastien Lepage it has rather the look of an adopted theory, worked out, it may be, with wonderful skill and thoroughness, but still an acquired thing, not an instinct. A comparison of the portraits which the two men have left will illustrate the vital difference between the sincerity of the one and the cleverness of the other.

The battle that raged round Manet's *Olympia*, in and after 1865, had attracted the attention of a group of men, mostly his juniors, who were destined to carry on the work which he had begun. Camille Pissarro, Claude Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Cézanne and others were painting in close association when the Franco-Prussian War and the siege of Paris came upon them. The little band was scattered. Several took refuge in England, where the example of the Pre-Raphaelites and, above all, contact with the work of Turner and Constable, made them devotees of Light. On returning to Paris they developed their new theories with enthusiasm, and after a joint exhibition in 1874 (from which Manet abstained) they became known as Impressionists—a journalistic nickname which has long since become an honourable historic title. Together, but with

FANTIN-LATOUR

MR. AND MRS. EDWARDS

MONET: PLAGE DE TROUVILLE

MONET: VETHEUIL

Claude Monet as leader, they explored the possibilities of imitating vivid light by the use of a 'spectral' palette made up, at least in theory, of the colours of the spectrum, blacks and browns being altogether excluded. Neutral or intermediate tones were obtained by placing touches of the primary colours side by side, duly gradated with white. This 'divisionism' was, of course, no new thing. It had been employed in some measure by almost every great colourist when effects of special brilliancy were required, and Turner in his later works had used it habitually, though without the semi-scientific intention which controlled the Impressionist method.

Our two pictures by Claude MONET will illustrate the change thus brought about.[1] In the *Plage de Trouville* (3951), painted in 1870, we have vivid sunshine painted in the style of Manet and with a skill not greatly inferior. The luminous effect is gained by flat tones of fresh colour, most admirably observed and most accurately noted. In the *Vetheuil* (3262) the tones are broken. The picture is filled with a shimmering atmosphere that is absent from the earlier work, veiling and slightly confusing the forms as brilliant misty sunshine will do. The *Plage de Trouville* is admirable Realism; the *Vetheuil* is Impressionism. There is something Turnerian in its aerial beauty, and Turner's work, seen ten years earlier in London, was no doubt a decisive factor in this phase of Monet's development. But there is a basic difference between the two men's

[1] The Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works mentioned here will be found at Millbank.

ideals. Space and colour and atmosphere with Turner were just so much artistic material for a kind of delicate pattern-making, which towards the end of his life had only a vague and phantasmal connection with natural landscape effects. With Monet nature came first. His pictures are always a translation, and often a close translation, of nature into the language of Light and Colour.

With Camille PISSARRO, the senior member of the Impressionist group, the translation becomes literal. His charming *Printemps, Louveciennes* (3265), illustrates his natural gifts of hand and eye and colouring, but in spirit it belongs to the previous age, and might pass for an exceptionally brilliant work by Daubigny. The *Boulevard des Italiens* (4119) is more completely characteristic, although it is said to be the only night-piece which Pissarro painted. In it we see an uncompromising attempt to render a natural effect with the ' divisionist ' technique, an attempt so scrupulous in its acceptance of visual facts as to verge upon science. Indeed, under the influence of this semi-scientific idea, divisionism soon developed into ' pointillism,' where natural tones were rendered by the juxtaposition of small circular spots of pure colour, just like the granulation of a modern Lumière colour-positive. Impressionism was, in fact, becoming mechanical. The danger was recognized by Gauguin and by Seurat. Retaining the pointillist technique, Seurat made a determined effort to restore the element of design, being one of the first to study that simplification or stylization of form which has played so large a

part in subsequent art. *La Baignade* (3908) will indicate the combination of pattern-making and pointillist technique which he effected.

Among the other famous Impressionists RENOIR deserves notice. *Les Parapluies* (3268) shows his direct descent from the Manet who painted the *Concert aux Tuileries*. *La Première Sortie* (3859) is a typical specimen of his best work, in which admirable design, charming colour, and the Impressionist technique are delightfully combined. No one, I think, among the moderns has rendered the bloom and softness of the complexion of children and young women with such tenderness. But this peculiar gift, as with Correggio, was a dangerous one. In Renoir's more casual works both the sentiment and the colour tend to the sugary prettiness which we associate with the chocolate-box.[1] Perhaps in a natural reaction against this tendency, Renoir's later painting became almost ferocious, nay vulgar, in its use of hot purplish reds and emphatic rotundities in rendering the human form. *Nu dans l'Eau* (4137) will illustrate the transition.

The real pioneer in the study of solid form, as the moderns understand it, was Paul CÉZANNE. Originally regarded as a minor follower of the Impressionists, Cézanne is now everywhere recognized as a master whose influence upon the younger generation has been more potent than that of any of his contemporaries. Cézanne felt from the first the paramount importance

[1] Nothing illustrates the bias of some modern criticism more vividly than the praise accorded to these slight and sloppy products. Had any Englishman been guilty of them, no terms of contempt would have been sufficient for him.

of design and of three-dimensional solidity of presentation as he found them in the great Old Masters. He set himself accordingly to obtain these qualities when painting from nature, with a palette and method akin to those of the Impressionists. Much of his work is experimental, and in consequence unequal. His reputation, too, has suffered by the extravagant praise lavished indiscriminately upon his failures and his successes, and by the extravagant prices not infrequently demanded for mere studio *débris*, because it happens to come from his hand. Perhaps his 'Still-life' pieces are his most wholly satisfying products. In them, the formula of Chardin is enriched by a felicitous audacity of pattern, a sharp and stimulating colour, and a feeling for solid form which has real grandeur, so large are the contours, so suggestive of space and atmosphere is the handling. We, unfortunately, possess at present no example of Cezanne in this phase, but his *Aix, Paysage Rocheux* (4136) will give a very fair idea of his landscape style. The picture looks like a study by Claude translated into modern paint. Cézanne indeed resembles Claude, not only in his ardent naturalism, but in a certain lack of manual dexterity which causes him to appear clumsy by the side of more accomplished practitioners.

This apparent clumsiness has a quality of its own. His lumpy tree-shafts, his rudely squared houses, his roughly moulded masses of foliage or hills, have an air of primeval strength and magnitude, as of some great rock-hewn or Cyclopean building. We may prefer other forms of architecture. Greece, for example,

RENOIR

LA PREMIÈRE SORTIE

CEZANNE: AIX

CEZANNE: STILL LIFE
(Berlin)

offers us clarity and perfect ordered craftsmanship; the aspiring intricacy of the Middle Ages presents a noble alternative; yet we cannot deny that more simple and primitive monuments can be impressive too. The suggestion of weight and bulk and power which they convey is notably augmented when atmosphere gives them scale and distance, so that the airy washes of Claude and the loose vibrant brushing of Cézanne have just the quality that such symbolism requires to make it effective. With Cézanne a mere crumpled table-cloth may thus take on the majesty of a mountain; a stain or shadow on the wall-paper behind may threaten like a thundercloud.

The general principle is sound enough, but necessarily limited in its application, and therefore perilous to the unthinking. On one side of the strait path the Chaotic lies in wait, on the other the Childish, and few of Cézanne's modern admirers have escaped scot-free. The more scientific intelligences among them turned to exploring the problems of three-dimensional form, with an inexorable logic similar to that which the more strict Impressionists had brought to bear upon Light and Colour. The result was that resolution of natural objects into purely geometrical abstractions, often accompanied by a curious fancy for coarse dull colours, like slate and brick dust, which earned the label of Cubism, and is associated in particular with the name of Picasso. As might have been expected, the expressive capacity of Cubism proved to be so small that it rapidly died from sheer inanition.

The decorative 'Still-life' pieces of Braque indicate that he, at least, has survived the movement. Among the landscape painters Marchand perhaps has the soundest record, possibly because his aims have always been simple and austere to the verge of dryness. Extensions attempted in England by the 'Vorticists,' who drew upon the mechanism of industrial life, and in Italy by the 'Futurists,' who made play with dynamic or cinematographic symbolism, are meeting with a similar fate.

Yet these experiments have had their use. They have, at least, led painters to think about the scientific foundations of the art in terms other than those of photographic presentation. And the theoretic aspect of Cubism has attracted many in whom the intellectual appeal of the fine arts takes precedence of the sensuous excitement. In the past such minds would browse happily upon the literary or symbolic branches of painting: now aesthetic philosophy is their one celestial manna. The allegiance of so cultured a section of the public supplied the Post-Impressionists with a critical support for their experiments such as no similar movement ever possessed before.

In the face of this eloquent educated opinion, which has been most skilfully exploited by the Parisian picture-market, all other artistic movements of the time have had to take up a very modest and deprecatory attitude. Yet neither painters nor the general public have been content to acquiesce in all cases with the rigorous doctrine of pure aesthetic to which Post-Impressionist arguments would limit them. Brilliant

presentations of natural phenomena, whether in portraiture or landscape or figure painting, as with Zorn and Sargent, always have their admirers, whatever the aesthetic philosophers may say. And so long as we do not make the fundamental mistake of supposing that a supremely skilful craftsman, a great technical virtuoso, must necessarily be a great creative artist, we may quite legitimately enjoy the spectacle of a man's sword-play with the brush, and be thrilled by the audacity, the swiftness and the science of his manipulation, as by any other display of human dexterity. And we need not inquire too particularly whether our pleasure in such virtuosity is a true aesthetic pleasure, unless some extravagant claim is put forward on its behalf.

The skill of the virtuoso is a rare personal gift. It cannot be acquired by taking thought; nor has it any very close connexion with other and more essential artistic faculties. Indeed, great manual facility is often displayed by people who have neither the brains for creation nor the strength for study. So while we may admire this power in men like Zorn and Sargent who have the fortune to be born with it, and with the power to turn it to advantage, we cannot safely use their example as a factor in our own practice. For virtuosity by itself is a superficial merit, and acquires value only when it is employed to deliver some substantial message in the most arresting and pointed manner. Political oratory is perhaps its one appropriate province, for there only a momentary effect upon the audience is required, or expected. In painting, as in literature, this momentary effectiveness counts for

nothing in the balance of Time, where the virtuoso who has no solid stuff in him is soon found wanting, and dismissed to his own place.

While these offshoots from Courbet were making their way in the world, one solitary figure revived a true classical tradition. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries France, with commendable persistence, had encouraged decorative painting on the heroic scale. The results had not, perhaps, been equivalent to the effort, but with the coming of Ingres there had come also a better understanding of what such occasions required. Delacroix in the Palais Bourbon,[1] and Paul Baudry in the Opera House, had proved that the decorative faculty in France was still alive and vigorous. In PUVIS DE CHAVANNES it reached maturity. When he had passed the stage of experiment, Puvis adhered to the pale cool tones of the fresco painters, but discarded their medium as unsuited to a northern climate. Instead, he worked solidly in oil paint upon canvas, which was subsequently cemented to the wall; a procedure which has justified so far his faith in its permanence. The general paleness of the tones employed, while conforming to his opinion that a mural painting should look like a part of the wall upon which it is executed, and not break up the surface by excessive relief, necessitated a drastic simplification of forms and a large planning of masses, so that the significance of the design should be apparent for all its

[1] Some admirable studies will be found at Millbank (Nos. 3307-8-9).

quietude. The danger of dullness and drowsiness Puvis avoided by an admirable use of silhouette, so that the boundaries of the larger masses are constantly invaded by some significant human gesture, by the upspringing of some delicate spray of foliage, the sail or rigging of a ship, a clump of trees upon a distant hill. The huge *Beheading of S. John Baptist* (3266), a comparatively early product, does not illustrate his typical style so well as our three small studies—*The Toilet* (3267), with its massive modelling and fine cool colour; *La Mort et les Jeunes Filles* (3421), so fresh and delicate and spirited; and the *Summer* (3422), an epitome of the scheme of tones in which his large decorations are executed. Since these mural paintings were so definitely designed and adapted to form a part of the buildings in which they are placed, their tonality and other characteristics may not often or usually be suited to easel pictures on a smaller scale. Still they have qualities of dignity, freshness and refinement which are independent of their association with architecture, and which might without incongruity be harmonized with a much wider range of colour, and a more vigorous movement than Puvis generally employed.[1] Our momentary interest in three-dimensional realism renders us perhaps a little negligent of the good things to be found elsewhere.

[1] His method was not wholly novel. It had been tried two hundred years earlier, but the experiment apparently excited little attention then or afterwards. Visitors to Madrid may remember the striking *Allegory of the Reconquest of San Salvador* by J. B. del Mayno in the Entrance Hall of the Prado. The left side of the painting is in the characteristic style of Puvis.

For example, we tend just now to forget or to underestimate the influence which Oriental art has exerted upon some of the greatest modern painters. When Japanese prints and curiosities came to Paris in the sixties, their attraction was felt by artists who did not belong to Manet's intimate circle. Whistler, for instance, in applying Oriental principles to portraiture and landscape, followed his models so closely that in much of his typical work Europe becomes, as it were, Orientalized. DEGAS was already an artist with a definite professional bent when he first met with Japanese work. His early training had been severely classical, and to the end of his life he never wavered in his respect for Ingres, and for the ideal of fine draughtsmanship which that name implied. So Degas made no alliance with the Impressionists, in spite of his acquaintance with them, his sympathy with their practice of choosing subjects from contemporary life, and a fellow-feeling for Light and Colour. For the forty years of his maturity the race-course, the stage, and the dressing-room, with occasional excursions into portraiture, provided him with his material. To great natural powers of draughtsmanship Degas added so complete a knowledge of the principles of Oriental design that he was able, from this limited range of subject-matter, to provide a long series of novel and brilliant combinations. In them an unfailing linear rhythm is allied to solid modelling, an audacious caprice in the balance of forms and masses, and a lively sense of colour, without any sacrifice either of substance or atmosphere. It must be admitted that these quali-

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: VISION OF ANTIQUITY

(Lyons)

DEGAS

MISS LOLA

ties are found more consistently in the pastels than in the oil-paintings. It would seem as if, for all his skill and science, Degas experienced some difficulty in using the oil medium. His paintings are apt to be a little disappointing, a trifle too heavy, or too hard, or too flimsy, or left incomplete, as if the painter's interest or creative impetus had exhausted itself prematurely. The pastels, whether slight or elaborate, do not show these inequalities.

But whatever the medium he employs, the invention, the craftsmanship, the sardonic humour and the immense vitality of Degas cannot fail to impress. Only a little gallery of his works could exhibit his full power, but three of our pictures will illustrate his growth. In the *Jeunes Spartiates* (3860) we have an excellent specimen of his early style. His power of drawing the human figure is no less apparent than the knowledge of the traditional technique of oil-painting which he had acquired by studying in the Louvre. *La Plage* (3247) represents the next phase. The subject-matter is that of Manet; the geometry of the grouping is pure Degas; Japanese influence is apparent in the firm contours, the high horizon, and forcible colour-pattern. In *Miss Lola at the Cirque Fernando* (4121) his art is almost complete. Compared with the pastels of his maturity, we notice a slight heaviness of tone, but in audacity of design and solidity of presentation the picture is typical. With this admirable and stimulating artist may be mentioned the illustrator Forain; less gifted in the matter of line and light and colour, but with a keen satiric interest in the faults of his fellow

men, which rises at times to tragedy, as in *Le Tribunal* (3288).

GAUGUIN and Van Gogh appear in abrupt contrast to these ultra-civilized Parisians. Gauguin started artistic life as a pupil of Camille Pissarro, but neither that master's admirable if slightly prosaic realism, nor the rigours of the pure Impressionist technique had a permanent hold upon him. It was perhaps through some exotic strain in his blood that the vigorous patterns, the vivid colour, and the mystic element in Oriental art attracted him so irresistibly. But while others turned to Hokusai, Hiroshige and Utamaro, Gauguin would appear to have studied the fiercer caprices of Sharaku and Kuniyoshi. It is only in such men that we can find a parallel for the clangours of bright scarlet and purple and blue-black and lemon yellow and vivid green in which Gauguin delighted. The fields of Brittany were too tame for his fervent ambitions. In the search for a more fiery chromatic inspiration, he emigrated first to Tahiti and then to Dominique. Living among the natives, he absorbed not only their appearance and their gorgeous environment of blue sea, flaming flowers and blazing sunshine, but their superstitions too. From these unexplored and semi-barbarous elements he constructed his most typical pictures, fashioning thereby a link, more effective than Seurat's, between the scientific naturalism of the Impressionists and the modern preference for structural design.

It is the fashion of the moment to speak of Gauguin

as if he were a mere decorator ; a maker of agreeable colour patterns without much substance or significance. Certainly none of the paintings by him which we possess at present could be used as a quite convincing argument to the contrary. But the best of his works in private possession do very much more than combine formidable colour with striking and audacious design. They have real substance. The figures are admirably modelled in very low relief, and the paintings have a 'complex' underlying their outward pattern. They seem haunted by some spell of savage magic and mystery, an indwelling spirit, which in this age of the sceptic and the materialist is naturally suspect—the more so, perhaps, because the artist does not seem to have been a very attractive or popular personage. Our *Faa Iheihe* (3470) may convey some idea of this puzzling quality to those who have not access to one of Gauguin's recognized masterpieces. Nor is his colour so simple as it seems. If we take the trouble to examine it closely we shall find that under its apparent crude force there are unexpected subtleties of gradation, the outcome of a deliberate refining process based on Gauguin's early Impressionist training. What looks like a vivid patch of pure yellow, for example, will prove to be modified towards one extremity by little touches of blue or green—at the other the modification may be red or orange. These interweavings, this ever-changing texture, give Gauguin's best works a subtlety which, added to his undeniable vitality and breadth, make him one of the men we should do well to consider seriously, whatever we may be told to his discredit.

In exploring the possibilities of a savage environment and of savage art, Gauguin must rank as a forerunner of the modern group known as the Fauvists. Sculpture has perhaps been their chief field of activity; Mexico, Peru, West Africa, and prehistoric work all the world over, have been drawn upon. These borrowings have counted for much in the development of men like MATISSE. Line and Colour have been the most constant factors in the simplification with which he has experimented: more particularly with the aim of finding contours which have a three-dimensional significance. These experiments have at least a more definitely aesthetic purpose, and have produced results less generally dry and barren than the contemporary essays of the Cubists, although more recent variations of Cubism have proved effective when applied to poster-designing. The method of Matisse, though he has tried it upon a much wider range of designs, is in essentials the same as that of the Greco-Roman portrait painters discussed in a previous volume.[1] Much of the best Asiatic work has been done on similar lines. But it is a weapon which only those with a clear head and a confident heart can hope to wield with success, so when we see it used by mere mimics, whether sedulous or idle, we may easily be led to underestimate its potential capacities.

With Gauguin must be associated much more particularly the name of VAN GOGH. Obsessed by a passion for painting, this extraordinary man, at one time an assistant in the firm of Goupil, made himself

[1] Vol. I. pp. 1-7.

GAUGUIN

CONTES BARBARES

into a vigorous and most original artist. Enthusiasm in the end became mania, but the mental aberrations which led to his death, though they affected the character of his work, did not diminish its power. Van Gogh, like his friend and sometime companion Gauguin, was a devotee of light and colour. These he made still more expressive by a rhythmical distortion of Form which leaves a most powerful impression upon the observer. In his typical works the grass, the trees, the hills, and the clouds writhe with an uncanny life. The paint is applied in solid separate strokes, squeezed directly from the tube where special strength of colour is required, and these curved or serpentine strokes are reinforced by contours of the same flame-like character. If we compare this system of defining form by lines instead of by planes, we can hardly fail to see that so far as vivacity of expression is concerned, the linear method is the more effective. We may think sometimes that this reflection of the painter's restless self-tormenting character is carried too far, but the emphatic vitality of the result is evident.

Landscape with Cypress Trees (3861), though by no means the most powerful or concentrated of Van Gogh's creations, will serve to exhibit this quality; the much-discussed *Yellow Chair* (3862) illustrates its value when applied to the simplest and plainest of subjects. The *Sunflowers* (3863) is one of a group of notable flower pieces in which the blossoms seem endowed with some strange dangerous life. The spiky forms of the grasses in the *Field near Arles* (4169) have a similar formidable potency. Considering that Van

Gogh was almost entirely self-trained, the consistency and decision of his work is remarkable. He very rarely lacks this almost perilous vitality; his designs in pen and ink are no less felicitous than daring; his colour is generally striking, and sometimes quite superb. We pride ourselves so much upon our sanity and our science, that we may be forgiven if now and then some of us are tempted to suspect a painter who was at times undeniably mad. But the artistic results obtained by Van Gogh are so notable, and so stimulating compared with the products of a thousand and one perfectly sane and normal painters, that we may well give the most respectful attention to his methods, even if we do not wish (as I once heard a famous and justly respected Professor do) that we had just a little of his madness. Certainly no figure of the like importance has since appeared on the Continent. In Segantini, with his paintings of high Alpine pastures under blaring sunlight, Van Gogh had perhaps a kind of precursor, for Segantini in a more limited field and with a more prosaic outlook, was a seeker for the same vibrancy of colour, the same intense and vivid life.

PART II
ENGLAND

CHAPTER VIII

THE EARLIER ENGLISH PAINTERS

All through the Middle Ages the arts flourished in England, as they did elsewhere, under the shadow of the Church. But the fame of England as an art centre was short-lived. With the coming of the Reformation, English policy embarked upon an alliance with Puritanism, which in one form or another has lasted up to our own time. It was no less inevitable than unfortunate that our ecclesiastical art, the frail defenceless heir of an unpopular cause, should be exposed to successive waves of partisan violence. The indifference of subsequent ages completed the disaster. The few relics which escaped the fury of the iconoclasts were left to perish by neglect, so that the surviving fragments now appeal more often to the antiquary than to the artist.

The Exhibition of English Primitives, held at Burlington House in 1923, was sufficient however to show that our artistic beginnings were by no means contemptible. The schools of Winchester and Canterbury had developed by the twelfth century a neo-Byzantine style, conspicuous for grace and sometimes

for real grandeur, as the *St. Paul at Malta* at Canterbury proves. St. Albans next comes into prominence. Matthew Paris is its most famous figure and the "Chichester Roundel" its surviving masterpiece. For sheer loveliness of line and colour and expression (the consuming affection of Mother and Child has never been better rendered), this exquisite painting can hold its own with anything in Europe of the same kind which the first half of the thirteenth century produced. Indeed English artists were now famous on the Continent, and their exports to Norway started a school there in which the English manner is vividly reflected. Westminster, favoured by royal patronage, was the artistic centre when the Black Death descended upon the country. Chaos ensued, and with it the rise of a curious peasant art which lasted into the fifteenth century.

Then, while the Court and the Nobles were still agitated by the wars of the Roses, commercial relations with the Netherlands drew them towards Netherlandish art. The wall paintings in Eton College Chapel, done by and under a master-painter of the name of William Baker, are the one extant example of such work on a considerable scale. Though Baker had evidently been trained in the Netherlands, the native Anglo-Saxon sense of elegance and linear designing characterizes all his work, indeed his female types and poses more than once seem to anticipate Sir Joshua Reynolds. Baker was a powerful and spirited master: so was the painter of certain portraits of early kings of England in possession of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House.

"THE CHICHESTER ROUNDEL"

LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT [N.P.G.]

NICOLAS HILLIARD

PORTRAIT OF RICHARD HILLIARD

Enlarged. (Victoria and Albert Museum)

These portraits for all their roughness have a genuine grandeur and intensity of characterization which we do not usually find in the smaller panels, representing kings of the Houses of York and Lancaster, used at the end of the fifteenth century as decoration for panelled rooms.

Yet once at least an English panel of this humble sort achieves conspicuous distinction. In its way nothing could be more serenely beautiful, more delicately sincere, than the *Lady Margaret Beaufort* (1488), belonging to the National Portrait Gallery. And the result is still obtained by the traditional English linear method, so different in its large simplicity from the elaborate Netherlandish craftsmanship, of which the portrait of the Lady Margaret's son, *Henry VII* (416) in the same collection, is a masterly specimen.

With Henry VIII we come to Holbein, and a group of painters from France and the Netherlands, by whom our native painters were naturally influenced. *Charles Brandon* (516), also at the National Portrait Gallery, will illustrate one consequent development of our national style; the magnificent colour and pattern of the *Queen Mary I* (428), painted as princess in 1544, may perhaps show the reflection of that style upon an accomplished foreign craftsman. Yet since the essential characteristics of the English manner, as exemplified a few years later by Hilliard, are so plainly manifest here, we have some ground for claiming this great unknown as a fellow countryman. Holbein had been dead for two years when in 1545 'Johan Bettes Anglois' painted our portrait of *Edmund Butts* (1496). John Bettes was clearly an excellent painter in Holbein's

manner and, like his brother Thomas, a miniaturist of some repute. Indeed, for another half-century or more no Englishman shows the same capacity for the handling of paint, and our national record, reduced in any case to portraiture by the conditions of the day, would be contemptible were it not for one remarkable figure.

In addition to his portraits in oil Holbein had executed a few miniatures. Their incomparable perfection excited in Nicolas HILLIARD, a young jeweller from Devon, the desire to do the like. From boyhood his success was extraordinary. He rapidly became the most admired artist of his time, and nearly all the great personages of the Court of Elizabeth were in turn commemorated by him. Hilliard in consequence is represented in many English private collections, perhaps the richest groups being those at Windsor Castle and in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch. He composed a most interesting Treatise[1] on his art, from which we can see that his apparent limitations were more or less deliberate. Knowing that a miniature was to be looked at in the hand, he aimed at the greatest possible breadth of effect, being specially careful not to break up the effect of the face by employing a side light or strong cast shadows. His earliest works often err, I think, in the opposite direction, being rather too flat in modelling. But he seems to have been in practice from his thirteenth year, and with increasing experience was soon able to correct this youthful fault. His later work exhibits a steady

[1] Reprinted with notes and illustrations in the first annual volume of the Walpole Society

increase of solidity and simplicity; otherwise during the long period of his active life, more than sixty years, his standard hardly varies.

If we examine one of his miniatures with a magnifying glass we shall find that the drawing is amazingly crisp and vivacious, while his jeweller's training enables him to transmute the rich dresses of his sitters into such a mosaic of lovely colour, that his tiny paintings glow with the richness of precious stones. Even Holbein cannot surpass him in decorative quality, for the Englishman's colour has a cool and airy freshness which he opposes to his princely blacks and whites with a spirit that is inimitable. Hilliard's superb little portraits of his father *Richard Hilliard*, and himself in the Salting Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, will serve as a standard for his best work, and can there be conveniently compared with Holbein's *Anne of Cleves*, the noble prototype of this phase of English art. The *Queen Elizabeth* (108) in the National Portrait Gallery, though slightly faded, is another characteristic specimen.

Were Hilliard not so supreme a craftsman we might have to discuss more fully the two miniaturists who followed him, Isaac Oliver and Peter Oliver. But with all their skill and attraction they are derivative artists not creators, and it is with John Hoskins and his nephew Samuel Cooper that the tradition of miniature takes a new turn. Before however we come to them, we must glance at Elizabethan and Jacobean portraiture. Though occasionally we find reflections of Mor, and later of the Pourbus family, the whole period is

really dominated by Hilliard. His style and temper, though never I think his hand, are seen in those life-size Elizabethan court portraits, of ladies in particular, which still dignify some old country houses.

This style and temper were inherited not only by the Olivers but by the younger Mark Garrard, from whom they passed to Cornelius Johnson. In Johnson's early work this artistic descent is clearly seen : later he becomes more solid and more vigorous in brushwork, as the *Richard Weston* (1344) of the National Portrait Gallery shows. Our own portrait, *Apolonius Veth* (1320), a late work, painted after he had left his native country, gives only a general indication of his manner. At his best he is a refined and attractive artist who ought to be better represented here. Sir Nathaniel Bacon, a younger brother of the great Francis Bacon, was an amateur painter of singular ability and distinction, who deserves to be remembered though his extant works are few. His *Self-portrait* in the National Portrait Gallery will show that he was not inferior in skill to the best professionals of his day.

Among the foreign artists working at or round the English court, before the coming of Van Dyck, Mytens was the most able, though his *James 3rd Marquis of Hamilton* (3474) owes its effectiveness much less to the sitter's head and character than to his handsome red stockings. Of painters born in the country the De Critz family had considerable repute, and if, as I feel sure, the *Martha Horton* (2878) is by one of them, the admirable quality of their work will be evident at a glance. Their paintings in the Ashmolean

Museum at Oxford are well known; not so their family history, for which, as to the many other problems with which the period is environed, the reader may be referred to Mr. Collins Baker's invaluable book.[1] Van Dyck so completely occupied the stage during his residence here that all the other figures seem to do little more than echo his great gestures. Yet one or two of his English followers did not in their admiration sacrifice their native characteristics, and possessed a degree of skill which entitles them to be remembered.

William DOBSON comes first. As the interpreter of the courage touched with romance which marked the Cavalier, he has a definite place in our artistic history, and though he learned his craft in the studio of Van Dyck, he had a talent of his own which no teacher could have imparted. His tone is generally too low; his poses and setting may not evince much originality in design. Yet his heads are not only nobly visualized, but are modelled with a substance and thoroughness which do not appear again among the English till Hogarth and Gainsborough come. *Endymion Porter* (1249) presents Dobson in his robust mood: in *A Gentleman* his peculiar refinement shines clearly. At the National Portrait Gallery, from which this fine *Gentleman* comes, the work of Robert Walker, Dobson's counterpart with the Parliamentary forces, can be well studied. He is no rival to Dobson as a draughtsman or painter. Yet the *John Hampden* (1600), and the much copied *Oliver Cromwell* (536),

[1] *Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters.* By C. H. Collins Baker. London: The Medici Society, 1912.

are clearly admirable likenesses. That of Cromwell in particular seems to have caught as no other portrait has done those wrestlings of the spirit which were ever at work behind the man's resolute mask.

Had not the fame of Samuel COOPER eclipsed all contemporary reputations in miniature, the name of John Hoskins his uncle and his teacher might be more esteemed. For Hoskins, starting from the tradition of the Olivers, produced in middle life certain portraits, like the *Charles I* and *Mrs. Cromwell* at Windsor, wherein the style of Cooper is so completely anticipated that the credit for this excellence has been taken from the uncle and given to the brilliant nephew. The extant facts seem to me to give no real support to this theory, but indicate that Hoskins was the first to adopt Van Dyck's method of lighting and posing a head, and in his middle period his eye for character was exceptional. His *Charles I* is the most real and convincing portrait of that monarch in existence. Hendrik Pot tells us that he was a little man; Mytens merely makes him look reserved and rather colourless; Van Dyck displays him as a very great and pensive gentleman. John Hoskins alone reveals an obstinate chin and an untrustworthy look which explain the Great Rebellion. The very close resemblance of the features to James I is further evidence that the artist's vision was no less accurate than penetrating. His *Mrs. Cromwell* in subtle characterization and workmanship is like a masterpiece by Terborch.

Cooper from the first is more suave, a more exact counterpart to Van Dyck, if generally softer and more

SAMUEL COOPER

DUKE OF MONMOUTH (WINDSOR CASTLE)

(By gracious permission of H.M. The King)

LELY

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (DETAIL)

N.P.G.

KNELLER

HENRY SIDNEY, EARL OF ROMNEY (DETAIL)

(N.P.G.)

feminine. His masterly treatment of hair is no less well known than his weakness in drawing hands: a weakness he was careful to conceal by omitting them whenever he could. His art, which from first to last maintains a wonderfully high level, reached its climax at the Restoration. With Cooper the miniature lost the last trace of the jewel-like quality which Holbein and Hilliard had bestowed upon it, and which the Olivers had retained, but gained instead some of the quality of portraiture on a larger scale. Some of his miniatures at Windsor, the splendid head of *Monk*, the dreamy sensuous *Monmouth*, *Queen Catherine* and *Lady Castlemaine*, are really small pictures, with a majesty and charm corresponding to their size. Yet in reviewing this naturalistic accomplishment we may not unreasonably wonder whether Cooper was not after all only the Leone Leoni of English miniature? The Pisanello of the art, the embodiment of its perfect tradition, is Hilliard.[1] In general Cooper and the admirable portrait draughtsmen, like Ashfield, contemporary with him, give us a far better idea of the court of Charles II than does its accredited painter LELY.

For Lely after nearly twenty years of hard work found himself at the Restoration the most fashionable painter in London. Like Kneller a little later, he was spoiled by the monopoly. Since all the court crowded to his studio, the number of his commissions

[1] For reproductions of the Miniatures mentioned in this chapter, the reader may be referred to the *Burlington Magazine*, vols. viii and ix, and to the numerous books on the subject.

put too great a strain upon his artistic conscience: the various repetitions demanded of him taxed all the industry of his assistants and copyists. In consequence hardly one fifth of the pictures which bear Lely's name are from his hand, even in part, while of that fifth only a small proportion show his real power.

In the popular memory Lely figures as a painter of fair women, and some of the 'Beauties' at Hampton Court such as the *Princess Mary* (?) *as Diana* (203) and the *Comtesse de Grammont* (209) are undeniably magnificent. The sumptuous undress in which he robed the court favourites gave scope to his notable gift as a colourist, the more notable since the average tonality of the period in England was either garish or sombre. Yet Lely's rather material temper and substantial brushwork were really better suited to male portraits. The unfinished *Prince Rupert* (608) in the National Portrait Gallery indicates how broadly and decisively his planes were mapped out; the bloated insolent *Buckingham* (279), and his bold mistress the *Countess of Shrewsbury* (208) in the same room, show what character he could develop upon that firm substructure. Masterpieces like these, together with the series of *Admirals* at Greenwich Hospital, and our *Van Helmont* (3583), as fine as many a Van Dyck, set a far truer standard for Lely than do the countless female portraits which pass for Nell Gwynn, or some other of her profession. Here he became so entirely careless and slipshod in the matter of getting a likeness (or did every smart lady demand to be painted in the image of the reigning sultana?), that even regular students of

the period, with all the apparatus of engraving to help them, are faced with problems of doubtful identity which seem insoluble.

Most of Lely's assistants were heavy handed. One however, the painter of the *Mrs. Middleton* (612) in the National Portrait Gallery, was evidently a master. The largeness of the design, the masterly scheme of silver-grey in which the work is executed, and the superb fullness of the modelling have no parallel among the Englishmen painting at the time. Gerard Soest, the one painter with any similar taste in colour, is otherwise quite different in temper and conception. But since, as we have seen, Largillière worked in England about 1675, as assistant to Lely, we need look no further for the solution of the problem. Our native artists, Wright, Riley and Greenhill in particular, maintain a respectable level of accomplishment, actually higher perhaps than that from which Hogarth and Wilson, Gainsborough and Reynolds were to raise themselves in the next century. But they were not creative, and so can tell us nothing that had not been told before, and told better. We may therefore pass from them at once to consider the new epoch.

CHAPTER IX

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND

Though the age of Queen Anne is famous in the annals of English literature, the record of the arts during the same period, and for years after, is curiously barren. A few decorative painters, mostly foreign, found employment in London upon ceilings and staircases, but all other patronage, such as it was, went to portraiture. Here, too, the foreigners were dominant. At the head of the profession stood Kneller, next to him came Michael Dahl. Of the minor 'face-painters,' who wrought for humbler patrons, a considerable proportion were Dutch. The seventeenth-century school of Holland had long passed its prime, but a number of its degenerate practitioners came over to England in the days of William III, and continued to find employment here. They left their mark upon us by introducing the fashion for 'conversation pieces' and portraits on a small scale, which later were to develop amazingly in English hands. But their technical gifts were too limited to have much interest for the rising generation, and it is by KNELLER in particular that the practice of the first half of the century was inspired.

Kneller was a man of immense natural gifts, with a wonderful eye for form and substance, and a hand well trained to interpret his vision. Even the very indolence which caused him so often to be vacuous and slipshod, had at least the effect of leading him to adopt consistently the most straightforward and expeditious of methods. Starting with ground of neutral gray, he sketched in his subject in a few simple tones, sometimes lightly and broadly brushed, as in the portrait of *John Smith* (273); sometimes, where the subject seemed to call for it, with the heavier impasto of the *Marquis of Tweeddale* (3272). The admirable sketch of the dead *Monmouth* and the masterful *Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney*, at the National Portrait Gallery, show similar contrasted uses of the same principle. Coupled with borrowings from the clear tones and cool colour of Michael Dahl, we can see the principle adopted by Highmore, who was Kneller's pupil. Hogarth trained himself upon it, and in various degenerate forms it was employed by nearly all the minor painters who worked before Reynolds and Gainsborough came to inaugurate a new era.

Two Englishmen, in this time of artistic eclipse, deserve honourable mention. Jonathan Richardson the elder not only drew and painted in a manly style, albeit a rough one, but also by his writings on art did much to educate the national taste. Sir James Thornhill too was by no means the negligible artist which his little repute, both in his own day and in ours, would suggest. Our *Study for a Miracle of S. Francis* (1844) is an admirable work in the decorative fashion of the

time. In style and facility it recalls Giordano, in richness of colouring Piazzetta. Thornhill in his way was a pioneer. He founded the School of Art in Covent Garden, which Hogarth, among others, attended. After Thornhill's death this 'Academy' was transferred by Hogarth to St. Martin's Lane, and in it were trained almost all the more promising English artists till the year 1768, when its apparatus, the "anatomical figures, busts, etc.," were passed on to the newly founded Royal Academy.

During the first three decades of the century the arts in England were by no means ready for the relative social advancement which the Royal Academy was to bring to them. Though a few fashionable portrait painters might be amassing considerable fortunes, the majority of artists pursued the humble calling of the 'face painter,' with no more status or ambition than the commercial photographer in later times. Then upon this rather stolid world burst the genius of HOGARTH. The son of a poor schoolmaster from Westmorland, he began life as an apprentice to a silver-plate engraver. Fascinated by the humours of London, he taught himself to sketch them from memory, fortified his practice by occasional attendance at Thornhill's Art School, and finally made a runaway marriage with that painter's daughter. Satirical prints and small portrait groups failed to supply his domestic needs. Thereupon, with the instinct of the journalist or the novelist, he conceived the idea of a series of engravings in which the rewards of virtue and, in particular, the nemesis of bad habits, might be effec-

tively illustrated. Fame followed quickly, and neither the failure of sundry experiments in the Grand Style, nor the generally wretched prices which he obtained for his paintings, interfered with Hogarth's popularity. Incidentally, the fraudulent imitation of his prints led him to take an active part in obtaining from Parliament a bill protecting artistic copyright.

Hogarth's claims to our gratitude are not, however, limited to this material benefit. His ' moralities,' like the work of a great novelist, touched every rank of society, and opened men's eyes, once and for all, to the artistic possibilities of contemporary life. In carrying out his programme it was inevitable that the needs of the illustrator should over-ride the purely artistic aspect of the work. Hogarth was not blind to this, for his " Analysis of Beauty " indicates that he had pondered much, and to more purpose than is commonly thought, upon design and its formal constituents. But when deriding folly, exalting virtue, or exhibiting the ugliness of vice, he felt compelled to tell his story with a wealth of suggestion which would make every detail supplement his primary purpose. So his compositions are often overcrowded by a multiplicity of secondary incidents ; these disturb the general effect and deprive it of breadth and atmosphere. The little cabinet at Sir John Soane's Museum, containing *The Rake's Progress* and the *Election*, affords an excellent illustration of this defect, although the brilliant bouquet of colour in the brothel scene, and the structural geometry in *Chairing the Members*, testify to the true painter's gift which he possessed.

From his simpler compositions, as from his sketches, studies and portraits, we gather a much more favourable idea of Hogarth's artistic sense. The second scene of *Marriage à la Mode* (114), for instance, has won universal applause, both for its spirited characterization and for its fine technical quality, which will be recognized alike by the lover of clean straightforward brushwork, and the modern devotee of three-dimensional composition. In our prim and proper *Family Group* (1153) there are flashes of delightful colour, such as the pinkish gray dress of the lady on the right and the golden yellow chair-back close by. *Calais Gate* (1464) is frank satire, but touched in with so much wit and robust pigment as to disarm purely aesthetic criticism. Criticism, indeed, has always borne hardly, rather too hardly I think, on Hogarth's *Sigismonda* (1046) at Millbank. Hogarth was a professed enemy of the Old Masters, largely because, like Constable, he was disgusted by the nonsense talked about them by the contemporary virtuosi. But this hostility, like Constable's, was chiefly on the surface. He knew the merits of the great Old Masters well enough, and in the *Sigismonda* he really produced a tolerable eclectic picture, better painted and much better coloured than critics have generally admitted. Had the interest and liveliness of his other creations been less conspicuous, Hogarth's *Sigismonda* might have been thought to anticipate Reynolds and his efforts in the Grand Style.

Hogarth's sketches can be praised without any reservation. The *Shrimp Girl* (1162) has always

HOGARTH

MARRIAGE À LA MODE, SC. 2 (DETAIL)

HOGARTH

HOGARTH'S SERVANTS (DETAIL)

ranked with the most brilliant things of its kind, the method of Kneller being used with a wit and vivacity unmatched in English art, except perhaps by a few other sketches from Hogarth's hand. The enchanting *grisaille* of *The Enraged Musician* in the Ashmolean Museum is a case in point. For Hogarth's powers in portraiture we may turn to the monumental *James Quin* (1935); to *Ann Hogarth* (1663), so natural and vigorous; lastly to the inimitable *Hogarth's Servants* (1374), so convincingly English that we seem by instinct to know them all. With these the little *Self Portrait* (289) at the National Portrait Gallery may be studied, and the incisive bust of the artist by Roubiliac. No wonder that a man with such a head effected a revolution!

Next to Hogarth comes Joseph Highmore, a sound and successful portrait painter (4107), who more than once experimented with small subject pieces. In his *Illustration to Pamela* (3576) the relative proportion of the figures is less correctly observed than with Hogarth, yet the back view of the young man on the left in tawny brown and silver is masterly enough. A drawing by Highmore in the British Museum shows a similar mastery, and still greater delicacy. His little portraits, like that of *Samuel Richardson* (1036) in the National Portrait Gallery, are a link in the chain which connects the beginning of the century with men like Stubbs and Zoffany towards the end of it. Not from them however do we derive our chief title to artistic fame. In the middle of the century two masters arose utterly unlike in their temper and their gifts, who share

with Hogarth the glory of founding the British School. Of these the elder was Joshua Reynolds, the younger Thomas Gainsborough.

REYNOLDS, the son of a Devonshire clergyman, was apprenticed to Thomas Hudson, a pupil of Kneller and a stiff but successful painter of portraits. Seeking a wider scope for his mental and artistic ambitions than the teaching of his master permitted, Reynolds spent three years of hard work in Italy. The effort was completely justified by its results—an extraordinary improvement in his painting, and the knowledge which enabled him to compose, in after years, the famous "Discourses." Jonathan Richardson and Hogarth had made valiant efforts to tackle the theory of painting: Richardson's "Treatise," indeed, was one of the books which inspired Reynolds in boyhood. But the mature Sir Joshua has a far wider outlook than his forerunners. Surveying the whole of European art, as it was understood by the best opinion of the time, he sets out to establish the large principles of taste and judgment and technical practice which the young student should bear in mind if he hopes to rival the great ones of old. So liberal in temper and so sincere in vision was he, that the "Discourses" remain a classic in constant use. By his insistence upon the value of well-directed labour, and by directing that labour to the study of the great masters, Reynolds, in spite of all changes in aesthetic ideas, remains the most encouraging and inspiring of advisers. He has sometimes been criticized for advocating the style of Michelangelo and Raphael and the Bolognese, while speaking somewhat casually of

other painters, notably Rembrandt, whom he himself affected. But as in things technical he recommended a plain and honest method of work to the young, while experimenting on his own canvases with every variety of pigment, medium and method however unsafe; so, in the same cautionary spirit, he thought it right to advise the young to study the sound principles of Italy, in preference to Rembrandt and Rubens, whose strong personalities might entice the inexperienced into the quagmires of mannerism and mimicry.

To his own unceasing regret Reynolds was unable, in a Conservative and Protestant London, to obtain employment on any scheme of decoration where he could have measured himself against the great Italians. He had to be content with occasional experiments in religious and allegorical composition, and these indicate that Fortune used him better than he imagined. Our *Holy Family* (78*a*), for example, is admirable in general plan, and quite masterly in colour, brushwork and play of wandering light; yet we see in it hardly a trace of the inner conviction and sympathy which such paintings require, if they are to be anything more than machine-made piety. But his studies and aspirations after a nobler form of art than any which had hitherto been seen in England were not wasted. Transferred, by necessity, into the field of portraiture, they endowed his work with a largeness of style, a splendour of effect and a variety of design, which brought him almost at once to the foremost place in his profession. His election as first President of the newly founded Royal Academy, in 1768, followed as a matter of course,

endowing that institution, and the artistic profession in general, with a prestige and a reputation for scholarly accomplishment which they could not otherwise have earned so quickly, or at all.

It is not however by his technical gifts, great though they were, so much as by his peculiar sympathy for the finer traits of English character, that the portraits of Reynolds maintain their high place. He is, indeed, the chronicler of his epoch, and a noble epoch he makes of it. Yet he does this by no general recipe for distinction, but rather by drawing out from each sitter the best that was in him. The learning, the strength, or the spirit of his men, the refinement and naturalness of his women, his singular comprehension of childhood, combine to make him an artistic psychologist of the first rank, and from the moment of his return from Italy, in 1752, this rare insight was exercised with uninterrupted power for nearly forty years. Our national collections are fortunate in possessing a whole series of works to illustrate this activity.

The quiet silvery tones of *Anne, Countess of Albemarle* (1259), made more silvery by some fading of the flesh tones, are characteristic of his earlier style; so are the subdued notes of indigo blue and white and black and red, and the solid brushwork. The aristocratic shrewdness of the lady's glance may be contrasted with the alert and virile air of *Captain Orme* (681). Again we have the quiet gray flesh tones, contrasted this time with deep blue and red and black and silvery white. Two years later, in 1763, came the *Nelly O'Brien* of Hertford House, a glorious blending of light and

REYNOLDS

LAURENCE STERNE

(Lansdowne House)

REYNOLDS

NELLY O'BRIEN

(Hertford House)

colour and Rembrandtesque chiaroscuro, which even Reynolds never surpassed. And for the painter, what pleasures are there in the blue and white of the hat and the skirt, in that superb quilted petticoat, and in the filmy gauze that flows over it. The compositions of 1773 are more elaborate. Reynolds clearly had Rubens in mind when he painted *Lady Cockburn* (2077), in a brilliant scheme of white and gold, set between rosy red and blue, a blue made still more vivid by contrast with the scarlet plumage of the macaw. *The Graces decorating Hymen* (79) looks more Italianate, though this impression may be due in part to the much darkened varnish, and its contrast of white, tawny yellow and deep red with a deep green background is less incisive. But an effect which might have become heavy and formal, is here most skilfully relieved by the play of light upon figures and foliage, a device which Reynolds employs still more freely to enliven the rather colourless *Lady Bamfylde* (3343).

From these examples we may now turn to a few works illustrating his final phase, such as the *Heads of Angels* (182) and the *Age of Innocence* (307). If we group with them the *Miss Bowles* at Hertford House, embracing her dog, wide-eyed with delighted excitement, we shall see how Reynolds was the first master to present the loveliness, the freshness and the roguish glee of childhood with consistent ease and sympathy. Other great men, Van Dyck in particular, could paint children admirably when they condescended to do so, but Reynolds paints them from sheer affection for their innocent charm. For portraits of the great men of his

age the student must seek Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery. Our *Two Gentlemen* (754) indicates what a marvellous design he could make out of two young men of no particular distinction: its general effect this harmony in black and silver-grey recalls Velazquez. The famous *Lord Heathfield* (111) gave Reynolds a finer opportunity, and this solid monumental red-faced figure, gripping in his great hand the key of the fortress he had defended, is not only a splendid example of the large vision with which Reynolds viewed his contemporaries, but might well be taken as an allegory of his own career.

By sheer determination, by unwearying labour both physical and intellectual, Reynolds had held, all through a life surrounded with every kind of worldly temptation, to that ideal of the Grand Style which he believed to be the key to all artistic success, and had held it for England as well as for himself. He had preached and practised a lofty Eclecticism. The name of Michelangelo he proudly reserved for the last word in his "Discourses"; he drew upon Parmigiano for the long rhythmic forms which make his women portraits so graceful; he drew upon Correggio, and Rubens and Van Dyck and Velazquez for colour; he drew upon Rembrandt, and less frequently upon Lodovico Carracci or Guercino, for force of chiaroscuro. Yet such was the variety of his invention, such was his perception of human character, that Reynolds escapes the disaster which has overtaken almost every other eclectic. In a word he is rarely, very rarely, insipid, and then chiefly in his religious and allegorical compositions.

"Damn him, how various he is," said Gainsborough; and when we think of the enlargement which Reynolds effected in our whole outlook upon portraiture, we recognize that his great rival was right. If sometimes Reynolds may put too great a strain upon his fancy, and upon our sense of the ludicrous, when we see persons essentially commonplace overweighted with mythological accessories, we must never forget that these very experiments gave him the opportunity of employing diversities of design and lighting and colour, such as no portrait painter before or since has controlled or conceived.

Occasional incongruities, and even the fading and cracking of many of his pictures, do not really deduct half so much from the sum total of his genius as one natural defect. With all his learning, Reynolds could not make himself a first-rate draughtsman. He handled his brush with extraordinary skill, force and knowledge, but his sense of form was imperfect. His heads and hands and arms frequently lack that structural soundness by which other great artists carry conviction. The general sense of substance and solidity he can convey, but the trained eye will not infrequently notice some emptiness of modelling, the slight misplacing of a chin, or some looseness in the statement of the planes of a face, faults which the supreme draughtsmen of the world do not commit. Still the man's wonderful range of sympathy with human character and human attractiveness, coupled with his daring and felicitous extensions of the frontier of portraiture, give him a place of cardinal importance in that art, so

the nascent British School was, indeed, fortunate in finding a Sir Joshua Reynolds to be its leader and its inspiration.

In the "Discourses," art is made to seem so like a conscious intellectual force applied to the craft of picture-making, that we may instinctively do less than justice, as some critics have done, to the fine aesthetic enthusiasm which gave the first impetus to the genius of Reynolds and remained its unfailing guide. In his great rival Thomas GAINSBOROUGH, the aesthetic enthusiasm is plainly to the fore; the conscious exercise of the mind is rarely and faintly indicated. We accept the fact of his genius more easily, because it corresponds with what is commonly regarded as genius, a faculty which works wonders by processes unknown, and which, as possessing no demonstrable source in reason, must be ascribed to heaven-born instinct. Had Reynolds not been so frankly introspective, had he said less about the way in which he overcame his youthful disabilities, and had he not emphasized his theory of self-education in order to encourage other students, his superb painting would have been accepted on its merits. The fact that, like Cassandra, he foretold his fate, has not served to avert it.

In this respect the comparatively tongue-tied Gainsborough starts with a great advantage. Even now we know very little of where and how he learned his art. He worked in London from his fifteenth to his eighteenth year. There, from the clever book-illustrator Gravelot, he may have gathered the idea of a refinement

REYNOLDS

THE GRACES DECORATING HYMEN (DETAIL)

GAINSBOROUGH

THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTERS: (3812)

(DETAIL)

of style unknown to the teaching of Hayman and the St. Martin's Lane Academy, with which a less definite tradition connects him. Returning in 1745 to his native Suffolk, he painted landscapes for pleasure and portraits for a living. Dutch pictures were to be found in many East Anglian houses, and upon these, and upon such native painters as Wootton and Lambert, Gainsborough's landscape style was founded. His models for portraiture are less evident. His life-size heads are colder and more precise than was general at the time, but certain small full-lengths in landscape settings indicate the young man's capacity. Some hints from the small figures of Hogarth, or possibly the example of Arthur Devis (3317), may have started Gainsborough upon this track; his passion for landscape may have encouraged him to continue in it. The portrait of his friend, *John Joshua Kirby and his Wife* (1421) in the National Portrait Gallery, is an admirable specimen of this early style. The soberly painted *Admiral Vernon* (881) in the same Gallery illustrates the next stage in his development. Continued practice at Ipswich had enabled Gainsborough to shake off the dryness of his boyish efforts, but the freedom and splendour of his maturity were still dormant.

However, before Gainsborough left Suffolk to try his fortune in Bath, the signs of future greatness became evident. Our earlier study of *The Painter's Daughters* (1811) is already the work of a master, swept in with a freedom of brushwork like Hogarth's, but with a delicacy of tone and colour, a sense of childish grace and motion and frailty, which are new to art.

The head on the right in particular should be noticed for its rose-leaf perfection. A study of the same two children in the Victoria and Albert Museum, though less full of movement, has more solidity, and is carried out in a marvellous harmony of tender blue and silver-gray. A still further stage is reached in our second group (3812), painted some three years later. Consider for a moment the upturned head of the girl to the left. Its extraordinary naturalness and spirit are evident: but where else can we find craftsmanship which gives us every 'tactile value,' every modulation of form and substance and texture, expressed by such free and dainty brushwork, and with such refinements of silvery colour? It is more intimate than Raphael, more light and airy than Rubens, larger and more human than Watteau—and, though a masterpiece, cannot be regarded as a mere lucky accident. Gainsborough, as we shall see, could be very unequal, but the majority of his heads, for all their audacious flimsiness of execution, have a completeness and substance which does not reappear in the English School till we come to Alfred Stevens. In his anatomies he was no more impeccable than Reynolds, but in this matter of modelling a head, his best works far surpass Sir Joshua's. Compare, for example, Gainsborough's *Duke of Bedford* (755), in the National Portrait Gallery, a portrait by the way of his putative father-in-law, with the *Duke of Cumberland* (625) by Reynolds, which hangs not far off, and you will find that the latter, for all his look of strength and substance, is afflicted with floating kidney of the face.

The popular *Parish Clerk* (760) at Millbank, is more closely wrought than much of the work done by Gainsborough at Bath. For charm and distinction our *Miss Singleton* (2638), a harmony in black, gray and pale blue, is typical; our *Dr. Schomberg* (684) shows the power and splendour with which the period culminates. The setting of the figure in a freely handled 'romantic' landscape, with mountains and trees and rolling storm clouds, is typical of Gainsborough, and appears again and again in his noblest creations. Reynolds, as we saw, was constantly trying novel attitudes, novel oppositions of light and shade and colour, on every possible diversity of background, so that his invention might have full play. Gainsborough was born with a passion for landscape, and painted portraits because he could not otherwise make a living. So almost all his 'fancy' subjects are figures in landscape, and so are almost all his masterpieces in portraiture. Consider, for instance, what a part the landscape plays in *The Morning Walk* and *Mrs. Sheridan* in Lord Rothschild's collection, or in *The Blue Boy* and *The Ladies in the Mall*, exported to America. Does not our sturdy *Dr. Schomberg* acquire a double measure of solidity from the contrast between his own firmness and the unrestful scene around him? How finely too those notes of gold and purple-gray, and russet and dark green and tawny serve as foils to the plum-coloured coat. And in a more tender and delicate key, the lavender ribbons, white dress and pale face of the unlucky *Perdita Robinson* (42) in the Wallace Collection, have just their appropriate counterpoise in the chilly brown and

greenish grays of the autumnal landscape in which she sits. The languorous, vaporous enchantment of this marvellous portrait, the spirited and yet spiritual beauty of *Mrs. Sheridan*, the exquisite, lovable distinction of *Mrs. Graham*, in the National Gallery of Scotland, a distinction more slightly presented in our sketch of the lady as a *Housemaid* (2928), together with the manly humours of *Dr. Schomberg*, the *Rev. Henry Bate Dudley* (1044) and *Sir William Blackstone* (2637), will serve to indicate the range of Gainsborough's genius. To any such list, however brief, the likeness of *George Colman* (59) in the National Portrait Gallery deserves to be added, as well as the famous Linley portraits at Dulwich.

Gainsborough was not always completely successful. His *Musidora* (308) at Millbank, an experiment quite outside his usual province, is a fine decorative panel, in spite of possible academic shortcomings. Our huge group of *The Baillie Family* (789), though Ruskin called it "The best Gainsborough in England known to me," has not been so favourably regarded by other critics. Mr. Baillie was, I believe, a very big man, but in the painting he and his wife look gigantic, and rather overwhelming. Ruskin no doubt had in mind the breadth and light of the piece, and the extraordinary interplay of various tones of white and biscuit colour with pale gray-blue and pale gray-lavender, which make the picture so attractive to the artist, while the mother is invested with the charm and distinction which are Gainsborough's alone. Criticism might, with more justice, find faults in the famous

GAINSBOROUGH

DR. SCHOMBERG

ROMNEY

LADY AND CHILD

Mrs. Siddons (683). Here the face is so smooth and cold and stiff (either from initial difficulties, as the legend goes, or from injudicious cleaning) that it prejudices the whole colour scheme. Shut out the face for a moment, and you will find that the blue and white and orange are then in perfect harmony.

Before discussing the landscapes which form so important a feature in Gainsborough's art, it will be well, for method's sake, to discuss some other portrait painters who were his contemporaries. Of these the first is undoubtedly George ROMNEY. A Lancashire man, trained in the hard school of provincial face-painting, he raised himself by unwearied industry to a position from which he divided the favours of London with Reynolds. His life was one of self-centred but not wholly ignoble ambition. He visited Italy, and then spared no labour to amass a competence which would enable him to devote himself to great allegorical and historical compositions. But he over-estimated his strength. Just when all was ready for the realization of the long-cherished programme, Romney's health gave way and he became a hopeless invalid. Something of this effort, and something perhaps of the tragedy, we can read in his *Self-Portrait* (959) in the National Portrait Gallery.

Romney's manner before he visited Italy in 1773 was rather hard and cold, as our *Mr. and Mrs. Lindow* (1396) at Millbank will indicate. In our *Lady Emily Kerr* (3724), painted several years later, this hardness is vanishing, and the skill with which Romney has caught the lady's slightly disdainful beauty will explain

his vogue. Our *Lady and Child* (1667), a year earlier in date, not only exhibits the breadth of form, the simplicity of contour and colouring at which he habitually aimed, but also his peculiar sympathy with the charm of motherhood and childhood—a sympathy which we should hardly expect either from reading his life history, or from seeing some of the portraits of fashionable beauties by which he made his London reputation. A specimen of this type, through which he has become one of the "best-sellers" of the auction room, is our *Mrs. Trotter of Bush* (2943). The popular *Parson's Daughter* (1068) has a more genuine freshness, while the green ribbon in the hair makes a felicitous contrast to the girl's brown dress and delicate complexion.

Of the countless portraits resulting from Romney's admiration for the famous Lady Hamilton, that in the National Portrait Gallery is not the least attractive and ingeniously designed. Yet here, as with so many other women's portraits by Romney, we are conscious of a certain emptiness, a lack of depth and solidity, both in psychology and in substance. This fault cannot so frequently be urged against Romney's portraits of men, which are perhaps nearly as much under-valued as his ladies' portraits are overrated. In the Provost's Lodge at Eton there are portraits of young Etonians by Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney; and Romney bears away the palm even from Gainsborough.

Our *Beaumont Family Group* (3400) will serve as an accessible illustration. We must admit at once a certain lack of cohesion in the design. The young

man in a green coat is not a sufficiently strong connecting link between the groups to the left and right. And though the mass of the group on the right has a definite predominance, this predominance is threatened by the striking scarlet and white, and strong vertical lines of the figure to the left. The distant landscape, too, by adding to the mass of light on the left, makes it equivalent in quantity to the lady's white dress, and so our attention is divided still further. Had the picture been a small one, we should not have felt the distraction so much; for the eye could comprehend the whole in a single glance. But all large pictures call for a much firmer substructure than Romney has provided here.

The failure has a secondary interest from its bearing on the powers of design which Romney hoped to exercise upon large historical compositions in the days of leisure which never came to him. It is clear, I think, that if Romney had been free to indulge his ambitions in this direction, he would have achieved nothing memorable. The paintings carried out for Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, and the studies for other fancy compositions which he left, point to the same conclusion. He had no instinctive facility or fecundity as a designer, nor was his sense of form sufficient to save him from emptiness and flimsiness. A pleasant breadth of mass and colour, with a painter-like freshness and fluency of brushwork, these were his chief technical assets.

His true strength lay in a realistic vision of which he did not appreciate the importance, and an insight into certain aspects of human character which he did

not fully exploit. This Beaumont group, for example, though painted in 1776-8, has a vivid illumination, a flood of cool natural daylight, which makes even the brilliant *Baillie Family* look conventional, and throws Reynolds into golden obscurity. So far as outward aspect is concerned, making due allowance for the costumes, the group might have been painted fifteen years ago, instead of a hundred and fifty years. The broad brushwork, the clean, direct painting of the stately young man on the left, might have come from the hand of some brilliant modern executant, so true are they to one phase of our contemporary technical ideals. No painter who knows his business will sneer at the craftsmanship which produced that leg and that stocking. But the piece has an excellence beyond its professional merits. Nowhere else do we see quite so clearly the young people of the age as they really were. These young men are as convincing and veracious, as English and individual, as are Hogarth's servants. Were the costumes but those of forty years later, we could imagine them to be some of Miss Austen's heroes—some group at Pemberley, shall we say? with Darcy and Bingley and Colonel Fitzwilliam, all endeavouring most politely to keep Mary Bennet away from the piano. Reynolds's two young gentlemen (754) are but dignified phantoms in fancy dress when compared with these realities of flesh and blood. Romney, of course, in most other respects comes far below Reynolds and Gainsborough, but he had certain gifts of his own which, though intermittent in their action, are so far from despicable that he well deserves his

ROMNEY

BEAUMONT FAMILY (DETAIL)

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR (N.P.C.)

place as third in the great triad, and no other painter of the time can seriously challenge his right to it.

At the end of the century, the place of this triad in London was taken by Lawrence. In Edinburgh, Sir Henry RAEBURN was no less pre-eminent. As the major activities, and the more characteristic manner, of Lawrence belong to the three decades after 1800, consideration of them may be deferred. Raeburn really belongs to the earlier period. In our *Miss Hepburn* (1146) we see him as a follower of Reynolds. A painter of uncommon decision and force of dramatic effect, he appears at his best when painting a head and shoulders in strong light against a dark background. Scotch lawyers and Scotch men of letters, with their massive rugged features and ruddy colouring, provided fine material for his square fluent brushwork. The National Gallery of Edinburgh is the place for studying Raeburn in all phases. But his works in the National Portrait Gallery, such as *Sir John Sinclair* (454), and our *Viscount Melville* (3880), will sufficiently testify to his vigour. His portraits of women and children have now and then considerable charm, but he is often rather flimsy, as in *Mrs. Lauzun* (1837), or a trifle empty, as in *Miss Forbes* (3882), when rendering female beauty. His sense of design was uncertain. Though he painted some dramatic and effective full-length portraits, his elaborate efforts are apt to have an awkward look; a defect which is made more serious by his weakness as a colourist whenever he ventures beyond the harmonizing of a few simple tones. Raeburn's best work is thus somewhat narrow in range and

monotonous in character when compared with that of more creative minds, though individual examples of it will always hold their own, in virtue of their force of presentment and their sound manly workmanship. The other Scotch portrait painter whom we cannot omit to notice is Allan Ramsay, although the London collections contain no example of his painting except State portraits. His self-portrait in red chalk at the National Portrait Gallery will illustrate Ramsay's ability. His peculiar refinement shows best in female portraits : one of the best is in the National Gallery of Scotland.

Ramsay's name takes us back to the early part of the century, when England produced several portrait painters who on occasion could do memorable work. George Knapton at Dulwich shows he was not always slipshod : his pupil Cotes was a capable pastellist and a sound follower of the Reynolds tradition (1281). Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, produced some admirable portraits, as our spirited *Venetian Gentleman* (3727) will prove. William Hoare of Bath, in his *Duke of Grafton* (723) at the National Portrait Gallery, shows that in the portrait of parade and ceremonial he could rival the best Frenchmen of the day. The American-born Copley was more versatile. His historical paintings, like the dramatic *Death of Major Pierson* (733) at Millbank, display quite exceptional knowledge, force and skill. The same qualities, combined with singular freshness and charm, are seen in his group of the Royal Princesses at Buckingham Palace. Copley is, indeed, one of the most consider-

able artists of the time,[1] far stronger than popular men like Beechey and Hoppner, though Hoppner could sometimes paint well, as in our *William Smith* (133), and often as in our *Countess of Oxford* (900) could suggest a pretty face. To this prettiness Hoppner owes his high market valuation; but his workmanship is too loose and uncertain to satisfy the most lenient professional criticism. Opie possessed a more robust talent, though want of sound early training made the fruits of it unequal. Our portrait of *Mrs. Godwin* (1167), and that in the National Portrait Gallery (1237), testify to his ability. *Portrait of a Boy* (1408) is a thing of some beauty; the little *Self-Portrait* (1826) of uncommon power. In these the murky shadows are no disadvantage; but when Opie's brush moves less happily and on a larger scale, the blackness becomes merely dismal.

This list of capable portrait painters might be considerably extended, did space allow, as a visit to the National Portrait Gallery will prove. A goodly list might also be made of the painters who painted portraits and *genre* on a smaller scale. But a few names must stand for the rest. George Stubbs, for example, who is pleasantly but not completely represented by his *Phaeton and Pair* (3529), was an admirable artist, who painted horses and their owners with equal soundness and taste, based upon a very thorough anatomical knowledge. Johann Zoffany, a German who came to

[1] *The Death of Major Pierson*, painted in 1783, anticipates Gros by some twenty-five years. Had Copley been French, he would have been famous as a forerunner of the Romantic movement.

England in youth and settled here, made his name by small theatrical portraits, but gained a permanent reputation by his family groups, of which ours (3678) is a respectable specimen. The best of these groups have no less veracity and much more light and liveliness, of the kind we see in our little head of *Gainsborough* (1487). Henry Walton is better known for *genre* pieces than for portraits. In our *Plucking the Turkey* (2870) we can see for the first time the influence of Chardin upon an English artist. In its charm of mood and plan, and quiet simple colour, it leaves little to be desired; yet, if we think of Chardin, we see that Walton lacked the firm hold upon form and substance which the Frenchman possessed.

We may regret that the fashion of painting portraits on a small scale was not methodically continued by the next generation. The teaching of Reynolds no doubt turned many towards work in a more heroic style: still more, no doubt, were driven to paint large because small pictures were overwhelmed in exhibitions. But the modest scale of Zoffany's best work seems to give an intimacy to family portraits which life-size pictures very rarely attain. And this intimacy is so much a part of our English temper, that a continuance of its realization in this so appropriate form might have added very considerably to our national achievement, besides giving our painters a chance of escape from the monotonous circuit of half-lengths, three-quarter lengths and full-lengths to which, by academic and social conventions, they were for so long unhappily fettered.

COPLEY

DEATH OF MAJOR PIERSON (DETAIL)

WILSON: ITALIAN COAST SCENE

GAINSBOROUGH: WOOD SCENE, CORNARD

Though the eighteenth century witnessed the birth of landscape in England, it had not the least idea of the stature to which that infant would one day attain, and took very little interest in its nutriment or welfare. The connoisseur of Hogarth's youth might prize his Claude, his Gaspar Poussin, or his Salvator. Later generations found employment for a Canaletto or a Zuccarelli, while here and there, especially in the Eastern counties, Dutch landscapes might hang side by side with family portraits. But English scenery, and English painters of it, had very few admirers. Monamy and Mr. Taverner lived and died in small repute. The Smiths of Chichester and Derby fared a little better: so did Lambert, the friend of Hogarth. Wootton achieved a substantial success, because he painted horses and kept his landscapes in the background. Monamy's *Old East India Wharf* (249), in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is the most important work by any of these 'primitives' in our National Collections, and is far more modern in vision and design than we might expect from its early date. Samuel Scott, the well-known London topographer, comes next with his view of *Old London Bridge* (313), quiet, capable, but lacking in light and air. The short-lived and obscure Charles Brooking had a far more remarkable talent. He seems to have been no professional, but a humble employé in the dockyard at Deptford, who in his spare time painted little scenes with shipping. Of these our *Calm* (1475) is an excellent specimen. Some technical training Brooking must have received; and he must have found an opportunity of studying

painters like Van de Velde, or he could never have produced a picture so soundly and delicately worked, so masterly in its atmospheric freshness and silvery tone.

It is time, however, that we discussed a rather older man, the famous and unhappy Richard WILSON. The long-accepted legend that Wilson did not take up landscape till his thirty-fifth year is now being dispelled. He was, indeed, a portrait painter of some repute and conspicuous ability. But he had practised landscape painting too, and the admiration which his landscape work excited in the artists' colony at Rome was not the result of a first experiment. Like Hogarth he had profited by Canaletto's example. The applause of Mengs, Vernet and Zuccarelli made Wilson's reputation in Italy. Upon the strength of it, he had some little success on his return to London. But patrons for landscape were few, so Wilson gradually sank to extreme poverty, from which a small inheritance rescued him only two years before his death. His unhappy fate had not prevented him from exercising a considerable influence upon his contemporaries. By his great successors he was studied and revered. Crome copied him; Turner tried time after time to imitate his effects of tone, and knew that he couldn't quite do it; he was one of Constable's enthusiasms. "Poor Wilson," said he, "think of his magnificence, and think of his fate."

Even now Wilson's merits seem to appeal more to the professional painter than to the general public, if we may judge from the modest price which his work

generally fetches. In some phases certainly it has not the qualities which the average modern taste demands. *The Destruction of Niobe's Children* (110), for example, no longer perhaps affects us, when we see it at Millbank, with the same feeling of incongruity which Reynolds (of all men !) experienced in its presence. Yet the general heaviness of tone militates against complete acceptance. While admitting the grandeur of the design, we feel that it would be a gloomy thing to live with. Nor can the heroic conception, the noble painting of the sky, the light breaking over the slopes of Tivoli in our *Maecenas' Villa* (108), render us insensible to the fact that the dark green shadows are really too dark. Wilson's motto is said to have been, " Claude for air—Gaspar for composition." In this Italianate phase it is common to find his work fuller of Gaspar's blackness than of Claude's sunshine.

The *Lake Avernus* (304), though still a trifle heavy in tone, more nearly illustrates Wilson's particular gift. Only by Claude and, occasionally, by Cuyp (whom Wilson greatly admired) had such an expanse of luminous air been painted. By neither had it been rendered with such largeness of design and with so complete a suppression of every detail which could interfere with space and serenity. These Italian crater lakes, and notably this forsaken littoral of Baiae with its low hills and ruins overgrown and outlook upon the sea, had some special fascination for Wilson, as they had in after times for Cozens and for Turner. There all three found the material for some of their noblest thoughts. Our *Landscape with Bathers* (1290) pre-

sents us with a richer golden glow over hill and plain and quiet waters, a more luminous colouring, and typical specimens of the robust touch which Wilson affected. His airy skies (their quality is best understood if we try to copy one of them) are said to have been produced by floating one layer of liquid pigment over another, a process occasionally repeated five or six times before the artist was satisfied. Wilson is further said to have painted with only one brush, and to have kept choice fragments of 'fat' oil for the solid circular pats of paint with which his foregrounds are enlivened. His singular formula for trees is inexplicable in one who was such a master of the brush, except on the assumption that he regarded trees as mere compositional units, for which his summary convention was to be taken as sufficient.

Evidently the inexhaustible details of foliage and foreground growths were tedious to one obsessed with the larger glories of the wide earth and palpitating sky. How perfectly he could interpret those glories we can judge from the little *View in Italy* (302), a masterpiece of manly painting, firm and solid, yet full of such diaphanous air that the eye travels insensibly and pleasurably over vast spaces filled with silvery sunlight, and is delighted all the while with such harmonies of white and tawny yellow and gray-blue as would make Corot seem arid and Tiepolo seem vulgar. Such perfect examples alas! are rare. Wilson's habit of frequent repainting involved the use of an excessive amount of oil, and this rising to the surface, and turning yellow (as it will do unless bleached by sunshine), has unduly

darkened many of his best compositions. In the *Italian Coast Scene* (2646) we have a design similar to that of the *Lake Avernus*, but light and atmosphere are now interpreted with a broken touch which conveys their quality and vibrancy without a trace of heaviness, while the majestic gesture of the clouds rising far away over the sea invests the whole scene with romantic splendour. Lastly, when he had left behind his sad experience of London and his dreams of Italy, we may see him, as in our *View on the Wye* (1064), retired to his native Wales and approaching nature with a new intimacy.

Wilson's influence was out of all proportion to his worldly success. He had gone to Claude as no mere servile imitator. He had learned much from him, but he avoided uniformly and deliberately Claude's chief defect, the habit of embroidering a large design with insignificant detail. The decision possibly injured Wilson's worldly prospects. Had his trees, for example, been less broadly conventional, Wilson's works might have been more popular. But the lessons which he learned in Italy were all-important as fundamental principles for the rising English School. That a landscape should be built up of large masses of tone and large expanses of light and air, deftly balanced and contrasted and combined: that the whole, from the near foreground to the remotest distance, should be bathed in a veritable atmosphere—an atmosphere in which the clouds actually float, instead of looking like so many white shapes set upon a background of blue paint; that this atmosphere itself should be radiant

and luminous and infinite ; and that all these ethereal qualities could be expressed by broad, solid, simple paint ; these were the basic truths which Crome and Turner gathered from Richard Wilson.

GAINSBOROUGH'S landscape started amid no such favourable influences as those which surrounded Wilson in his Roman days. The sight of works by his fellow countrymen Lambert and Wootton, or by Dutch painters like Wynants, was his only teaching for many years. His passion for sketching the woods and fields round Sudbury and Ipswich did the rest, coupled with a technical experience gathered from his practice as a portrait painter. So in the landscape of his Suffolk period we find one group that is definitely Dutch, another which is, in all essentials, English. Two of our pictures belong to this latter type, the *View of Dedham* (1283) and the larger *Wood Scene, Cornard* (925). For so young a man this *Wood Scene* is a work of extraordinary ambition. Such a study of the stems and foliage of oak trees and brushwood, indicates not only great powers of observation, but a sustained physical and mental effort which those who are painters themselves will best appreciate. The effort too was rewarded. The multitudinous details are so successfully fused with the larger masses, the harmonies of silver-gray, olive-green and tawny brown are so well maintained all over the big canvas, that the picture still holds its own with the masterpieces which hang round it.

Had Gainsborough remained in Suffolk developing this naturalistic manner, he might have anticipated

WILSON

VIEW IN ITALY

GAINSBOROUGH

THE MARKET CART

John Crome. But after he removed to Bath in 1760 he became a town-dweller, and the country which he loved could be revisited only in memory. Memory did not preserve his interest in woodland detail, but it rapidly increased and enhanced his love of light and colour. The expression of this new feeling was greatly helped by his study of Van Dyck, in whose freely-handled works, like the 'Great Piece' at Wilton, he found a fresh technical inspiration. *The Watering Place* (109) at Millbank will illustrate the change. The trees are become great masses of greenery, shapely enough, but belonging to no distinct species. The lighting of the scene, while suggesting a momentary gleam of splendour in the half-hour before sunset, is a noble convention, without a trace of the genuine daylight which had illumined the *Wood Scene*.

The *Watering Place* is distinctly heavy in tone. Setting himself to remedy this defect and, quite in the modern spirit, to fill every corner of his picture with light, Gainsborough finally came to the style of which our *Market Cart* (80) is a typical specimen. Here the technical model would appear to be Rubens, the maker of so many delightful designs in transparent golden brown, touched now and then with filmy notes of more positive colour. But Gainsborough goes farther even than Rubens in his 'divisionism,' in the breaking of the tones into their constituent chromatic elements, so that the hilly distance of the *Market Cart*, with its masterly strokes of pure blue, recalls Claude Monet. And the sunlight plays among the trunks and foliage

with such a wealth of reflected light that the whole picture seems aglow, although when we examine it we find that all this splendour is produced with a few tones of brown and bluish-green.

Even this luminism, this radiance, was not enough to attract patrons. Gainsborough's house in Pall Mall was full of his unsold landscapes, and had he not been a prince among portrait painters, his fate might have been similar to Wilson's. Many hundreds of sketches and drawings attest the pertinacity with which he followed this unrewarded craft, but a full century was to pass before the world could appreciate its excellence. Our *Classical Landscape* (1825) and *Bridge* (2284) will indicate the beauty of colour, the spaciousness and the romantic imagination, so characteristic of the time, which these creations of Gainsborough's fancy contain. The age which followed was bent on realism; and realism, till quite recently, has held the field ever since. Indeed, it may be fairly said that with the passing of Reynolds and Gainsborough, the eighteenth century in England comes to an end. Though they did revive English art, and raise it to a high place in Europe, and lay the foundation for its subsequent triumphs, they really close the roll of the great Old Masters. The painters who come after them, though born well within the limits of the eighteenth century, live on into the nineteenth and belong to it, although some, like Morland and Crome, had passed away before the full spirit of the new era burst forth in the mature Turner and the mature Constable.

CHAPTER X

THE AGE OF TURNER

By his precepts even more than by his example Reynolds dominated the eighteenth century in England. His prestige gave our native painters self-respect: his social and administrative tact introduced a measure of unity into their endeavours: his "Discourses" provided a sound foundation of theory for their studies. Yet all this immense effort to equip England with an organized centre of artistic activity, and a body of principles which, while sufficiently pliant in detail, might still endow the English school as a whole with a character of its own, a character founded upon the noblest examples of the past—all this immense effort failed to achieve its purpose, when brought to bear upon the ineradicable individuality of the national genius. What common measure, for example, can we apply to Blake, the visionary, to Morland of the pothouse, and to the glittering courtly Lawrence? Yet all three made their public appearance when the authority of Reynolds was at its highest. With the next generation every trace of centralized effort is lost, except among the mediocrities, so that the story of English painting

becomes a series of personal biographies having little or no connexion with each other. The Pre-Raphaelites, of course, form a group for a moment: then the sequence is lost once more.

This sporadic tendency may have influenced the repute and material welfare of English artists much more than is commonly thought. A collector who has one work belonging to a group, like the 'Barbizon' group, has a natural tendency to supplement it, if opportunities come, with works by other members of the group. The collector of English work finds few such group-inducements, except in the case of the Pre-Raphaelites and the water-colourists. The patronage of English painting therefore too commonly lacks the incentive due to a logical or decorative sequence, into which a collection of French or Dutch or Italian paintings of any given period will fall quite naturally.

The period intervening between Reynolds and the Pre-Raphaelites is covered by the activities of Turner, so that under his mantle we may conveniently group the various artists who were contemporary with him. Of these the first in date is William BLAKE. So much has been written, and often very well written, about this poet-painter, that our view of his artistic capacities is in danger of being obscured. The elucidation of the vague and grandiose "Prophetic Books"; the disentanglement of some audacious good-sense from the vast cobwebs of his philosophy; the application of academic or naturalistic standards to his visionary inventions, all these tend to distract our thoughts from the flawless perfection of Blake's youthful lyrics, and

from the real value of his artistic achievement. For if his genius was frequently impaired by the faults which beset the visionary, the crank, and the fanatic, it remains genius still, and that of a kind which is no less rare in itself than salutary in its example for others.

Let us put aside all speculation as to the inner 'literary' significance of his art, all discussion of his life, his thoughts, his training, and take his painting as we find it. If we began our study with the *Procession from Calvary* (1164), we should recognize that there was a fine sincerity about this processional design, and that its restful sequences of verticals and horizontals recalled the age of Fra Angelico rather than the age of Reynolds. Yet the impression left by its rather anaemic colouring, gently shrouded forms, and rather timid execution, would be that the work was amateurish. Amateurish too we might possibly call the *Bathsheba* (3007) at Millbank, if its feminine graces were regarded from the point of view of the Life-class, but we could not call it anaemic. On the contrary, all nature here seems bursting into voluptuous life; strange flowers and riotous growths attend the king's illicit passion. There is something Oriental in the warmth and colour of this stately design: in our *Spiritual Form of Pitt* (1110), we might almost think that the artist had actual Oriental paintings in mind, for the glittering golden halo round the head of the central figure recalls Indian or Buddhist imagery. Though the picture, painted in glue-size on a principle invented by the artist, is now grown dark and dim, we can still recognize with what rhythmic felicity the flamelike and

serpentine forms are turned into one great knot of writhing life, and with what fine colour and suggestion of flickering light the vision is presented.

For Blake like Greco could move at ease in an atmosphere of the supernatural. The translation of Elijah is one of those awe-inspiring incidents in the Biblical narrative which might seem to be beyond the scope of graphic art; yet in the astonishing drawing of *Elijah in the Fiery Chariot*, now on loan at Millbank, Blake comes near to achieving the impossible. Neither the terrific personality of the prophet, nor the chariot and horses of fire (how the flames toss and flicker above their arched necks !), are too difficult for his brush, and with what sublime grandeur of mass are they combined. Lastly we may turn to the *Satan smiting Job* (3340), also at Millbank, as a further proof of the artist's imperious mastery of colour and design. The whole scene is dominated by the red wings of Satan spreading huge and bat-like above it, and lighted by the glare of a giant setting sun. This heroic and passionate mood in landscape was tempered by Blake's follower, Samuel Palmer, with a more intimate feeling for nature, which in its earlier phases often anticipates Van Gogh and the moderns.

In Blake's later life the Book of Job provided him with material for what is perhaps his most masterly work. As an engraver he had been trained to a somewhat arid style. But with advancing years his command of the burin increased until in the " Illustrations to the Book of Job " it becomes a rich and supple instrument. And nowhere else does any sequence of

his designs maintain a standard so uniformly excellent. The plate of *The Morning Stars* is famous,[1] but several of the others are hardly less wonderful. That illustrating the words "*A Spirit passed before my Face*" might be instanced. Here the rhythms express the splendours, the majesty and the terror of the Almighty presence no less obediently than they interpreted the rapturous music of the sons of Heaven. The series of illustrations to Dante, a portion of which may be seen at Millbank, exhibits still greater variety and audacity, but is more unequal. If we compare these designs with the other 'imaginative' works of the time, such as the monstrous empty *Lucifer* by Lawrence in the Diploma Gallery, we shall recognize their quality better. Indeed it is with the great creative designers of other countries and other centuries that Blake deserves to be classed. If by the side of an Angelico, a Botticelli or a Greco, his amateurishness, his extravagances and his provincialism show up strongly, his spirit is none the less akin to theirs, and therefore one which the modern artist cannot disdain.

Blake lived and died in poverty. All the great ones of the earth shed their favours upon his contemporary Sir Thomas LAWRENCE. This heir of the grand English tradition of the eighteenth century possessed the powers of hand and eye which mark the born professional painter. He was also indefatigable as a student of the Old Masters, and the collection of their drawings which he amassed, in an age of unequalled opportunities, was the most magnificent which any one

[1] See Vol. I, p. 66.

man has ever owned. But neither his skill nor his taste as a collector was enough to make Lawrence a great artist. His colour sense was not strong, and the easy flattering temper which ensured his social triumph was reflected in his painting. When he had once set aside the heavy tones of the eighteenth century, which survive in works like our *Mrs. Siddons* (785), he developed a style so sparkling and effective, if generally devoid of more serious qualities, as to command immediate success. Always tending to the showy and the flimsy, this style at last became a mannerism which we can study in the portrait of *Miss Caroline Fry* (1307). But in the work of the intervening years Lawrence always displays spirit and knowledge, and sometimes considerable dignity, as in the portrait of *Sir William Grant* (671) at the National Portrait Gallery. The *Pope Pius VII* in the Waterloo Room at Windsor, is a still more brilliant masterpiece. Our *John Julius Angerstein* (129) and *Philip Sawson* (1413) exhibit his powers at a less inspired level, but will serve to illustrate his fluency of brushwork, his eye for superficial effectiveness. So was set a fashion in English portraiture which ruined it for some thirty years or more.

The task of upholding the national credit thus devolved upon the landscape painters, and nobly they performed it. Before we come, however, to the great masters of this Renaissance, two or three painters of the transition period deserve to be remembered. George MORLAND, for example, gave to rustic and sporting subjects a character so lively and picturesque as to gain a favour both immediate and lasting. Indeed

LAWRENCE

POPE PIUS VII (WINDSOR CASTLE)

(By gracious permission of H.M. The King)

WARD: LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE

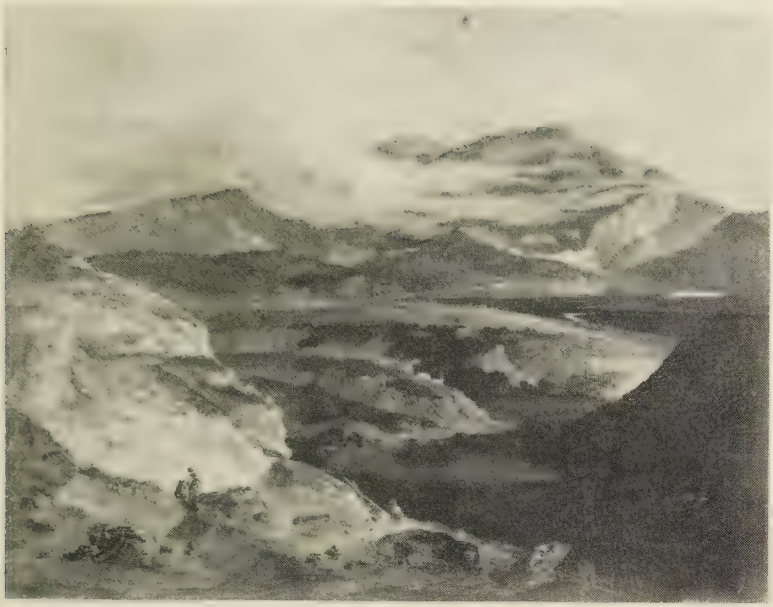
his best work is fresh, fluent and painter-like to an uncommon degree, although his facile compositions, often dashed off, if we may trust the legend, in an hour or two, to satisfy some creditor or to settle a tavern score, seldom have real substance. The longer we look at them the more sensible do we become of their defects in drawing and proportion—defects which an ostensible naturalism helps to aggravate. For Morland, with all his faults, must be numbered among the pioneers of naturalism in England, in virtue of the clear local colour and effects of broad luminous daylight which he introduced, at a time when the conventional 'Old Master' tone was still the fashion. *Rabbiting* (1497) and the pictures at Millbank will illustrate these qualities, and Morland's customary style. Our *Stable Interior* (1030), though more drowsy in tone, is also much more sound and substantial. With Morland may be mentioned Thomas Barker ('Barker of Bath'), at his best a powerful if rather heavy-handed painter of landscapes and rustic subjects. His *Clover Field with Figures* (1039) shows his habitual gravity of mood, and an independence of vision which is not so frequent with him. Too often Barker's admiration for Gainsborough and others led him to imitating them, sometimes with disconcerting fidelity. Of his figure pieces *Lansdown Fair* in the Victoria and Albert Museum is an excellent example.

James WARD was altogether a more notable figure. After winning repute as an engraver, he painted animals in the style of his brother-in-law Morland, but developed far greater anatomical knowledge. His

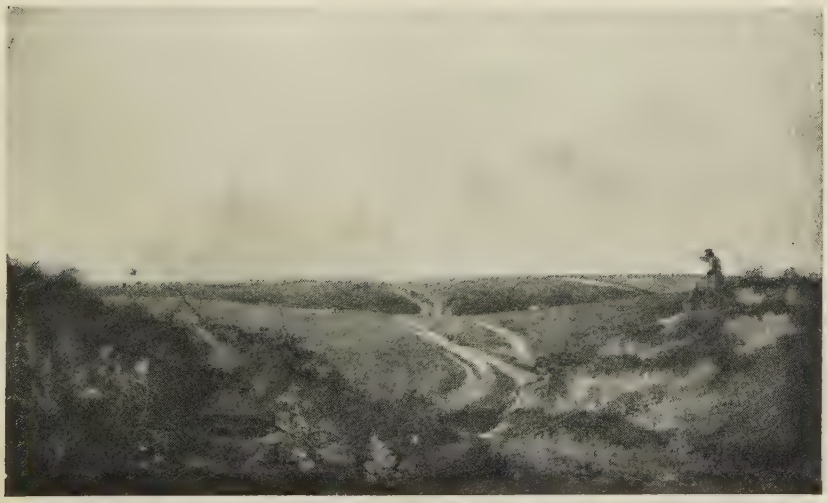
tains were naturally much less familiar to Crome than the characteristics of his native Norfolk; but the conception is so heroic, the lights and shadows sweep so grandly over the hills and hollows, the great curves of the banks and clouds assort so harmoniously with the levels of plains and waters, the translucent silver greens and grays, the loaded golden whites, are laid in with a touch so broad and decisive, as to impress alike the lover of mountain landscape and the professional painter. 'Like a Velazquez' is the phrase for it in everyone's mouth, and, for once, the compliment is not excessive.

With all their excellences, these two pictures are undeniably rather low in tone. This defect Crome now set himself to remedy. Though the example of Gainsborough and Morland played some part in the change that followed, the principal factor in it was admiration for Richard Wilson. Crome worked for a while in Wilson's manner, thereby acquiring some portion of that master's silvery tone and, what was more important, a firm grasp of the broad tonal relation of the earth to a sunlit sky above it, and of all-pervading atmosphere as a bond between them. Henceforth these became Crome's guiding principles. His mature painting, which deals almost exclusively with Norfolk, has the detailed intimacy which comes from local knowledge; yet the local realism is so completely controlled by the artist's feeling for light, and for atmospheric envelopment, that the details rarely obtrude or interfere with the large general design.

Some sacrifice of positive colour was the price paid



CROME: SLATE QUARRIES



CROME: MOUSEHOLD HEATH

CROME: BOY KEEPING SHEEP

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

for this atmospheric and structural unity. Crome's blues and reds and greens and whites are never so sharp and definite as they become in subsequent landscape : they are always immersed, as it were, in a general tone of gold or silver. If then Crome in his perception of luminous effects may appear to anticipate the moderns, his use of colour inclines still more definitely towards the eighteenth century practice, of which he might be described as the last and most perfect product. A few examples may be cited in evidence.

First we may take the *Mousehold Heath—Boy keeping Sheep* at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Here Morland's breezy freshness, and the majestic cloud forms of Cuyp, are glorified by alliance with a grander design, a broader brushwork and a new sincerity. Never has the creamy substance of oil paint been more delightfully utilized ; never have the decisive touches which make for accent or contrast been more crisply put in. Our *Windmill on Mousehold Heath* (926) is wholly different. Here extreme breadth, luminosity and atmospheric fusion were the painter's aims. If we observe how the golden clouds are fused with the faint blues and grays of the sky, and how all this brightness envelops the windmill and the sun-tipped banks underneath, we shall understand what Crome meant when he talked about ' Breadth.' In the South Kensington picture the grain of a rough canvas was skilfully used to give life and vibrancy to the paint. In our *Windmill* this was impossible, the picture being executed on a smooth panel. Luminosity was therefore attained by working with thin semi-transparent films of colour

over a white ground. The former practice resembles in essence that of Veronese and Canaletto; the latter that of Rubens and the Dutch. I fancy some fugitive pigment was used in glazing the little figure in the foreground; its tone is no longer quite convincing.

Crome's principles were still more severely tested in our famous *Mousehold Heath* (689). To impose Unity upon so vast a prospect of rolling downs and massive cumulus clouds was no light task. The windings of the rough track over the undulations of the ground, and the pointing arm of the man on the bank to the right, assist the idea of recession, but such mechanical devices could not by themselves excite the sense of infinite air and space which the majestic distance conveys. That suggestion comes almost wholly from the subtle fusion of the tones of sky and earth, a fusion effected without any loss of form or solidity. It is one of Crome's personal secrets, one which he could not communicate even to his immediate followers.

Lastly, in *The Poringland Oak* (2684) we have a specimen of what Crome could do when he had Hobbema in mind. Crome's modesty led him to attach rather more importance to Hobbema than that painter's average work deserved, and the pictures in which this admiration is most evident are as a rule precisely those in which Crome's peculiar genius appears to be working in fetters. In *The Poringland Oak*, however, the majestic contours of the design absorb all the details of boughs and leafage with which the piece is enriched. We could ill spare those intricacies of foliage among which the sunshine lingers entangled, so materially do

they contribute to the charm which the picture exerts, although as in the works previously noticed, the main effect depends upon the balance of large simple masses, and upon the sense of all-pervading light and air.

Similar qualities of design and a more outspoken rhythmic intention distinguish the painting of *Wherries on the Yare* (1111) by John Sell COTMAN, the single member of the Norwich School who deserves to be mentioned with Crome. Cotman's natural gifts were exceptional. From boyhood he drew with assured accomplishment; his colour was rich and deep, his sense of design almost oriental in its balanced audacity. Various influences supervened. In *Wherries on the Yare* the tone, the brushwork and the subject matter are those of Crome; the sweep of the two great sails, with its echo in the sky behind, represents Cotman's taste for rhythmic gesture. His more characteristic manner relies upon broad, flat, shapely masses of warm and cool colour, contrasted in the fine formal style of the landscape in Sebastian Bourdon's *Return of the Ark* (64).[1] The paintings executed in this admirable classic convention are unfortunately few. Cotman suffered even more than Crome from lack of patronage. His pictures were practically unsaleable, and his later years were saved from poverty only by his appointment as drawing-master at King's College. His native talent was confined by the necessity of giving lessons, and impaired by the incessant manufacture of drawing copies for his pupils. So his work is unequal in quality and inspiration. It is, moreover, so varied that

[1] See Illustration, Plate 10.

a group of four or five examples would be needed to represent it fairly. Our little *Duncombe Park* (3572), though a charming essay recalling the best French Romantic landscapes, is only an experiment. *The Drop Gate* (3632) at Millbank is more typical. Until we see adequate specimens of his architectural designs, of his classic manner, and of his later Turnerian phase, the real Cotman will not be revealed.

If Cotman leaves the impression of a rare talent, usually less in performance than in promise, and wasted by Fortune with prodigal malice, TURNER seems to be one of Fortune's favourite children. The tradition of English watercolour, by which his boyhood was disciplined, was not only sound in itself, but was just ripe for extension when Turner came to it. Drawing in watercolour was no new thing. Dürer had employed the medium with a full-palette of colour ; Van Dyck had displayed the possibilities of body-colour with a freedom of brushwork that is astonishingly modern : it was in common use among the seventeenth century Dutchmen. In eighteenth century England a fashion started for records of well-known buildings, country gentlemen's seats and picturesque ruins. The drawings for these topographical subjects started with a pencil outline ; this outline was then reinforced with faint tones of Indian ink. Finally the whole was tinted with pale washes of transparent colour. The melancholy genius of J. R. Cozens proved that this method could be made the vehicle of profound feeling : this quality, together with his mastery of space, atmos-

phere and softly gradated light, strongly affected both Turner and Constable. The rollicking drawings of Rowlandson exhibited the possibilities of the water-colour medium in a very different field, but for all their spirit and their frequent beauty, they inspired no following except among the caricaturists.

The influence of Girtin was wider and more lasting. Faced with the necessity of exhibiting his drawings side by side with oil paintings (such was the Royal Academy practice), he introduced a freedom of brush-work, a breadth of mass and a strength of tone, which were wholly novel. These qualities were imitated by all the younger generation, including Turner his admiring friend, and Constable who at once gave up his earlier ideals on seeing specimens of Girtin's work in Sir George Beaumont's collection. Turner by his nineteenth year had gained considerable repute as a draughtsman in the older, tinted manner. Then captivated by Girtin's talent he set himself to emulate it. Girtin's early death left the field clear for him, and his place as the first watercolour artist of the time was speedily manifest.

While Turner was thus endeavouring to invest his watercolours with a solidity comparable to oil painting, he was hard at work learning the secrets of that medium. He studied Gainsborough, Morland and others, but Richard Wilson was his chief model, mountains and clouds his chief subject, and dramatic force his ideal. Then the stress of the Napoleonic wars turned his attention to the sea, and to those, like Van de Velde, who had painted it before him. His technical equip-

ment soon became so complete that he outdistanced all his predecessors, as our *Calais Pier* (472) will prove. Like most of his oil painting at this time, the picture is much too heavy in tone, but so surcharged with vitality is it that the blackness is no more fatal than it is with a fine Rembrandt. The design calls for no minute analysis. Huge contrasted diagonals accentuate the strength and direction of the wind ; the long curve of the pier and the boats carries the eye most ingeniously across the water to the gleam of distant light which the advancing squall will blot out in another moment. This power of design is reinforced by powers of observation still more remarkable. No one before had rendered the bulk and volume of a stormy cumulus cloud. No one had drawn boats heaving with such evident realism on the uneasy sea. No one, not even Rowlandson, had drawn such convincing groups of huddled excited fisherfolk. Notice again the full fluid pigment with which all these details, this infinite variety of substances, colours and textures has been brushed in. The curves of the masts and the ropes as they bend to the wind bespeak a master's virtuosity. The sea in particular compels admiration, not only for the suggestion of its mass, its weight, and its complex movement, but for passages of inspired dexterity, like that by which the sudden explosion of the foam is fixed upon the canvas. Such feats of legerdemain are not of course essential to great painting, but we must notice them in Turner's case, to indicate that, by the age of twenty-eight, in matters of technical proficiency he was already a giant.

TURNER

CALAIS PIER (DETAIL)

TURNER: FROSTY MORNING

TURNER: ULYSSES

The convention employed here, as in other works executed by Turner at the same time, might be termed Sculptural, in that form, solidity and large simplicity of masses are the painter's ideals. The natural colour and even the specific character of the things depicted, such as the transparency of water, are subordinated: nor is there any attempt to render the true relations of earth and sky. Those relations Turner now set himself to establish, just as Crome was to do a few years later. Turner's advance looks intermittent, for he continued to make experiments in the manner of other painters, old and modern as the fancy led him. So Poussin and Titian are reflected in his annual exhibits side by side with Wilkie and De Loutherbourg. The paintings and drawings made in Savoy deserve particular notice. There we see the style of Poussin turned to such good use that, had this little group of landscapes been done by any Frenchman, they would have been enough in themselves to constitute him an immortal. More definite aids to progress were a series of delightful studies from nature in oil (Nos. 2680, 2691, and 2695 for example), and incessant rivalry with Claude. The *Sun rising through Vapour* (479) represents one stage in the transition; in our *Spithead* (481) it is well advanced. As in *Calais Pier* we have a majestic design, full of movement, spirit and sound solid craftsmanship, but the black shadows are vanished, and the general effect, though still that of an 'Old Master,' lacks neither light nor quiet colour.

These excellences are conspicuous in our *Frosty Morning* (492). Here a breadth of design, a fusion

of tones, and an intimacy of feeling like Crome's, produce an impression upon the spectator that is out of all proportion to the ostensible means employed. The result is not realism, any more than Crome's painting is realism. It is essentially a harmony in various tones of brown and yellow and gray. Yet the component parts have been selected from nature with so true an instinct, and are blended into such coherent unity, that the essence of the scene is concentrated and fixed upon the canvas with the unforgettable emphasis of some noble poetical fragment. Claude Monet and George Clausen in more recent times have interpreted similar effects with a like sincerity, and a far closer attention to the actual hues of nature, but their paintings seem delicate and charming episodes by the side of the final statements of truth which Turner and Crome have summarized for us in their pastorals.

For some years this fine Wordsworthian quiet persists in Turner's work, oddly intermingled with the most elaborate artifice. Claude was to be out-Clauded: so mythological compositions, bespangled and embellished with every device that an inexhaustible memory could cram into them, continued year by year to astonish the London world. Artifice won the day at last, but for some time the issue looked doubtful. In 1815, for example, Turner's first three exhibits at the Royal Academy were *Bligh Sand* (496), *Crossing the Brook* (497), and *Dido building Carthage* (498).

If we examine *Bligh Sand*, now at Millbank, we shall find in it the same magic revelation of the beauty and dignity of simple things as in the *Frosty Morning*.

Crossing the Brook, with all its delicate airy majesty, is not so simple. Few passages even in Turner's painting are more masterly and give more universal delight than the distant view over the Tamar, over the lofty bridge, the wooded slopes, the water wheel, and the houses basking in the sunshine. Whether we examine the sky or the endless intricacies of the foreground foliage, we are everywhere met with the same lavish invention, the same impeccable craftsmanship. But such universal accomplishment breeds a suspicion. Was rustic Devonshire ever so consistently elegant, so carefully attired for all her apparent disarray? What English trees were ever so incredibly graceful as those which soar above us on the left? If we could peep round their stems over the bank behind them, should we not find ourselves back in the seventeenth century, looking out over the Campagna, with Claude close by, hard at work composing a 'classical' landscape?

The third picture of this year, *Dido building Carthage*, was, of course, a deliberate challenge to Claude, a challenge which Turner's will has perpetuated. Even to-day, when Claude's great gifts are generally recognized, it is the fashion to treat his oil paintings with a certain condescension. His *Isaac and Rebecca* (12), one of the two pictures which Turner chose to compete with, is indeed so hard and cold, that the *Sun rising through Vapour*, though it has never seemed to me to be one of Turner's more inspired productions, may fairly claim to have the advantage. But Claude's *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba* (14) is undeniably a masterpiece in its way. Never has art displayed more

majestically the appearance of direct sunshine and its reflection upon a gently heaving sea. Turner's composition is vastly more intricate, ingenious and, in its way, more spacious. The execution too is controlled by a keenness of sight and a touch far more sensitive, far more decisive, than Claude ever possessed. The all-pervading golden radiance blends into unity the countless details, and contributes not a little to the impression of vast space and mystery which the picture leaves upon us. The result is attained only by some sacrifice of quality in the sky. Either the instability of his paint or the complexity of his method has left inequalities of tone in Turner's sunlight, while the comparatively simple and straightforward painting of Claude has remained clear and unsullied for nearly three centuries.

Some years later Turner followed up this challenge by a visit to Italy, filling his note-books with a series of drawings, quite unrivalled in their rapid elaborate delicacy. But the paintings made from them are generally disappointing. It would seem as if topography now restricted the flow of Turner's invention. His mind was turning more and more to problems of colour and light. Once he had forced water-colours to assume the solid appearance of oil paint. Now the process was reversed, and his oils began to emulate the airy tones of water-colour. The *Bay of Baiae* (505) at Millbank will serve to mark the beginning of the change. Those who know that historic sea shore will see that Turner has conjured its simple topography out of existence. Far more notable, however, is our

Ulysses deriding Polyphemus (508), which was exhibited in 1829.

Everything in this gorgeous masterpiece is translated into pure brilliant colour. Claude, and Turner when in direct competition with him, had interpreted pictorial atmospherics in terms of warm or cool gray. But the atmosphere of the *Ulysses* is all ablaze with rose and gold and scarlet foiled with blue, at one moment pale and diaphanous, at another deep and full. The rays of the rising sun shoot upwards through rank after rank of filmy clouds, glowing with a splendour so infinitely varied that the sky is the most glorious and triumphant thing of the kind in all oil painting. This fiery opalescence illumines a design which is one of the best of Turner's classical inventions. We may pardon the florid incongruities of the galley; they make an admirable contrast to the pyramidal masses of mountain behind, whereon the Cyclops writhes, a veritable colossus half hidden by the morning mists. Though signal good luck must have attended the execution of that radiant sky, the design was prepared with no little thought, experiment and deliberation, as Turner's studies prove. The result has amply justified these preparations, for the English School has produced nothing which is more definitely a work of genius.

After exhibiting the *Ulysses* Turner again visited Italy, and found there, particularly in Venice, the material for many subsequent experiments and inventions. On a visit to Petworth, a little later, he made a number of studies of interiors, chiefly in water-colour, wherein his theories were given free play. Of these

our *Interior at Petworth* (1988) is the most important. It introduced a form of art that was entirely novel. In the *Ulysses* splendour of colour had been applied to a complex mythological subject, and to an effect of sunrise that was definitely based upon recognized natural phenomena. Now the ostensible subject is of the slightest; so is the relation to nature. When we look at this dazzling canvas, we are vaguely conscious of a huge sunlit room, peopled by several lapdogs. They have pulled down a table cloth and are romping among the *débris*. But this incident is a mere pretext for a riot of light and colour. Foaming waves of white and gold and emerald and scarlet flash like jewels in the cataracts of sunshine which pour down from the tall windows. Painting in fact is brought so near to the ideal of the precious stone, that we can without any strain upon the fancy think of this *Interior* as if it were some sheet of polished crystalline rock, dyed with hues more audacious and more vivid than any which nature's vast laboratory has revealed to us hitherto. And if the walls and furniture of a big Georgian house could be thus transformed, was not all his customary subject matter amenable to the same sublime alchemy? Such would seem to be Turner's thought, and he had now no reason to hesitate about the result. His glory and fortune were assured. He could disregard opinion, and follow his dreams of light and colour and immensity just as he pleased.

This I think is the simple explanation of Turner's art in its final phases. If we think of all his later pictures and drawings as approximating to the con-

TURNER: INTERIOR AT PETWORTH

CONSTABLE: ON THE STOUR NEAR DEDHAM

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

CONSTABLE: THE HAYWAIN

dition of slabs of some marvellous precious stone, we shall understand their beauties much better than if we try to judge them by any formal or naturalistic standard. Not that formal or naturalistic beauties are absent. Take for example the *Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus* (523). It is nobly planned. The bridge, and the river rushing through its arches, make an admirable stage for the crowd of spectators, while behind the huge mass of the palace of the Caesars looks down upon the scene, silent and sinister as Tiberius himself. Even in my own life-time the picture has lost a little of its primal glow ; but still its intermingled harmonies of white and pale blue and gold and crimson and blue-black retain some of their opalescence.

To the famous '*Fighting Téméraire*' (524) Time has been less merciful. There is a story that Turner himself loaded the picture with vivid reds and yellows on 'varnishing day' at the 1839 Academy, to outshine a work by Geddes hung just above. Whether this be true or false, the effect now appears so garish, the reds are so out of key with the blues,[1] that the appeal of the painting is sentimental rather than aesthetic. Two Venetian pictures, *San Benedetto* (534), and the *Sun of Venice* (535), now represent quite inadequately the series of colour visions which Turner's memories

[1] In this, as in other pictures, Turner may well have used synthetic ultramarine (French Blue), a pigment always supposed to be quite permanent. But Professor Laurie now regards it as liable to occasional change, and my own experience points to a slight loss of depth of tone in some cases. Such a loss in the *Téméraire* would explain how the delicate balance of warm and cool colours came to be upset.

of Venice conjured up. They have evidently faded, and the full splendour of these dreams of an enchanted city in the sea can be experienced only by an acquaintance with the sketches and water-colours at Millbank. There the ideal of the precious stone will constantly recur to the mind, yet it is still so inextricably blended with a vaporous naturalism, that we derive a double pleasure from these delicate yet intensely stimulating creations. Our senses are first thrilled by the colour pattern, then when we look more closely they are exalted by the vast expanses of light and atmosphere into which these luminous tones convey us.

Take for instance the well-known *Rain, Steam and Speed* (538). The sensitive eye does not concern itself with the structure of that improbable engine, or the substance of that vaporous viaduct, but it delights as Turner delighted in the suggestion of immense heights and depths and stretches of wooded country, dimly apprehended between momentary intervals of showers and glittering sunshine. In the last phase of all, the human element which for so long had played an important part in Turner's work, vanished completely. He retains his command of design and light and colour and movement; his desire for space and atmosphere becomes a megalomania for which Venice is too small: only among the crags and mountains of Central Europe can he find satisfaction, and these he views as if they existed in some dispeopled planet.

It is impossible in a few brief paragraphs to give more than a general outline of the growth and maturity of a genius so amazingly varied in its ambitions. Those

who wish to fill in the outline will find the material at Millbank. There they will be able to study the immense number of drawings which Turner executed for engraving, the famous prints of the "Liber Studiorum," and hundreds of pictures, and studies for pictures, which cannot be mentioned here. The little series of works retained at Trafalgar Square will serve as an elementary guide to that far greater sequence; a host of able writers from Ruskin to Mr. Finberg supply a hardly less voluminous commentary. To the modern painter the later developments of Turner will be the most interesting, because they seem to illustrate those theories of pure aesthetic, of space composition in depth, and of the relations between painting and music which we all discuss. But he is a figure so original and so lonely, both in his outlook and means of expression, that those who have tried to follow his most characteristic phase have seldom escaped without contracting mannerisms. I believe that the one type of Turner to which we can turn with unqualified profit is that of our *Frosty Morning*. From it, as from Crome, we can learn the value of Unity. From the splendours of his later life we must be content if we gather only a few precious technical hints. More intensive study leads the student on till he becomes absorbed by this too fascinating divinity: and such self-annihilation, however praiseworthy it may be in the spiritual life, has not elsewhere conduced to any memorable result.

Turner had been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for twelve years, and had been elected to full member-

ship of that body, before CONSTABLE at the age of twenty-seven exhibited his first picture. Constable's beginnings were no less unpromising than they were tardy, showing no signs of the talent which had made Turner conspicuous from the first. Only devotion to the scenery of his native Suffolk and a vein of gentle persistence sustained him in a long struggle with the elements of his art, and with family objections to a career for which he seemed unfit. He was a man of nearly thirty when the sight of certain drawings by Girtin, in Sir George Beaumont's collection, changed his whole technical outlook. The resulting increase of skill was further augmented by the task of copying a number of portraits, by Reynolds and others, at Ham House, so that in 1810, at the age of thirty-five, his equipment was practically complete.

The unrivalled collection of Constable's work at the Victoria and Albert Museum will enable the student to follow his progress year by year from the halting essays of boyhood. Here it will be enough to say that the example of Gainsborough was his chief guide till his thirtieth year. Then he acquired strength of tone and breadth of design from Girtin, as the sketches (V. & A.M.) made in 1806 during a tour in the Lake District directly indicate. In our *Malvern Hall* (2653) of 1809, the broad masses of Girtin are allied to the silvery tone of Wilson with exquisite results. The picture has that serene unity which we have admired in Crome and Turner, allied to a freshness and variety of quality in the greens which is wholly novel. Similar characteristics distinguish our *Church Porch, Bergholt*

(1245), another admirable work, though without the spaciousness which enchants us in the *Malvern Hall*, and some superb sketches, of which *On the Stour near Dedham* (V. & A.M. 325) is one of the finest. Indeed, if we turn to Constable's sketches of this period the novelty is explained. *Trees and Cottages* (V. & A.M. 324) of 1810, or the *Village Fair* of 1811 (V. & A.M. 128), are studies in which there is no attempt to conventionalize forms, to tone down the sharp greens of foliage, or to arrange the incidence and pitch of natural daylight. For nearly ten years Constable had aimed at this complete naturalism, but with partial and intermittent success. Henceforth his oil sketches are so even in quality that only by minute differences of technique, and sometimes by their subject matter, can we fit them with approximate dates.

By 1815 Constable had mastered the secret of conveying the sparkling freshness of these little sketches into paintings on a rather more ambitious scale, as the substance and sunshine of the *Boat Building* (V. & A.M. 37) will show. Our *Mrs. Constable* (2655) is an unusually delicate specimen of the portraiture which the artist practised from time to time in his efforts to make a living. His landscapes were too original to command any regular sale; but legacies, amounting in all to nearly £30,000, preserved him and his family from serious privation. The progress of his art may be followed by studying in succession our *Flatford Mill* (1273) painted in 1817, a work of evident though successful labour; the solid and luminous *Cottage in a Cornfield* (V. & A.M. 1631) of 1818, and the

smaller *Harwich* (1276) at Millbank, with its airy charm, which appeared in 1820.

The year 1821 was of particular importance, for in it the *Haywain* (1207) was first exhibited. Two years earlier Constable had received the modest recognition of election as A.R.A. The *Haywain* was to bring him wider repute. When exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1824, it created a sensation among the younger French artists. Its striking luminosity of tone set an example in France which was never forgotten. After seeing it, Delacroix repainted his *Massacre de Scio*, and in writing of Constable terms him " le père de notre école de paysage."

We may take this opportunity of considering what Constable had done to deserve this admiration. His sketches prove that for some fifteen years he had painted from nature with a sustained veracity which none of his predecessors had shown. The fresh gray and white and blue of English skies, the infinite variety of English verdure, had never been so truthfully observed. And the rapid notation which was essential if fleeting effects of light and colour were to be caught ere they passed away, compelled Constable to handle his paint so swiftly and decisively that life and vigour and movement came of themselves into his studies. Compared with him, all previous and contemporary landscape in England was not only conventional in tone (though the conventions of Wilson and Gainsborough and Crome and Turner were noble conventions), but with the exception of Gainsborough, all these painters were really static painters. Their

pictures seem full of light and air, there may even be grand effects of storm, but never except in Turner's sea pieces do we feel that the wind really is blowing. With Constable, the grass, the trees and the sky move naturally with the breeze, the leaves turning over and flashing cool light from the zenith.

The separate strokes and touches of vivid colour which gave this vitality, this dynamic quality, to Constable's sketches, were not there found incompatible with a sufficient measure of Unity. By painting on boards of a reddish tint, he was able to neutralize any occasional want of connexion between colours that were strongly opposed and masses that were scattered. But for larger works this bond of union was too weak. When attempting such compositions, Constable till after the year 1815 had to sacrifice the lively movement which rendered his sketches so attractive, and be content with traditional 'static' effects, as in the *Boat Building*. In 1815, as I have noted elsewhere, Sir George Beaumont lent his famous *Autumn—the Chateau de Steen* (66) to the British Institution, with an epoch-making effect upon English landscape. Constable, like Turner and Crome, took Rubens for a model, and found thereby in the course of the next two years a solution for his problem. His large designs were first prepared in transparent monochrome in the Flemish manner, and upon this foundation the picture was worked out in fresh solid colour.

In our *Haywain* this working-out process has been extraordinarily thorough. The texture of old bricks and mortar and plaster and tiles, the character of the

elder bush, the ash, the elm, and the humble plants by the water-side, the ripples and reflection of the water, the structure of the cart, are all indicated with the same sincerity which has noted the flashes of light over the meadows, and the silvery clouds sailing above.

As with other large pictures, Constable prepared the way by means of a full-sized sketch. This sketch (V. & A.M. 987) combines all the light and movement of the finished picture with the added freshness and vigour which comes from painting *alla prima*. It is in consequence one of the works by Constable from which our modern painters have learned most. Indeed the elaborate finish of our *Haywain* has so frequently been imitated by those who have industry, but have not Constable's vigour and variety, that its quality is perhaps now a little staled, especially since we have the magnificent sketch to compare with it. But a century ago it must have seemed a marvel to the French who had never seen anything like it, and we may doubt whether the more freely handled works by Constable which we prefer would have stood the test of time, had they not been fortified by the knowledge, the vigour, the immense observation and the varied accomplishment, which are successfully blended in the *Haywain*.

Similar qualities distinguish our *Cornfield* (130) and the beautiful study called *The Salt Box* (1236). But we must pass these by in order to study the next phase of Constable's development, of which *The Leaping Horse* in the Diploma Gallery is the most perfect specimen. Like the *Haywain* it was preceded by numerous studies and a fine full-sized sketch (V. & A.M. 986).

CONSTABLE: SKETCH FOR THE HAYWAIN

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

CONSTABLE

WINDMILL NEAR BRIGHTON

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

In this case, however, the sketch cannot challenge the picture developed from it. Not only is the design greatly improved in the final work, but the whole scene is there invested with a massive dignity which the sketch has not, and that without any loss of life or vigour. Nowhere indeed has Constable succeeded better in transferring the freshness and vigour of his sketches to a composition in the grand style : nowhere has he balanced verticals and horizontals more superbly, or freed them more completely from stiffness. So vivid is the impression of air and movement that we might almost hear the rustling of the leafage, the lapping of the water and the boughs straining in the wind. Our *Salisbury Cathedral* (2651) and *Weymouth Bay* (2652) are fine examples of sketches executed in a similar vein. The *House at Hampstead* (1246), the *Country Lane* (1821), represent a gentler mood, as does the little *Sea* (2656), and the tiny *Dedham Vale* (2654), an exquisite but rather earlier study.

This gentleness is rarely seen in the products of Constable's final period. After 1825, the health of his wife occasioned continual anxiety ; and her death in 1829 was a shock from which he never recovered. His troubles are reflected in the restlessness of his painting. He frequently attains a feverish brilliance by reinforcing his brushwork with touches of pure pigment laid on with the palette knife, but the brightness and glitter so produced do not wholly compensate us for the loss in solidity and substance. It is true that the work of these last years has had no little influence upon modern methods, yet the results in Constable's

hands were not consistently good. If *The Cenotaph* (1272) with its 'bare ruined choirs,' its lichened monument and windy sky, fulfils its purpose completely, *The Valley Farm* (327) at Millbank for all its dazzle of light on white walls and drifting clouds is just a little unconvincing. In our *View at Hampstead* (1275), the blending of palette knife work, and a brown monochrome foundation is neither agreeable in quality nor significant in result. On the other hand the silvery blues and greens and grays of the *Salisbury Cathedral* (1814) are as brilliant as they well could be. The sketches in the Victoria and Albert Museum reinforce this impression of inequality. Yet the *Study of Tree Stems* (323) might have come from the hand of Manet; a small *Study for the Valley Farm* (143) blends the strength of Courbet with the charm of Corot; the dramatic *Mill near Brighton* (588) is a thing *sui generis*.

The excellent mezzotint of this *Mill* by David Lucas, recalls the series of plates after Constable's sketches over which the painter and the engraver spent so much time, to so little tangible profit. The genius of Lucas was exactly fitted to that of Constable in his dynamic mood, so that these little prints, together with one or two on a larger scale, like the *Salisbury Cathedral* (The Rainbow), really represent the artist's aims so far as anything in monochrome can do. But the fine compositional use of the sky, the admirable balance of masses, and the play of light and shade which these mezzotints exhibit are merely Constable's pictorial foundations. His fame rests upon the superstructure—upon the fact that he could paint our drifting English

clouds, our windswept English trees and herbage, with such an eye for their specific form, their actual colouring and for the relation of these details and colours to the luminous air which enveloped them, as no man before or since has possessed in equal measure. This intensified naturalism involved a variety of touch corresponding to the variety of textures he was interpreting, a variety immensely complicated by the fact that his drawing was the drawing of things in motion. No formula, no deliberate system of brushwork, could cope with such variety. Constable had to lay aside all the shapely fluencies of his predecessors, and invent new manipulative methods as the need of the moment demanded. It is thus that he became the great liberator in the technical, no less than in the spiritual sense, and though a great genius like Turner's must compel admiration, it is to Constable, whose outlook was more like our own in its simple humanity and sincerity, that subsequent landscape painting has commonly turned for guidance.

Among the contemporaries and followers of these great creative minds, a few call for brief mention. The breezy water-colourist David Cox, for example, has moments of real grandeur, as in *The Challenge* (1427) at the Victoria and Albert Museum. There too the rich deep colour of Peter de Wint shows to singular advantage in the *Wooded Landscape* (V. & A.M. 261). Bonington from his association with Delacroix in Paris, and his brilliant executive powers, gained a wider repute. Our *Column of St. Mark* (374) with its rather garish precision has quite a modern look. Bonington's

typical style is more fluent and less substantial, as can be ascertained at the Wallace Collection. Müller too was no profound inventor, but his best work both in oil and water-colour had considerable spirit and vigour, as our *River and Rocks* (1040) will prove. *Snow Scene* (1038) in the Dutch manner, by William Mulready, is another of the many admirable minor products of this transition period. Mulready's *Village Buffoon* in the Diploma Gallery is a *genre* piece of quite exceptional quality, but in figure painting Wilkie took the lead, at his best a true 'little Master,' as our *Blind Man's Buff* (921) and some masterly etchings show. When more ambitious he is commonly not so successful. The figure painting of Etty still retains an attraction for painters, in virtue of his singular power as a colourist. No one has rendered more exactly the tone and texture of the human body when undressed. *Youth on the Prow* (356) illustrates his ability and his chief defect, a certain want of taste in type and treatment. The ideals of the next generation were to be very different, and give this fault a prominence which it might have escaped if the next *arbiter elegantiarum* had been a Courbet instead of a Rossetti.

CHAPTER XI

THE VICTORIANS

It was the fashion a little time ago to dismiss the Victorians somewhat cursorily, as complacent and perhaps rather smug materialists. There was undeniable truth in the criticism. Yet among the greatest men of the time were many outspoken rebels against this complacency, and these make, on the whole, such a distinguished gathering that they may fairly be held to have leavened the general lump. The writings of Carlyle, with Disraeli's "Sybil," are typical of the revolt against materialism which first found vent in letters, religion and practical philanthropy. The movement in the arts was less active. The artist in England had never occupied a place comparable to that of his French contemporaries. In France he was a public personage contributing to the national glory. In England he remained, with very few exceptions, a kind of artizan, working for hire at a craft which was not really fit for a gentleman. So the efforts made by the Prince Consort and others to place the arts on a sounder footing, were constantly hindered and mis-

applied, because the gulf which separated the finer artistic intelligences from the well-meaning cultured gentleman was too wide to be bridged by any official measures. If the mismanagement of the infant National Gallery found a happy issue in the Report of the Commission of 1853, and the appointment of Sir Charles Eastlake as Director with almost absolute power, other undertakings were less fortunate. The competitions for decorating the Houses of Parliament entirely rejected Alfred Stevens and Ford Madox Brown. Watts, it is true, received prizes and a commission; Dyce, a sound artist, was favoured; but the chief rewards went to men like Maclise.

Anecdote and *genre* painting of a pretty provincial type remained the prevalent fashion, though in these competitions the influence of the German revival under Cornelius began to show, in the search for a larger vision, a style more firm and austere. Rethel's famous *Dance of Death* also left a deep impression on the young. The search led finally to interest in the great Italians. These did not become familiar to the rank and file of English painters till after 1857 when, with the purchase of the Lombardi-Baldi pictures, the National Gallery obtained the nucleus of a first-rate Italian collection. The earlier artists who did not or could not visit Italy, had thus to be content with such help as they could derive from copies or engravings. It was a book of Lasinio's arid prints from the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa which first fired the youthful enthusiasm of Holman-Hunt, Millais and Rossetti, and led to the founding of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite

Brotherhood in 1848. Their association lasted only five years. In 1853 Millais was elected A.R.A., and Holman-Hunt soon after set out for the Holy Land. But in the brief interval they had acquired a repute and a notoriety, out of all proportion to the small number of paintings which they had produced. They had found a valiant literary champion in Ruskin; they had gathered round themselves a group of followers who did excellent work, and were exercising what was, on the whole, a most beneficial influence upon many others outside their immediate orbit.

Each of the three leaders contributed something to the new faith. Holman-Hunt with devout fanaticism stood for the highest moral ideals, the most unflinching veracity to natural appearances. Millais set the technical standard; his precocious gifts of hand and eye enabling him to perform feats of minute and elaborate accomplishment which the others emulated with tolerable success. Rossetti's mind, steeped in literature and poetry, supplied the imaginative culture which humanized for a while the Puritanism of Holman-Hunt, and diverted the nascent materialism of Millais. So the strictly Pre-Raphaelite works have certain features in common. The subjects are chosen from notable scenes in history or literature, absolute veracity demanding that the characters represented should not be painted from ordinary studio models, but from persons who in feature and temper approximated to the required type. To this ethical and metaphysical ideal of truth there was added a physical truth of detail, which made no allowance for atmosphere, but regarded

nature as an aggregate of innumerable small facts, each separately and sharply observed.

For this crisp, vivid and minute notation a special technical method was invented. A ground of flake white mixed with a few drops of copal varnish was laid on the priming—or occasionally on the back of primed canvas—and on this ground, before it was quite dry, the work was carried out with small brushes in pure colour. The method was analogous to that of the early Flemings, in that it depended for its brilliance of effect upon the luminosity of the white ground shining through the thin film of colour laid above it. It had certain disadvantages. There was a risk of cracking from the unequal drying of the ground and the paint; there was a risk of opacity, if by heaviness of touch the ground was disturbed, an opacity which will be noticed in some of the later work of Holman-Hunt and others. What was more serious, the method precluded all that breadth of handling, that play with large masses and spaces, which is an all-important factor in good design. Pre-Raphaelite painting, in general, thus tends to the condition of the miniature, in which minute detail and gem-like colour have to make such amends as they can for the absence of other, and perhaps greater, pictorial qualities. This defect is most noticeable when Pre-Raphaelite works are hung side by side with pictures painted in a larger style. They are our English analogy to the Early Netherlanders, our Van Eycks and our Memlings, and, like them, they need a wall or room to themselves. When this is provided, as at Millbank or in some of the fine provincial collections,

we can enjoy their quality without having disquieting comparisons forced upon us.

One other fact must be noticed. The technical standard set by Millais was exceptionally severe. Yet such was the enthusiasm and application of his following, that even the least of them for a time acquired powers of hand and eye which in any other period would have been considered exceptional. And for twenty years or more this relative excellence continued. The admirable design and executive power of the 'Illustrators of the Sixties' was a direct inheritance from the example set by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The faith of Sir Joshua Reynolds that man's latent artistic powers, if not far greater, are at least far more capable of development than he suspects, could have no more convincing proof than this general Pre-Raphaelite accomplishment. None could overtake or pass the leaders in the race: few had the strength to sustain all through life the pace which those leaders set. But effort and enthusiasm did undeniably enable men of quite modest natural talent, to train that talent and to utilize it to such purpose that, had we not been familiar with the circumstances, we might be forgiven if we mistook it for genius.

The young artist of to-day will not usually have much sympathy with Pre-Raphaelite ideals, yet I think he might do worse than consider the movement from this standpoint, as an instance of what well-directed energies may do in obtaining first-rate results from material not all of it first-rate. We all of us know how a successful teacher, or a successful athletic coach, can

find talent year after year in groups of young men who, in other hands, would have been mediocrities. The Pre-Raphaelite record is a proof that the Fine Arts, in this respect, differ in no way from other forms of mental or physical proficiency, if the inspiring leadership be there. Herein perhaps is the real difference between talent and genius. Talent can utilize ideas: genius creates them. That their respective products may sometimes be so nearly indistinguishable is an encouragement and consolation for those of us who belong to the rank and file.

Three works from the Royal Academy of 1850 serve as a starting-point for study. HOLMAN-HUNT sent *Claudio and Isabella* (3447), now at Millbank. Here, for the moment, he shows much of Rossetti's dramatic intensity, and not a little of Millais' technical skill. Nowhere else is his colour more clear and transparent; Isabella's face is the one rather cold passage. Nowhere else is Hunt more undogmatically human. Three years later he painted the well-known *Light of the World* at Keble College, Oxford, and on the proceeds of the sale went to Palestine in 1854. There, away from the influence of Millais and Rossetti, his strict evangelical temper found free scope. The record of his later years is one of elaborate compositions, like our *Triumph of the Innocents* (3334), in which a crudity of taste, especially in the iridescent colouring, tends to neutralise the impression which their general competence and conscientious fervour would otherwise leave. In one early design however art and enthusiasm combine with singular power. The wild figure

HOLMAN HUNT: THE SCAPEGOAT

MILLAIS

AUTUMN LEAVES

Manchester)

of *The Scapegoat* by the shore of the Dead Sea is a great original creation. Not only is it perhaps Holman-Hunt's most complete and typical achievement, but it is one of the few things in British Art since the time of Turner, where a daring conception has been carried through without any sort of compromise.

There was little compromise, too, in the contribution of MILLAIS to this exhibition of 1850, if we may judge by the storm of abuse which his *Christ in the Carpenter's Shop* (3584) excited at the time. It may already show the anecdotic tendency which later was to be his ruin, it may lack some unity of atmospheric tone, so easily suggested now that France has shown the way. Yet it proves, none the less, that the youthful Millais in facility of design and execution had little to learn; especially when the *Ferdinand and Ariel* exhibited with it is taken into account. This vivid little picture (in the Makins Collection) has atmosphere, fancy, and a concentrated completeness of effect which the larger picture has not. Two years later Millais showed our well-known *Ophelia* (1506). Wonderful workmanship in the painting of the river-side greenery, together with singular freshness of conception and of colour, are not sufficient permanent compensations for want of tone, atmosphere and real design. So, for all its brilliant detail, the picture does not quite hold its own among things more broadly and firmly constructed. In *The Order of Release* (1657) of the next year, 1853, Millais obtained unity by means of a dark background and a scale of tones recalling the daguerrotype. His election as A.R.A., which

followed, was the signal for the breaking up of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Still his power for the moment increased rather than diminished. *Autumn Leaves* (Manchester) and *The Blind Girl* (Birmingham), both shown in 1856, are perhaps his masterpieces. Austere minds may find too much sentiment in each of them, but *Autumn Leaves* remains a thing of pensive beauty, which might hang without discredit by the side of a Titian or a Giorgione, and the *Blind Girl* has not only the typical Pre-Raphaelite intensity, but a breadth of design which the Brotherhood seldom achieved. Two years later our *Vale of Rest* (1507) shows the decline beginning, but it is still an impressive picture compared with the work of the painter's mature period. Of this the *Yeoman of the Guard* (1494) and *Mrs. Jopling* (3585) are favourable specimens.

It was Millais' good fortune to meet in his impressionable youth with men of character and genius, who for a while inspired him to employ his talents in a field which he would never have found for himself. It is his misfortune to be blamed for reverting to type when these influences were removed and their memory grew faint. The phenomenon is common enough with us, and the case of Millais has acquired prominence only because the gifts, the influences and the products of his youth were so exceptional.

Among these influences that of ROSSETTI comes first in importance, if not in time. From the beginning, the realistic part of the Pre-Raphaelite creed made but little appeal to him, compared with intensity of feeling and design. Our *Ecce Ancilla Domini* (1210) has really

ROSSETTI

THE DAMOZEL OF THE SANCT GRAEL

very little of the minute notation of natural detail which we find in Hunt's *Claudio and Isabella*, and in Millais' *Carpenter's Shop*, with which it appeared in 1850. On the contrary, the colours no less than the forms are selected to make a design, as definitely almost as those in a Japanese colour print. This design is vitalized by a mystic brooding atmosphere, typical both of Rossetti himself and of the many whom he influenced. Being of an impatient temper, he never thoroughly mastered the oil medium, preferring to work out his most elaborate conceptions in water-colours, with a technique which he devised for himself. In such water-colours, of which Millbank has a fine series, design and imaginative power of no common order are supported by a mastery of expressive gesture, and a harmonious contrasting of the most vivid colours—scarlet, and emerald green and deep purple—which many a mediaeval illuminator would have envied. Unluckily Rossetti's pigments were relatively fugitive, and have lost in several cases much of the noble saturation of hue which originally distinguished them. Nevertheless, in their colour, their variety of firm rectangular patterning and their fervour of conception, these water-colours, and the kindred black-and-white drawings, are not only works of art of a rare and fascinating order, but also the most sympathetic interpretations of the "Vita Nuova" and of the literature of chivalry which the world has seen. *Arthur's Tomb* (3283) will serve to show Rossetti's creative intensity; the *Damozel of the Sanct Grael* (3061) to illustrate the Angelico-like beauty of his colouring and to justify his technical method.

Nevertheless, the method was dangerous, and too often produced textures which are more gritty or more woolly than we should wish them to be.

Gradually Rossetti's inventive power declined. He became more and more enthralled by certain aspects of feminine beauty, of which *Fazio's Mistress* (3055) and *The Bride* (3053) are favourable specimens. With the more compact and intensely felt *Beata Beatrix* (1279) we have a momentary return to Dantesque imaginings, inspired no doubt by the death of his wife, who had so often been the model for Beatrice in happier days. The languorous mood of this picture grew upon Rossetti, supplanting the too opulent materialism of his earlier feminine ideals, but with it came an indolence in rhythm and technique which he never shook off.

The story of the Pre-Raphaelites has been written so frequently and so completely that I need go into no further detail, except in the case of a few of the artists associated with them. MADOX BROWN, for instance, was already a well-trained artist when the Brotherhood came into being. In our *Christ washing S. Peter's Feet* (1394) we see Pre-Raphaelite intensity of feeling blended with the larger sense of design which Madox Brown derived from a training on the Continent. The result is one of the most complete and powerful paintings of the time. In his *Work*, at Manchester, Madox Brown achieves a triumph of odd vivacious realism. A compact, nay crowded, design is filled with quaint expressive detail, alive with movement, and flooded with blazing sunlight. Experimental, unequal, gro-

MADOX BROWN

CHRIST WASHING S. PETER'S FEET

FRITH : DERBY DAY (DETAIL)

tesque even, Madox Brown rarely lacks a certain angular force, a pleasant austere distinction.

Among the many excellent works by minor artists which the movement produced, the first place belongs to *April Love* (2476) by Arthur Hughes, in which singular tenderness of feeling and execution is allied to a vernal sharpness of contrast between the lilac dress and the vivid green leaves. *The Death of Chatterton* (1685) by Henry Wallis, *Too Late* (3597) by W. L. Windus, *The Dewar Stone* (1477) by J. W. Inchbold, and *Pegwell Bay* (1407) by the experienced veteran W. Dyce, are examples of the various directions in which Pre-Raphaelite influence spread, and the very considerable technical ability which it conferred. In *Pegwell Bay*, as in Millais' *Order of Release*, the influence of the daguerrotype counts for something, but the determination (so typical of Pre-Raphaelite faith) not to compromise with this leaden evening on the Margate sands, counts for still more.

And Frith's *Derby Day* (615)? It was finished in 1858 when Pre-Raphaelism was well established. Was Frith in some measure affected thereby? At all events, he never before or after came so near to working on Pre-Raphaelite lines. He was not one to suppress a natural tendency towards anecdote, in favour of the loftier ethical ideals which the Pre-Raphaelites claimed; but here he did make an immense effort to come as near as he could to their minute metallic execution. The unbiassed observer will thus find much admirable painting even among the obvious sentimentalities in the foreground. The crowd in the distance is more than admirable. It

is a real crowd, and yet as we look at it we find it full not only of diverting incident and witty observation, but of a handling no less witty. There is a delightful little group of 'bookies' in the mid-distance, and a suggestion of an acrobat seen in relief on the horizon to the right, which in spirit and lightness of touch are equal to anything which the most brilliant Frenchmen have done. J. F. Lewis worked more definitely, though independently, on Pre-Raphaelite lines. In spite of Ruskin's praise, he never seems to have been appreciated so much as his admirable works deserve. *The Siesta* (3594) gives some idea of his fine colour: *Edfou* (1405), at Millbank, of the delicacy which he combined with it. In the study of effects of light Lewis was in advance of his time, and though the use he made of his gifts inclined more to the picturesque than to the scientific, he is one of the few men of the age who, in design as in luminosity, maintained a consistent standard.

While these new activities were disturbing the public and the reluctant official world, one of the very greatest of all English artists was labouring in comparative obscurity. In 1842 Alfred STEVENS, after nine years of study in Italy, had returned to England at the age of twenty-five. For another sixteen years he worked as a designer for various architects and commercial firms. Then he received a commission from Mr. Holford for decorating the dining-room at Dorchester House, a work which, with the Wellington Monument in S. Paul's, occupied him for the rest of

his life. Like Michelangelo's tomb for Pope Julius II, the monument was a source of endless trouble, opposition and delays, and was not finally completed till 1911. The Dorchester House decorations were never completed. We can judge them only by certain fragments, many drawings, and by the help of the few portraits and subject pieces which Stevens painted.

In him, for the first and only time in England, some great Italian Renaissance craftsman seems to be reborn. His two little pictures of *Judith* (1922) and *King Alfred and his Mother* (1923) are striking illustrations of this : they belong quite clearly to the age of the Medici, not to the Victorians. The truth is that the drawings, the cartoons, and the sculpture of Alfred Stevens have the substance, the power and the serenity of some great Florentine of the year 1515—one who knew Raphael and Michelangelo, but had a gift distinct from theirs, more suave and rather more rhetorical, but at once so instinct with the large heroic confidence of Greek art, and so independently observant of natural character, as to constitute a new and original genius. Was it from some far-off ancestor of the old Roman stock that this instinctive sympathy with the great art of the past was reproduced ? In France, far more completely Latinized, these revivals are not uncommon : in England Stevens is a wonderful solitary phenomenon. By some of our critics, of course, he is dismissed as no more than a super-excellent aesthetic *chef de cuisine*. Even if that were so, there is surely cooking which amounts to genius ? But the contents of the Stevens Room at Millbank will prove

him no mere imitator : his portraits show the profound science and insight from which his decorations draw their potency. Of these our *Mrs. Collmann* (1775) is perhaps the most fascinating. And we shall have to go far before we meet again with painting so broad and limpid and shapely, and yet so firm and subtle and solid. Its quiet strength is equal to any company however formidable : you may turn from it to Ingres or Holbein or Raphael, and still feel that the Englishman holds his own. The sketch of his friend *John Morris Moore* (2132), that savage critic of the infant National Gallery, shows that in a more trenchant mood Stevens could rival Goya.

With WATTS too this affection for the past was an abiding motive; but it was not an irresistible instinct, being always controlled by an intellect and temper characteristic of the best type of Victorian Englishman. His lofty idealism was encouraged by the award of a prize in the 1842 competition for decorating the Houses of Parliament. Travelling to Italy on the proceeds, he was lucky to find a friend in Lord Holland at Florence, so that in the intervals of studying the great Italians he met much of the best society of the time, and obtained a firm footing as a portrait painter. By portraiture he was able during the whole of his long life to support himself, and to have leisure for his larger ambitions. Watts, however, did not treat his means of livelihood, as so many have been content to do, as a mere serviceable profession. On the contrary, his portraits show the same unsparing effort, the same generous purpose, as do his allegorical compositions,

STEVENS

KING ALFRED AND HIS MOTHER

STEVENS

MRS. COLLMANN

and to many it may seem that in virtue of their direct contact with nature they are the most definitely satisfying of all his products.

His women portraits often combine beauty, freshness and dignity in a manner almost lost since the eighteenth century. But it is upon his male portraits that his reputation is founded. Nothing in its way could be better than our *Russell Gurney* (1654), so clearly realized, so firmly drawn, so clearly painted, and so nobly coloured. The series of famous men of the time which he painted, with characteristic largeness of mind, for the National Portrait Gallery, has perhaps done as much to immortalize the Victorians as any of their own doings. In some cases the effort to dig deep into the sitter's personality has left its mark upon the pigment, giving it a fumbled or laboured quality, of which the professional painter will not approve. Yet the psychological result in almost every case is so convincing, that a Watts portrait remains a standard by which we judge all other likenesses of the sitter, and sometimes his personal achievements too. The massive head of *Lord Lawrence*, with its troubled sombre pigment, and the intense disillusioned splendour of *Cardinal Manning*, will serve to show the wide range of the painter's insight.

Watts was deeply sympathetic to the idealistic and philanthropic movements around him. Being denied the opportunity of devoting himself to mural painting on the heroic scale, to which his training and his ambitions inclined, he turned to the making of allegories on canvas. His purpose was " to show the happiness that

might result if the higher human aspirations could be realized." The epoch of materialistic realism which ultimately closed about him, was naturally unsympathetic to all such 'literary' and didactic ideals, so that neither his aims nor his work have retained their repute.

And it must be admitted that the painting of allegories is hedged about with danger, especially if the allegory has any sort of didactic intention. That intention will be sure to interfere time after time with the functioning of the aesthetic sense. The painter will constantly be tempted to make his meaning clear at the expense of his picture. Even historical or subject painting is open to this peril. When painting approaches the world of abstract ideas the risk is immeasurably greater. For in that world our range of pictorial symbolism is very narrow. Most of us, indeed, can recognize the accepted imagery for Love, and Time, and Death, and the Devil; we may guess that a young lady in white stands for some sort of Holiness, as a helmet and armour probably denote Valour. Any considerable extension of this narrow list cannot be understood without a label or commentary, so that the aesthetic effect of allegorical painting is apt to be at its lowest when its ideals are most exalted.

But if the didactic purpose be put in its place—a secondary place—allegory may then offer to a great artist just the same opportunities that any other kind of figure painting provides. The most famous prints by Dürer, the most famous decorative works of Veronese (like Nos. 1318 and 1326) are cases in point. We admire these superb allegorical designs for the

aesthetic and technical qualities which led the artist to conceive them and execute them. The thread of fancy out of which they are spun is a secondary matter. Sometimes the attempt to unravel it may be amusing ; at others we are content to remain puzzled. In Bronzino's *Venus, Cupid, Folly and Time* (651), the imagery explains itself. Before Titian's so-called *Sacred and Profane Love* in the Borghese, we remain a little perplexed. Does one lady mean Virtue and the others Vice ? And if so, which is which ? Or does one represent Medea and the other Circe ? Who knows ? And what sensible person cares ? Where superb figures have so superb a setting, what else matters ? Does not, indeed, the uncertainty (as with Dürer's *Melancolia*, or Michelangelo's genii in the Sistine) rather add to the enchantment ?

There is nothing then essentially unreasonable in allegorical painting. But the didactic element in Watts made it perilous work for him, the more so because his eye for form was not always on the alert. There are inequalities in his huge *Story from Boccaccio* (1913), there is an emptiness in his *Echo* (1983), which recur not infrequently in his later products. These inequalities are multiplied by his habit of lingering over his creations, of constantly retouching them till they lost their first freshness, and by the fact that he made replicas of many of his best designs, replicas which have not quite the vigour or the delicacy of the originals. For these reasons only a modest proportion of the paintings by Watts which are accessible to the London public reveal his full capacity.

Our *Love and Death* (1645) for example is only a replica, though a good one, of an earlier original. The design is justly famous. The centre panel of the *Eve* triptych (1642) "*She shall be called Woman*" is perhaps the most powerful and brilliant work by Watts which we possess at Millbank; in breadth of mass, as in dazzling light and colour, it is one of the noblest products of the time, as the *Psyche* (1585) is one of the most exquisite. *Time, Death and Judgment* (1693) should be compared with the earlier version in S. Paul's Cathedral. It will be apparent at once how this noble design has suffered by enlargement and inflation. The Watts Gallery at Compton near Guildford is the other considerable nucleus of his work. In it we may note similar inequalities, but one masterpiece, the *Jacob and Esau*, deserves to be mentioned, even in so brief a note as this. A few words, too, must be devoted to Watts as a colourist. Though various influences, Rubens, the Venetians, Michelangelo, Correggio, and (very frequently) the Elgin Marbles, are traceable in his work, Watts is never dominated by them, but turns them to his own purpose, as is a master's right. This is particularly true of his colour. In his mature painting he is wholly original, handling orange and bright green and rosy red and deep blue and scarlet with no less vigour than novelty. His landscapes at Compton indicate that the atmospheric iridescent quality in his figure pieces was founded upon a study of nature, which while it evidently started on Titianic lines, comes at last to something not far from Claude Monet.

WATTS

CARDINAL MANNING (N.P.G.)

WATTS

"SHE SHALL BE CALLED WOMAN"

In 1860, while Watts was still in an early stage of his artistic growth, Pre-Raphaelite enthusiasm was turning into a new channel. Skilful wood engravers had already created a demand for illustrated papers and magazines : the fashion now spread from serial publications to books. The illustrations by Rossetti to Moxon's edition of Tennyson led the way. The accomplishment of Millais was exhibited in the same field. His " Parables " and his scenes from contemporary fiction are free from those inequalities of taste and tone which so often marred his painting. They were accompanied and succeeded by the brilliant group known as ' The Illustrators of the Sixties.' First come Charles Keene, artist and humorist, Frederick Sandys, and A. Boyd Houghton with his superb illustrations to " The Arabian Nights." Du Maurier, Pinwell and Tenniel are also notable. Leighton and Poynter, Whistler and Madox Brown were among the many who made occasional essays in this popular art. Though the method of engraving was more creditable to the skill of the craftsman than to the pure tradition of the craft, the results produced were admirable. Force, delicacy and spirit alike were at the command of the men who so patiently cut away the tiny intervals between each line that the draughtsman had sketched on the wood block, so that the finer products of this movement never lose their charm.

The regular group of designers for these illustrations did little other work except in water-colour, but one of them, Fred Walker, achieved no little fame as a painter in oil. The taste and delicacy of perception

which his contemporaries admired, may seem to us now too frequently overcharged with sentiment and with a pseudo-Greek idealization of rustic manhood. But *The Plough* (3158), at Trafalgar Square, is a real effort to bring back to landscape the breadth and grandeur which Crome had immortalized. *The August Moon* (1142) by Cecil Lawson is another heroic effort to escape from the prevalent disunity.

Over the numerous able painters who acquired repute and fortune between the seventies and the nineties it is necessary to pass quickly. In almost all cases their talent was vitiated by the anecdotic habit. The ingrained idea that every picture should first and foremost 'tell a story,' even when that story was not itself trivial and sentimental, distorted their aims. So the taste and accomplishment of Orchardson were frittered away upon drawing-room pathos, as was the talent of Pettie upon historical *genre*, and it is only here and there, almost by accident, that some chance canvas shows what these men might have done. *Miss Martineau's Garden* (3671), by Sant, at Millbank, dated 1873, is as frankly observed and delicately painted as any contemporary work of the Manet group. Poynter's *Visit to Aesculapius* (1586) has, in its rather chilly way, a science and accomplishment not inferior to the best French work of the type and period. Leighton's damaged frescoes of *The Arts of War* and *The Arts of Peace*, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, had once a character which his waxen easel pictures rarely attained. The honest naturalism of such work as *Catspaws off the Land* (1604) by Henry Moore, at

Millbank, might in other surroundings have led to larger issues.

Two survivals from Pre-Raphaelite days were more effective. William MORRIS, poet and designer, ventured into painting only once, but *La Belle Iseult*, lent just now by his daughter to Millbank, indicates that in feeling for tone and mass he was superior to most of his colleagues. In the great reforms which he carried out in decoration and furniture he owed something to the help of Walter Crane, specially known as designer of children's books, and much to his life-long friend, Edward BURNE-JONES. As young men they sat at the feet of Rossetti, upon whose style in water-colour Burne-Jones founded his own method. A possessor of the so-called ' Celtic ' temperament, its dreamy melancholy romance, with its taste for involved serpentine ornament, passed into his work. But he had the true decorator's feeling for design and colour, so that the tapestries, and in particular the stained glass windows which were made from his cartoons, are the finest things of their kind which the century produced. His paintings cannot be so unreservedly commended. He was a delicate, if mannered, draughtsman upon a small scale. But his sense of form was not complete enough to stand the ordeal of expansion. So when in later years, as an exhibitor at the Grosvenor Gallery and the New Gallery, his name was coupled with that of Watts, and his paintings increased in size along with his repute, they produced a feeling of dilution, of weakness and emptiness, the more manifest because the fundamental

inspiration was often languid. *The Golden Stairs* (4005) at Millbank will illustrate this debility. In the large *King Cophetua* (1771) a waxen polish creates an unpleasant surface quality without concealing the basic defect. On a modest scale, as in the *Perseus* series (3456-58), his rhythm "of woven paces and of waving hands" is almost always felicitous.

This somewhat anaemic refinement became the fashion in intellectual London, where the resulting 'Aesthetic' movement was complicated and disturbed by one remarkable personality. WHISTLER had made his first appearance at the Royal Academy in 1860. By birth an American, he had studied in Paris in company with the younger followers of Manet and Courbet. When Paris became interested in Oriental art, he was one of the foremost enthusiasts. Not only did he carry his devotion to Japanese art so far that in his paintings and etchings Europe is, as it were, Orientalized, but he also acquired a firm grasp of the principles underlying these novel appearances, principles which he maintained with a tongue and a pen that were no less nimble than his brush. His lectures and his newspaper controversies, combined with his unconventional appearance and behaviour to attract public attention in London. From the beginning Whistler had shown exceptional taste in design, and exceptional feeling for the quality of his pigment. In *The Little White Girl* (3418), exhibited in 1865, we see this taste under the nascent influence of Japan, and a temporary influence from his friend Rossetti. The

WHISTLER

MISS CICELY ALEXANDER

WHISTLER: LITTLE WHITE GIRL

WHISTLER: CREMORNE LIGHTS

influence of Japan in this case is one of externals—the general pattern of whites and other light colours, as in some Japanese prints, and the branches of the azalea springing abruptly from the lower edge of the frame. In strong contrast (one might almost say opposition) to all other contemporary work, the picture is notable for its lack of literary 'content.' It tells no story; it is only a record of a gesture seen against a background, with a few touches of pretty colour in the fan, the flowers and the blue vase, to give value to the whites and the delicate tone of the hands and face.

The next phase was one of portraiture, in which the study of Velazquez was added to that of Japan. The portraits of *The Painter's Mother* in the Louvre, of *Carlyle* at Glasgow, and of *Miss Cicely Alexander*, now most generously bequeathed to the Nation, are famous and typical examples. In them Whistler's theories are carried to their logical extreme. Not only is the element of rhythm refined to the utmost, not only is each picture painted from a restricted palette made up of a few most carefully selected and balanced tones, but each stroke of the brush is complete, fluid and final. In *The Little White Girl* the brushwork was tremulous, showing traces of hesitation and correction: the colour, though simple, was naturalistic. In the portraits, by continuous scraping out and repainting, all evidence of effort was removed, and the minor variations of natural colour were disregarded, so that the result might combine restful harmony of tone with direct and masterly execution. These qualities Whistler attained, and in addition a rare beauty of decorative pattern, but not

without a considerable loss of vitality. The figures thus cunningly set in these arabesques of black and gray, belong to their artificial world, not to our own. "Whistler considered art had reached a climax with Japanese and Velazquez," so runs a significant record of his table-talk in 1876. For a moment it would really seem as if his art, in grasping at an ideal blending the most perfect developments of Eastern and Western design, had lost its hold upon Life. Perhaps that is a necessary result of pursuing the pure aesthetic.

In landscape this danger was averted by his admiration for the Thames as it flowed near his quarters in Chelsea, for the silvery twilights which transformed the factories on its bank to palaces and campanili, for the picturesque old shops and by-streets, and above all for old Battersea Bridge, in which he found a perfect parallel for the great timber bridge at Tokio immortalized by Hiroshige. Hiroshige's naturalism, indeed, not only fitted in exactly with Whistler's feelings for the London waterside, but incidentally gave him hints both for novel designs and for a more complete reconciliation of art with nature. In *The Fire Wheel* (3419) Whistler was only adapting to modern methods a class of subject which the Japanese artist had treated long before. Hiroshige's prints of firework displays by the Yedo river are relatively crude. Though he used simple methods with rare refinement, he never attained (and his medium perhaps did not permit) such dreamy atmospheric effects as that in *Cremorne Lights* (3420) or the *Old Battersea Bridge* (1959), at Millbank, a work which figured in the notorious 'Whistler *v.* Ruskin'

trial. It is incredible now that these delicate miracles of pattern and colour should have found no defenders in 1878, so inveterate was the prejudice in favour of anecdote and detailed finish, a prejudice which, as the evidence of Burne-Jones indicated, was in part a legacy of Pre-Raphaelism. These two river scenes indicate admirably the ideal of pictorial execution at which Whistler aimed. Each is made up of broad washes of liquid colour, applied to all appearance as directly as a house painter might apply them, with a few smaller touches equally crisp, to give shape and such few details as were essential. The whole result depends on the scrupulous selection and adjustment of the limited scale of tones which the subject required, and on the feeling of perfect craftsmanship which any limpid decisive brushwork, when undisturbed by hesitation or correction, inevitably conveys.

Though America has now recognized her absent prodigal to such purpose that the market value of Whistler ranks with that of the great masters ; though the portrait of his mother has now been translated from the Luxembourg to the Louvre ; though his theories of selection and arrangement are logically irrefutable ; still Whistler's name and work carry little weight with modern students. To them he is simply an able decorator, whose neglect of three-dimensional quality puts him irremediably out of court. And a certain lack of ' content ' in his work, with a not infrequent lack of vitality, we must admit. The lack of ' content ' was no doubt partially due to reaction from the anecdotic and ' literary ' art by which he found himself

surrounded. He was by temperament incapable of following sheep-like in the way of his fellow men, and in this matter of 'content' his natural instinct for opposition was confirmed by his aesthetic creed.

In strict logic, pictorial beauty must be a matter of form and colour and pattern. To these elements any ulterior significance, any didactic or illustrative purpose, is from the correct aesthetic standpoint quite secondary, if not wholly irrelevant. Hence many of his works, perhaps a numerical majority, are as he termed them, 'Arrangements' in this or that scheme of colour, into which any appeal other than the purely sensuous appeal finds its way only by accident. As I have already indicated, this may be in accordance with the logic of pure aesthetics, but it undoubtedly tends to a loss of life and substance compared with works in which the motive of the design has been less highly rarefied.

CHAPTER XII

THE POST-VICTORIANS

The Whistler *v.* Ruskin trial of 1878 was the first faint indication that the days of Victorianism were numbered. Though Whistler was derided by the contemporary Press, and though the verdict went against him, the intelligent sections of the art world did not feel comfortable. It was dimly apprehended that behind such momentary animosities as the trial called forth, there was a formidable challenge to the current artistic faith. Whistler's capacity as painter and etcher was undeniable: his exposition of his theories, when he condescended to forgo petty personal polemics, was clear and to many convincing. The more thick-skinned intellects of the time did not recognize that two irreconcilable principles were at issue. So far as it is possible to extract any central doctrine from Ruskin's voluminous eloquence, he stood for "Truth to Nature" in the sense that the average Englishman would use the term, implying in general a scrupulous adherence to the details of natural phenomena as they are apprehended by scientific and

structural knowledge. Genius, in the case of painters whom he favoured, might occasionally select from these truths, or even suppress them to gain some particular end, but could make no headway without them. All other aspects of art must necessarily be subordinate to scrupulous veracity, and to the lofty ethical purpose which was its spiritual complement. The right to select, to arrange, and to render with broad simple craftsmanship, regardless of moral or intellectual considerations, was a heresy not to be tolerated; as Whistler found to his cost.

The exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, over which the dispute arose, was in itself a challenge, albeit a gentle one, to Academic omnipotence. The subsequent exhibitions there, and afterwards at the New Gallery, became identified with the 'aesthetic' movement, and with the work of many whom the generally trivial standards of Burlington House had failed to satisfy. Yet these mild respectable Secessionists were themselves too deeply infected with Ruskinism, or at least with our insular love of prettiness, to make any effective protest. It was with a new generation, and in much less fashionable surroundings, that the liberating spirit appeared.

The appointment of Legros as Slade Professor at University College in 1876, brought a group of young students into touch with the Continent. In Paris Legros had associated with the prominent painters of the day: Courbet, Millet in particular had influenced him. Yet he had remained a devout adherent of the great Old Masters, above all in their capacity as

draughtsmen, and this interest, coupled with a faith in memory training derived from Lecoq de Boisbaudran, he passed on to his students. So permanent was the tradition which he established, that the intensive study of drawing, coupled with constant reference to the work of the great masters, has ever since been the backbone of Slade School teaching and the chief factor in its triumphs. As an artist Legros was dignified and capable, with a certain breadth of style both in painting and etching which set an admirable example to others, even though the themes upon which he employed it were seldom quite original.

Ten years later, in 1886, the young painters who, either through Legros or by some other channel, had come to know what was happening in Paris, found themselves wholly out of sympathy with the aesthetic and academic standards still current in England. It was essential that they should find a place where their work could be judged and shown without the prejudice inevitable elsewhere, and so that humble democracy the New English Art Club came into being. From the first it relied largely upon the teachers and students of the Slade School, but it quickly became, and has remained, the most generally recognized testing ground for youthful aspirants from other quarters. In the course of forty years, most of the men who afterwards achieved distinction in England have at one time or another been connected with the Club, therefore its foundation may serve as a starting point for discussing their doings. So considerable however, and so varied is their combined accomplishment that, for the sake

of clarity no less than that of brevity, it is necessary to restrict the discussion (as I have done elsewhere) to a few typical figures, and their work at Millbank.

When the Club was founded the tide of Impressionism in France was still running strongly, and two or three prominent members received their baptism in it. Of these STEER comes first. So consistently is Claude Monet's method applied in his early painting of *Yachts* (3668), that the work might be that of some unknown Frenchman. Retaining this luminosity of tone, Steer soon abandoned the Impressionist technique for a broader and more emphatic brushwork, for which the sketches of Constable furnished an ample precedent. Like Constable too he achieved his most conspicuous triumphs in landscape by concentrating upon English scenery as modified by passing light and shadow. *Painswick Beacon* (3884) will illustrate Steer's resemblance to his great forerunner. *Richmond Castle* (3193), though somewhat heavy both in tone and pigment, will serve to show the key of green and silver in which much of his best work is conceived. *Chepstow Castle* (2473) will indicate his power in water-colours: his command of the most aerial Turnerian effects is no less masterly. The *Music Room* (2872) is an example of the blonde silvery tone of his figure-pieces: the excessive impasto, however, may not be conducive to permanence. Lastly in *Mrs. Raynes* (3803) we have a portrait as sensitive and complete in its expression of personality as any portrait well could be. Many modern portraits make a stronger first impression: not one of them is more sympathetic or

STEER

MRS. RAYNES

STEER : PAINSWICK BEACON

more profound. Of Steer's many capable followers Russell, both in portraiture and landscape, approaches him most nearly.

Had Steer not lived we might think more of Mark Fisher, another student of Impressionism, who applied it steadily all through his long life to English country scenes, like *Feeding the Fowls* (3553). So excellent in colour and so luminous are Fisher's works that they deserve, and will probably retain, a permanent place among the recognized products of Impressionism, a place which would no doubt have been accorded to them already, but for the lack of unity which often mars their designing. No such charge could be pressed against CLAUSEN, who came to Impressionism after an apprenticeship under the spell of Bastien-Lepage. *The Girl at the Gate* (1612) records this phase, which gradually developed into a searching study of country scenery and farm life, to which the example of Millet and Monet contributed. Such a mixture of influences might have resulted in mere competent eclecticism, as in so many cases, had the various factors not been controlled by an extraordinary personal sincerity, coupled with a passionate interest in the phenomena of sunlight and the problems of pictorial design. Clausen has thus summed up the labours of the field and the barn, the play of quiet sunlight upon haystacks and summer leafage and winter hoar frost, in a series of small compositions where English intimacy of perception and charm of colour are allied with the formal completeness which we associate with France. *Gleaners returning* (2259) will show one aspect of this alliance :

the best examples of Clausen's landscape are still in private possession.

Born in Florence of American parentage, trained in Paris but resident in London, SARGENT enjoyed for the greater part of his life almost unchallenged pre-eminence as the painter of English society. His experiments in other fields of figure painting were far less frequent than those of Reynolds, though the charming *Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose* (1615), with its play of half-lights and decorative colour, reveals a potential capacity which the decorations executed for Boston in later life somehow failed to evoke or to develop. And, like Gainsborough, he found relief in landscape from the business of painting portraits, playing like a practised virtuoso with any complicated problem of blazing sunlight and strong colour which his holiday travels might suggest. These brilliant essays, particularly those in water-colour, are wonderful feats of observant dexterity, though they are perhaps more striking at the first glance than permanently attractive. They are brilliant snap-shots, having all the freshness of a momentary impression, but also its disadvantages.

It is however by his portraits that Sargent will stand or fall, and we are fortunate in having at Millbank quite exceptional opportunities for appreciating them. The study for the portrait of *Madame Gautreau* (4102) proves the severity of his early training ; in the drawing of passages like the arm and wrist we see the fine perception of form upon which his subsequent power was founded. The group of *The Misses Hunter* (4180) is

CLAUSEN

GLEANERS RETURNING

SARGENT

ENA AND BETTY WERTHEIMER

one of several famous large pictures in which, as Reynolds had done before him, Sargent interpreted contemporary womanhood. No one will question his competence, though a certain smartness in the characterization makes him look a trifle superficial by comparison with the older master's innate sense of the English temper. Sargent in fact was a cosmopolitan, to whom all nationalities came alike, so that he appears at his very best just at the moment where the ordinary Englishman or Frenchman would be puzzled. For example, in the famous portraits of the *Wertheimer Family* (Nos. 3705-3713), he gives just such dignity or charm or character as the sitters possess, but makes no compromise with facts that others might think unbecoming or unpictorial. Lawrence, who had much of the same glittering facility, made this compromise so readily that we can rarely trust him. Sargent indeed, inclining to the other extreme, has often been accused of deliberate satire, I think unjustly, when he has merely accentuated, as all naturalistic draughtsmen tend to do, such slight deviations from the commonplace as good fortune sends to them. The Wertheimer portraits are now so well known as to call for no detailed analysis. It is sufficient to say that the *Asher Wertheimer* (3705), *Mrs. Wertheimer* (3706), *Eva and Betty Wertheimer* (3708) and *Alfred Wertheimer* (3709) are masterpieces of characterization and vitality in their several ways. In *Lord Ribblesdale* (3044) we have a vivid impression of a wholly different type of being; but in emphasizing the type some of the intimate personal attractiveness of the subject has been lost.

And it must be admitted that in the matter of design Sargent possessed neither the infinite variety of Reynolds, nor that assured sense of pictorial structure which turns each variation upon an old theme into a new creation. He painted the thing before him with assured accomplishment, but when any elaborate setting was needed he often found himself in difficulty. So his best works are generally in substance no more than a figure set upon a dark background, and such dark backgrounds, involving as they do a corresponding strength in the other shadows, are far from being a decorative advantage, even in the case of a supreme genius like Rembrandt. With Sargent they are an element of actual danger. His rapid brushwork called for liquidity in the pigment. This liquidity he obtained with linseed oil and, as all painters know, linseed oil if used too profusely tends to crack in drying, even when the risk is not intensified by premature varnishing. But cracking is not the sole danger. Any excess of oil quickly darkens and yellows the pigment mixed with it, so that we need not wonder if a part of Sargent's work is already losing its primal freshness. I have tried to suggest elsewhere why the virtuoso in the arts is seldom of profit to the student. His faults may be imitated; his gifts are incommunicable. That I think will be the case with Sargent, in spite of the clever men who, very naturally, have tried to borrow his brilliant plumage.

Sargent's name is become a household word. That of CONDER is almost forgotten. Yet so wonderful and instinctive was his talent that Conder in his prime

seemed like some stray divinity, no dread Olympian, but a faun from the rout of Dionysus who, after wandering among the roses and apple-blossom of Normandy, had come out into the crowd making holiday by its shores and casinos. These ephemeral votaries of pleasure he observed as one who had long ago watched the same ancient comedy with Watteau and Mozart and Casanova, so that memories of the past and present became mingled inextricably upon the silk panels and fans which it pleased him to decorate. There Conder disposed his dainty figurines, his pearly festoons, his jewelled medallions, his beribboned arabesques, with a fanciful audacity of design and a varied loveliness of colour for which there is no adequate parallel, and of which his extant works, alas! rarely give us any suggestion. For this magical gift was entrusted—such was the caprice of Providence, such was the misfortune of the English School—to fabrics that are crumbling, and to pigments so fugitive that often only a few brownish stains now stand for the vanished radiance. In other cases the blues and yellows have faded out entirely, leaving a relatively permanent crimson in dreadful supremacy. The chemistry of coal-tar colours was in its infancy then, and Conder's name in consequence was written in aniline dye. His works in oil have lasted better; but they never showed quite the same genius as the fans, and in his later years were wholly unworthy of it. So the true Conder can be only a memory, enduring no longer than the lives of the people who knew him. Yet in such works as our *Spring* (4221) and our *Windy Day, Brighton* (3645),

showing respectively the influences of Monet and Whistler, some reflection of that exquisite talent may still be discovered by those who now have little more than Mr. Ricketts's memorial essay [1] to tell them what Conder was.

To BEARDSLEY, Conder's younger contemporary, barely ten years of active life were given. Yet in that brief period between his school days and his death he achieved an European reputation by his drawings in black and white. After being strongly influenced by Burne-Jones, his rare feeling for line and pattern, and somewhat sinister fancy, found new sources of inspiration in the Japanese and in Greek vase painting. The profuse embroidery of his earlier style gave place to an ostensible simplicity, in which a few pen lines of extraordinary refinement were reinforced by masses of black disposed with fantastic adroitness. His illustrations to "Salome" are typical specimens. The extraordinary decorative quality of the style was quickly recognized. It had a powerful influence upon other illustrations, and in particular upon poster designing, both in England and upon the Continent. The controversies over the 'decadent' movement in art and letters with which he was associated, spread Beardsley's name still further. Then under the influence of the French engravers of the eighteenth century, and some hints from Conder's fans, his mood became lighter. He ceased to be 'the Fra Angelico of Satanism', and in his illustrations to "The Rape of the Lock" achieved

[1] *The Burlington Magazine*, April, 1909. Reprinted in *Pages on Art*. By Charles Ricketts. London. Constable, 1913.

CONDER

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE: FAN

ORPEN

THE KNACKER'S YARD

a masterpiece of delicate comedy, expressed with an elaboration of pure line that is even more wonderful than his previous economy in its use. The malefic and antinomian mockery of his former phase had made Beardsley's name; he was then clearly intent upon shocking a still Victorian public. The aesthetic effect of his later drawings is marred by no such distracting impressions. They are beautiful things, done for sheer delight in line and pattern and arabesque and dainty satire; done too with a fastidious perfection which, when English art comes to be justly estimated, will place Beardsley among the most gifted of all who have ever drawn in black and white.

Beardsley had received some teaching under Fred Brown at Westminster, before that artist succeeded Legros as head of the Slade School. There with Steer and other most able assistants, Brown continued and developed the tradition of good drawing which Legros had established. Of these teachers TONKS (now himself Professor) was the most notable. His *Rosamund and the Purple Jar* (3717) will illustrate his power of combining light and colour in the vivid key of the present day, with a searching technique like that of a well-taught Pre-Raphaelite. Much of his time however has been devoted to pastel, which he handles with the same scrupulous refinement, and a still more luminous beauty. Though he criticized his own work still more severely, the exceedingly high standard which Tonks exacted from the Slade students quickly produced remarkable effects. In *The Doll's House* (3189) by Rothenstein (now also a Professor), we see the

tradition of Daumier so perfectly adapted to the spirit of the time that the result is a little masterpiece. Ibsen was then the fashion, and Augustus John, whose portrait the picture contains, was the coming man. In *The Ear-Ring* (3176) by M'Evoy, a still more sensitive temper revived the method of Metsu and Terborch with a modern breadth of touch. Both these painters have since gained repute by work in a brighter key (M'Evoy, indeed, became the recognized interpreter of the spirit of ' Society ' girlhood and womanhood), but these early pictures prove how much they owe to their initial training.

The youthful products of ORPEN and John reinforce this evidence. In *The Mirror* (2940) by the former artist, the dramatic tone-contrasts of Daumier are happily blended with a luminosity and ordered proportion which recall Vermeer. Time has deepened the general key of the painting since first it made a student's reputation at the New English Art Club, but the promise it then showed has been amply fulfilled by the lively series of portraits, fancy pieces and war pictures which stand to Orpen's credit. Like M'Evoy he has long held a prominent place among the most vivid portrait painters of the day. His brilliant almost metallic accomplishment in this field, is lightened not infrequently by a vein of whimsical humour ; but this finds full vent only in some of his fancy pieces, where Orpen is seen at his very best, a fitting successor to Rowlandson and Goya. This phase of his work unfortunately is not yet represented at Millbank, but of his powers in portraiture and his vivacious dexterity

The Model (3530) will be conclusive proof. *Summer* (3673) and the clever *Jane*, *Evelyn*, *James* and *Helen* (2998) represent Connard, another brilliant painter, distinguished from his student days by the blazing sunlight which beats upon his fields and figures, and the possessor of decorative powers which are rapidly increasing.

The greatest however of all Slade students is unquestionably Augustus JOHN. Like the rest of them his training was that of a draughtsman, and was based on the practice of the Old Masters, not upon the contemporary developments of Impressionism in France. His earlier drawings had a vitality and a delicacy worthy of the great Florentines, and the draughtsman's temper survives in his painting. This has left an opening for some modernist critics who, being unable to deny his powers, are not sorry to find an excuse for depreciating the use he has made of them.

His temptations were obvious. A draughtsman pure and simple may become so absorbed in thinking about form for its own sake, that he will attach comparatively little importance to its setting, to the relation which it bears to the space enclosing it, or to any other form with which that space may have to be shared. But these spatial relations are of cardinal importance when it comes to making a picture, and in an age which has studied them so intensively as ours, more especially in connection with the rendering of solid three-dimensional form, the least indifference or neglect can easily be represented by our heresy hunters as a crime, if not as an imbecility. Yet upon pictures like the

well-known *Smiling Woman* (3171) all this petty criticism beats in vain. Nothing more substantial, more truly monumental, has been painted for many years, and the massive form is inspired by the fierce, almost sinister, vitality characteristic of John's best portrait drawings. Much of his work is experimental or casual, and somewhat lacking in substance, so that it is usually in portraiture, where his immense natural facility is controlled by the need for precise execution, that his power is most fully displayed. No one for example in modern times has drawn really difficult passages, such as the lines about the eye, with such masterly decision. If we compare a famous portrait of later date, the *Madame Suggia* (4093), with Sargent's *Eva and Betty Wertheimer* (3708), we can see that such decisive accents are common to both. John, however, employing them more forcibly and more freely, preserves in his picture the crispness and vivacity of a good drawing, while in the Sargent the accents have to contend with the sheen of satin, and the glitter upon gilding and porcelain. These accessories undeniably give a sumptuous effect appropriate to the subject, yet the simpler and more definitely modelled draperies in the *Suggia* accord in style with the rest of the portrait, and so help it to a more complete pictorial unity.

It was inevitable that power so conspicuous should beget many imitations, nearly all of them futile, because John's casual products are too slight to bear repetition by feebler hands, and at his best he is a virtuoso whose gift, like Sargent's, is as incapable of being transferred to others as are his hands or his eyes. The few

JOHN

SMILING WOMAN

JOHN

MADAME SUGGIA

pictures painted by his sister, Miss Gwen John, reveal another remarkable talent, with a sensitive insight into the more intimate recesses of feminine temperament and a technique of corresponding delicacy. *Girl with a Letter* (4088) is a characteristic example. Many women indeed have done excellent work under the influence of Slade teaching, of whom Miss Ethel Walker is, perhaps, the most ambitious. Her decorative panels, like the *Nausicaa* (3885), with their admirable rhythm and fine colour, would have attracted attention long ago in any country but England, where the taste for such things apparently does not exist.

In a survey like this, it is impossible to deal with the multitude of admirable drawings and water-colours for which the Slade School is responsible. But even a summary ought not to omit the short-lived J. D. Innes. Taking some hints from Hiroshige, he produced a number of small landscapes in oil and water-colour which display an audacious rhythm of design, a quality too rarely seen in English work. *A Waterfall* (3804) will illustrate this virtue and his intense vitality ; the vivid light and colour of the oil-painting *South of France* (3468) indicate that in a more realistic vein he could rival the strongest Frenchmen.

While the influence of Steer and Tonks is evident in most of the landscape and figure draughtsmen, the study of architectural subjects has been re-vitalized by Muirhead BONE. Méryon, Rembrandt and Piranesi have been Bone's chief teachers, but he has worked so consistently in the presence of nature, and upon a range

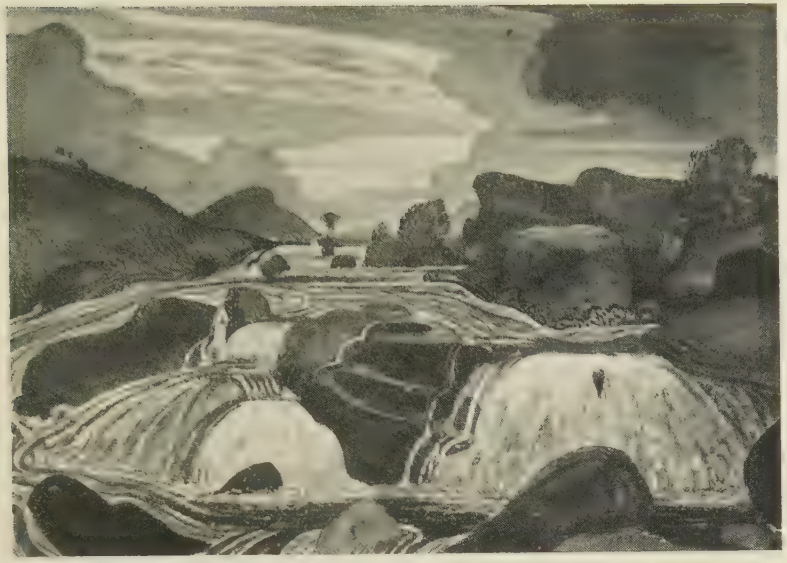
of subject-matter so wide and so novel, that his output is essentially an original creation. Though he uses etching, drypoint, charcoal, pen and wash with equal ability, his most remarkable drawings perhaps are those in lead pencil. With this humble implement he produces effects of great breadth covering an unequalled wealth of precise yet vivacious detail, so that whether he deals with the sunlit walls of France and Italy, or with the shadows and scaffolding of a London street, he is always the same compact lively master. Certain tricks of hand, due to the speed essential in such work, are the single defect the hypercritical might discover in an achievement for which there is no real parallel. Its variety may be estimated at Millbank and the Imperial War Museum.

It will be noticed that the Slade School teaching, while it originated in France and learned much in the matter of luminosity from the Impressionists, was founded principally upon the example of the Old Masters, and kept aloof from the more recent Continental movements. Its Continental parallels are to be found among the fresh and natural landscapes of Hans Thoma in Germany, or of Prince Eugene in Sweden, and in the work of such men as Hammershoi, the Danish Vermeer, rather than among the Post-Impressionists. Nor were the Slade students the only abstainers. Lucien Pissarro, who maintains the strict Impressionist faith handed down to him by his father, has never deviated for a moment in the direction of modernism. Walter SICKERT also, the most clear-sighted of Whistler's pupils and a teacher whose

ironical commonsense has exercised a great influence on many young English painters, has kept to straightforward methods. The steady adjustment of facts to the requirements of art has been his sole concern. From the example of Degas he acquired freedom and variety of design ; to these he added a just perception of tone, more particularly of the delicate purple grays which count for so much in urban landscape. A whimsical interest in the humours of the music-hall and in the drab life of the lodging-house, contributes a personal note to these technical powers. *Café des Tribunaux, Dieppe* (3182) is an admirable specimen of a street scene by Sickert ; his *Ennui* (3846) is surely boredom incarnate ?

The foundation of the International Society in 1901 brought England once more into touch with the Continent, while a number of English and Scottish painters found, for the first time, a stable habitation in London. Among them the leaders of the Glasgow School were prominent. They had worked out their own salvation, chiefly with the help of such pictures by Whistler and the Barbizon painters as existed in Scottish collections. The decorative naturalism which resulted had considerable influence at the time, both here and abroad, and several of the leaders of the School have retained their repute. GUTHRIE in particular is recognized as perhaps the most solid and scholarly portrait-painter of the time. Lavery, less substantial, but more overtly decorative, has gained a still wider vogue. Guthrie is not as yet represented at Millbank, an omission which it is to be hoped Scottish patriotism will make good,

but Lavery can be adequately judged by *La Morte du Cygne* (3000), and the vivid interior No. 3598. In landscape, whether in oils, water-colours or etching, CAMERON holds the first place. No other landscapist of our time has sought more arduously for serene breadth of effect and painter-like quality in his brushwork. Inheriting the fine fluid technique which Lauder passed on to his pupils, Cameron has given it a new richness and substance, so that his best work is no less admirable in material than in design. Our *Ben Ledi* (3209) and *Stirling Castle* (3204) are characteristic examples. It is instructive to compare the latter with Corot's *Papal Palace at Avignon* (3237), a somewhat similar motive, so that the relative merits of the two traditions may be fairly balanced. STRANG, though a Glasgow man by birth, was a pupil of Legros, and with Holroyd, afterwards Director of the National Gallery, shared that master's mantle. Strang's work in oils is uneven, and often unequal to his gifts. Insatiable curiosity, a ready hand and a quaint freakish humour, led him to play with motives borrowed from older masters till his real self was half-buried. *Bank Holiday* (3036) represents a final phase. But he was a strong draughtsman with a thorough knowledge of the technique and tradition of etching, an art which he practised with uncommon assiduity. If even there we still find reflections in plenty of Dürer and of Rembrandt, of Goya and of Legros, the personal element now shows plainly, and the personality is so vigorous, so versatile and so impressive, that Strang's seven hundred plates will keep his name alive, quite apart



INNES: A WATERFALL

CAMERON: STIRLING CASTLE

STANLEY SPENCER

TRAVOYS ARRIVING (Imp. War Museum)

DODD

from the masterly portraits, like *Henry Newbolt* (2079), which link him with contemporary literature.

I owe so much to Strang's example and friendship, as I do to Cameron's, that I find it hard to write of them, or of SHANNON and RICKETTS, two pillars of the International Society, who with infinite tolerance encouraged my first efforts. Both were well known from youth; Shannon as a lithographer (2431 and 2432), Ricketts as a wood-engraver, as a pioneer in the revival of printing, and as one of the few painters who was also a man of letters. Both were ardent collectors, particularly of Greek and Oriental art, both had the whole tradition of painting at their finger-ends. Shannon was specially attracted by Van Dyck and the great Venetians, and there is a Titianesque splendour about his portraits and compositions which we see nowhere else to-day. The portrait of *Mrs. Patrick Campbell* (2995) is an admirable specimen of the manner in which Shannon applies a traditional science of material and shapely brushwork to the subtleties of modern feminine charm and the luxury of a modern environment. Ricketts has turned no less instinctively to France, and in Daumier and Delacroix has discovered a stylistic foundation for the richly coloured drama to which he has devoted his singular imaginative gift. His *Deposition from the Cross* (3325) shows that he does not fear to treat a time-honoured subject, and can endow it with a new vitality. *Don Juan* (3221) is perhaps more completely characteristic, the great curtain swept half across the room by the advance of the Commendatore being a motive which he has

employed with effect in more than one tragic design. Success as a sculptor (3005 and 3188) and as a designer for the theatre, must be added to the roll of his accomplishments.

It is impossible to mention a tithe of the capable painters whose work appeared in these exhibitions, and at the Royal Academy. Indeed the Royal Academy has now absorbed most of those who had achieved a reputation outside it, and for some time manifested a standard of taste and a relative breadth of view which have done much to revive its prestige. Two clever pictures at Millbank testify to the abilities of J. J. Shannon, an American by birth, who for a while, divided the favour of London Society with Sargent. *Phil May* (3825) is a thoroughly effective piece of portraiture, more kindly than the similar type which Orpen afterwards made familiar; in *The Flower Girl* (1901) good design and colour directed by genuine tenderness achieve a charming result. Brangwyn is one of the few Englishmen whose name is known upon the Continent. Our *Poulterer's Shop* (3151) gives an idea of his rhythmical eloquence, so strong and so obvious, but not of his large decorative paintings, in which corsairs, negroes or Levantines, rich robes and merchandise and gaudy fruits, are set against the deep blue skies and waters of the South, nor of the architectural and industrial dramas which his etchings record. In landscape Adrian Stokes, as in *Autumn on the Mountains* (1927), has attained distinction among Alpine meadows and distant snow-peaks. Arnesby Brown, originally a luminist follower of Troyon, has

combined the realism so acquired with something of Cameron's feeling for landscape design. The *Line of the Plough* (3448) will illustrate this development, while in *Sunshine, Breeze and Blossom, Lake Como* (2934), J. Walter West recaptures for a moment a little of Turner's magic. *Epsom Downs* (3554), by Munnings, must also be cited to indicate that the old English tradition of the sporting picture has drawn a new life and vigour from our modern knowledge of atmosphere and sunlight. Indeed it would be easy to extend for many pages this brief summary of individual merits, but we must not let our attention be distracted from the larger impersonal factors which make art-history, even if some good men and good pictures have to be passed over.

Of these factors by far the most important of recent years was the Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in 1910-11. The originating spirit was Roger Fry, for long a prominent member of the New English Art Club, but still better known as one of the most learned and agile of English critics. Post-Impressionist painting differed so completely from everything which the English had hitherto seen, that the exhibition roused a storm of controversy and powerfully affected the rising generation. Duncan Grant is the most representative and genuine talent among the immediate followers of the French ; *Lemon Gatherers* (3666) and the *Queen of Sheba* (3169) show two early phases of his experiments.

The young painters who took part in the Great War had more formidable spurs to imaginative activity, as

we may see at the Imperial War Museum. Every school of contemporary English work is represented in that remarkable collection, which deserves to be carefully studied, for nearly all the artists represented there, those of the younger generation in particular, found material which suited their talent in the grim episodes which they had witnessed.

A comparison of the various styles and manners leads to a somewhat unexpected result. *Travoys arriving with Wounded* (2268) by Stanley Spencer is perhaps the most completely successful of the modernist paintings, though the brothers Nash, and others, display conspicuous vigour. Henry Lamb's *Irish Troops surprised by a Turkish Bombardment* (2746) might be preferred by those who prefer a blend of naturalism with free design. But do these brilliant and original products overwhelm Francis Dodd's *Interrogation* (2234)? It is human to hesitate. Here there is no conspicuous distinction of pattern or lighting, of colour or brushwork, only a plain realism that may seem dowdy and prosaic among such dashing companions. But so firmly has the tension of the moment been grasped by the artist, so scrupulously veracious is the rendering that, if once we stop to look at the thing, all our precious aesthetic principles tumble overboard, and we stand wondering what the prisoner's reply is going to be. When we recover from our trance we may say that the picture is not Art, but only exceedingly good Illustration. Yet if we are quite honest with ourselves we must admit, as a sequel, that perfect Illustration, if it can make us feel that we are spectators of things that

are actually happening, may have an attraction comparable in degree, though not necessarily in quality, to that which purely aesthetic factors exert.

Nor need we be overmuch disquieted by this unavoidable inference. The condition of the open window was long ago proved by the Dutch to be a potent aid to pictorial expression. *Interrogation* merely indicates that the principle still holds its own among the many other principles, more definitely aesthetic, and sometimes I fear much more difficult to comprehend, which modern intellectual research has successively regarded as the basic element in Beauty. But if we are really back with 'Truth to Nature' for a possible working precept, then the wheel of analysis has turned full-circle, and any of the countless modes of artistic expression which human genius has indicated are still open to the painter, if he can only choose them appropriately, and use them well.

EPILOGUE

It would seem as if our journey through the ages in search of Truth had led us back after all to the starting point. And if the fruit of experience is at the end to be only the Thelemite precept of "Do as thou wilt," we shall not be much the wiser for all our pains. But that is not quite all. If we have once learned the lesson of freedom, if we once have seen that the creative powers of the human mind may find expression in a thousand different ways, we are at any rate delivered from slavery to any single theory of the arts, from any one indispensable rule of thought or conduct or technical practice, which temporary fashion or aesthetic philosophy may seek to impose upon us. We may once more give the same free play to our inclinations and imaginations which the great masters of the past enjoyed, before the philosophers came to instruct painters how to paint.

Under their authority we have seen artists labouring in a state of intellectual self-starvation; renouncing this and that pleasant thing in the struggle for complete aesthetic detachment. No contour that was not clumsy, no mass that was not a lump, no colour that was not mud, or slate, or brickdust, no subject

that was not free from all taint of literary or psychological attraction, could satisfy the exacting critic. Now such pictorial asceticism, such avoidance of the dangerous beauties of the world by flight into the desert, may be a safeguard for artistic chastity, but those who practise it consistently seem to be doing no more good for themselves than did the anchorites of the Thebaid. Nevertheless, the example of the hermits, their visible protest against the luxury and the trivialities which passed current in the world outside, when it had been attuned to the service of man by the monastic orders, provided art with a sanctuary through centuries of unrest, and their creed, when mellowed by time and tolerance, produced some of the noblest types that civilization has known. What happened in the sphere of religion may happen also with the arts. If some of the moderns appear to have carried too far their contempt for the popular aesthetic idols, we have good reason for suspending judgment until there has been time to see whether their self-sacrifice will not justify itself in the near future.

We may even go so far as to admit the contention of the aesthetic purist as to the permanence and value of the appeal made by the formal elements in a work of art—by its design, and by such qualities as its colour, its rhythm and its volume—without serious detriment to the claims of the appeal made by its psychological content. It is from the psychological side, and not from any perception of abstract relations of masses and spaces that the great paintings of the world have originated. When once the primary psychological impulse

was given, whether by the suggestion of a patron or by a man's own imaginative vision, the artistic intellect no doubt set to work instantly to co-ordinate the formal material required. And to that co-ordination, or rather to the ideal of theoretic perfection which it appears to involve, many have attached such paramount importance that it has become an end in itself, instead of being merely a means to an end. Into which treacherous pit the aesthetic philosopher is hardly less inclined to fall than is his *bête noire*, the virtuoso.

If we are anxious about the future of our national art, we may now ask what its psychological basis is to be. We may assume that it will continue to vary with the varying personalities of the painter and his patron. Naturalism flavoured with a dash of sense, sentiment or prettiness will remain the recognized lure for the general average. The extremist will always have the born radical and the ideologue to back him. Cleverness in the same way will fly to cleverness; so the supple man of affairs and the fastidious man of fashion will befriend the brilliant executant. The devotion of the world to sports and spectacles may possibly bring about some corresponding pictorial movement. And when the detective story and the film drama have had their day, the taste for a larger vision in life and letters may revive and leave its mark upon the sister arts.

In the past great artistic movements have generally accompanied some great uprising of the spirit, as with the Renaissance or the French Revolution. Again, upon a smaller scale, they have appeared to come as a

revolt against unhappy political conditions, as with Goya or Daumier, or against an epoch of general artistic futility, as with the Pre-Raphaelites. And in this latter case we may note how the first movement was succeeded by a second, "The Illustrators of the Sixties." In them much of the primal intensity of feeling survives, tempered by contact with contemporary life, immensely widened in scope by literary connexions, and expressed upon a scale and in a medium which, admitting its technical impropriety, suited the artists much better than oil painting. Even in the great days of the eighteenth century, the general average of English talent did not show to more advantage.

But we who live in this time of disillusion and distress, can indulge in no such comfortable day-dreams as the Victorians enjoyed. Our war paintings reflect sufferings and exertions of which we still feel the strain. The high hopes which we cherished for some time after the Armistice, of a world willing to co-operate in the work of peace, have been rudely dissipated. Yet, because the world of international politics has failed us, are we wholly lost? Can we not still trust that by steady defiance of adverse circumstances, we may continue to uphold our reputation for spiritual courage, although the chance of much further material prosperity is gone? If more commercially minded nations acquire (and what is to stop them?) our remaining ancestral treasures, have we no longer the pluck to try to replace them by new masterpieces? If races more experienced in artistic propa-

ganda seem to crush our sporadic and unrelated efforts in that field, is it not possible that the balance may be redressed by some British Colbert, though his address will probably be in Bond Street and not in Whitehall ?

We may wonder, indeed, whether the time is not ripe for such a man. It is hard to imagine that any educated public can be either so innocent as to accept without misgiving, or so voracious as to swallow without satiety, the unqualified panegyrics with which modern enterprise attempts to stuff them. For example, a statue by a good modern French sculptor is being acquired by an American museum. Here is one modest appreciation.

" The D— statue of the M— Art Museum is of the highest type of sculptural achievement. It is related to the greatest period of Greek Art, the period of Phidias, because of its serene simplicity in formal treatment and in pose. It goes even beyond Phidias, as it is not meant to decorate a given architectural space, but because it exists only in and for itself. It goes beyond the painfully tortured bodies of Michelangelo and Rodin, because through wise subordination of bodily detail it arrives at a synthesis clearer and more harmonious even than nature. It goes beyond the great sculpture of cathedrals, because it deals with the human body as such, not in the form of a rhythmically decorative column or pillar. The miracle happens, that in spite of its human quality, this statue, like all of D——'s figures, is sculpture abstract, sculpture as a thing in itself.

"Probably in the Spring, when the surface of the bronze cast, now being made in Paris, will be worked over and finished by D—'s own hand, there will stand in the garden of the M— Art Museum a statue as great as the greatest ever created in past periods—and superior to them in more than one respect."

It is a little difficult to picture a type of mind at once so sensitive and highly trained as to enjoy the "sculpture abstract" of this forthcoming masterpiece, and yet so childish as to be impressed by such a recommendation. Still the critic writes as if he knew his public no less well than his business, and since this kind of eulogy is by no means uncommon, we must assume that there is a considerable audience for it.

To define clearly for ourselves the methods which experience has shown to be proper to painting, is really more to the purpose than trying to forecast the material which the next generation will choose to work upon. Indeed, if this question of artistic propriety be once thoroughly grasped, I cannot see that an artist is in much danger, even though he gives free rein to his personality, and plays with those psychological and literary subjects which in the eyes of the aesthetic purist lead straight to destruction.

Recently while watching the production of an opera from start to finish, I was impressed by one or two visual and auditory experiences which can best be explained by a brief description. In the final scene the heroine, led out at dawn for execution, bids farewell to her dying husband in strains which when heard during

rehearsal had been poignant in the extreme. "On the night" the lighting of the Parry Memorial Theatre produced the finest effect of sunrise which I remember having seen on the stage. As the flush of dawn crept up behind a mountain horizon, the guards with their sloped swords made a grim silhouette against the growing brightness. With this for background the farewell song was once more perfectly rendered; but the blended impression of music and scenery proved to be more than the senses (mine at least !) could simultaneously absorb. The music spoke of human love and imminent death. The fictive splendour of hills and sky, far from enhancing the theme of sorrow, drew the attention away from it, partly in sheer admiration, partly because, in the presence of such elemental glories, man and his troubles had no place.

A few days later, when discussing the scene with a member of the audience, our talk led up to the general question of how far the drama was really improved by elaborate staging: "I must see," said he, "what Aristotle makes of it." At our next meeting he handed me a quotation from the *Poetics* (1453*b*)[1] "Those who by scenery produce an effect not of the impressive but only of the marvellous have no conception of Tragedy: *for we must not expect every kind of pleasure from Tragedy, but only that which is proper to it.*"

So ran Aristotle's solution of the theatrical problem more than two thousand years ago; and it clearly holds

[1] οἱ δὲ μὴ τὸ φοβερὸν διὰ τῆς ὄψεως ἀλλὰ τὸ τερατῶδες μόνον παρασκευάζοντες οὐδὲν τραγῳδίᾳ κοινωνοῦσιν· οὐ γὰρ πᾶσαν δεῖ ζητεῖν ἡδονὴν ἀπὸ τραγῳδίας ἀλλὰ τὴν οἰκείαν.

ARISTOTLE, *Poet.* 1453 *b*.

good to-day. Had the lighting effect in question been impressive merely, instead of being marvellous, it would not have distracted attention from the tragedy on the stage. And the same principle applies no less definitely to the studio than to the theatre. We are free to paint what we please and as we please, but we must not expect to get every kind of quality in any single work, but only the quality which is proper to it.

With this for talisman the painter can approach the fortresses of the theoretically unpaintable, and their walls will fall down before him. All good painting is an adjustment (a compromise if you will) between the disposition of the large planes and masses which make for volume and breadth of effect, and those refinements of contour and accent which make for character. Any formal or mechanical theory of art tends to suppress the latter quality; a minute realism to overlook the former. It is only through the relation between these contrasted elements that an artist can express himself; and that relation will be the aesthetic base of his appeal to others, from whatever sources that appeal may have been derived in the first instance.

The study of this relation becomes much less formidable the moment we can quit the world of abstract theory, and can turn to actual paintings in which the harmony between form and matter, between mass and character has by common consent been satisfactorily established. We can even keep such work in our minds, as a sort of touchstone for testing new experiments by ourselves or by other people.

In landscape, for example, Crome and the youthful Corot will serve as instances of a serene and impressive simplicity, a virtue not necessarily diminished when other qualities, such as a more vivid colouring, are discreetly added to their sober tones of brown and gray. The work of Clausen is a case in point. Nor where decorative effect on a considerable scale is required, can we overlook the example of the great Orientals, who produced a similar impressive serenity by setting naturalistic forms upon a plain but exquisitely proportioned background. Rubens, Constable (particularly in his sketches and studies) and Steer, serve to illustrate the expression of greater vitality by means of movement and colour. Colour in its fulness came with Turner and the Japanese. Turner's vision was so personal, his activity so immense, that he practically exhausted his chosen field, and any landscape painter who follows him can hardly escape from becoming a mere imitator. The principles of the Japanese, both in colour and design, are of much wider application ; so wide indeed and so various that it is difficult to select any single work, or group of works, that can be regarded as typical of them. It will be enough to mention the names of Hokusai and Hiroshige. With Cézanne (as with Claude in his sketches from nature), landscape acquires a rude primæval weight and grandeur, but Cézanne's method of expression is so personal, that, like Turner, he is more easily imitated than followed. With Van Gogh (as with Blake in some degree), line and colour are forced and distorted, thus acquiring a vitality so

feverish and so formidable that only the stress of some quite abnormal occasion would justify the use of a similar device.

Such names provide us with a series of models, covering the chief moods in which landscape has been approached hitherto. If we were to construct a similar series for Still-Life, we should start with Chardin, like Crome an embodiment of quiet solid virtue. The example of Manet would provide us with far more light and colour. Then from this central figure we might pass, with caution, to Cézanne, if our senses demanded a still more powerful stimulus. It would be wiser, perhaps, for the beginner to keep to Manet as the standard.

In portraiture we can hardly expect a return of the precise static definition which Holbein and the Italians of the early Renaissance understood so well. Ingres and our English Alfred Stevens prove that the example of Raphael is not forgotten. The art of miniature however might well cultivate a firmer style, so that the jewel-like beauties of Hilliard could again be revived among us. Titian and Velazquez represent the central tradition of portraiture. Hals will be placed with them by the virtuoso; Rembrandt with (or above) them by the psychologist. As an interpreter of temperament Gainsborough ranks before Goya. Manet, again, is the modern heir of all these traditions, but with, I venture to think, a certain fundamental superficiality. This renders him a less satisfactory interpreter of grave natures than painters otherwise less superbly gifted, like Watts or Fantin. Finally, by

way of Matisse we come back to the vivid direct portraiture of the Greco-Roman heads, an indication perhaps, that the central epoch of portraiture is not that of Manet, but lies in the period between Titian and Goya. What prescription, however, whether traditional or newly invented, can help the artist who year after year has to paint three-quarter lengths and full lengths in frock coat and trousers? Such things may lead to fortune: that is the best that can be said of them.[1]

The various categories of figure-painting may be broadly classified under two headings. The first will include all subjects drawn from contemporary or domestic life, the second all subjects drawn from religious history or legend. In the first class Vermeer and Chardin might serve as classical types, the one for lighting and pattern, the other for substance. With the best work of Vermeer we might associate a few masterpieces by Metsu and De Hooch, with the best work of Chardin we might associate Millet. For designers in the flat, the colour prints of artists like Harunobu and Utamaro may do similar service. Daumier and Goya are stimulating, but not reliable, models. Manet tends to work on too large a scale:

[1] One form of the male dress has possibilities not fully realized as yet. Shortly after the Armistice the National Gallery was full of soldiers in khaki. Some ten or twelve were dispersed about the Vestibule, when I happened to come into the hall with the late Sir Claude Phillips. He caught my arm, and gazing at the group on the steps above us, exclaimed, "Look. It's just like a big Renaissance fresco." And, indeed, these trim youthful figures, happily and casually disposed on the stairs, with the marble walls and columns behind, were a subject fit for Mantegna.

Degas to be a mine of brilliant suggestions. A few figure studies by Corot embody the fine qualities of Vermeer and Chardin and, for those who have access to them, will prove reliable guides. In a province of art which has been explored by so many generations, it is odd that trustworthy signposts should be so rare.

The conditions and problems of *genre* painting occupied a large part of the second volume of this work. The painting of subjects drawn from religious history or legend occupied a corresponding place in the first volume. Poussin, at the moment, appears to be regarded as an epitome of all that the great Italians have to teach us, and is indeed a sound model, though naturally lacking the spirit and personality of his forerunners. We cannot, for instance, get from him the unique rhythmical sense of Botticelli, the full glory of Titian, or Michelangelo's sombre passionate science. But Poussin measured with a steady hand the material needed for a good picture: Puvis de Chavannes, working in a larger scale and in a more modern key, exhibits the same search for just proportion. The audacious rhythms of Greco or Blake are no more things for common use than are the exotic colour schemes of Gauguin. Like the twilight world of Rembrandt they serve a particular personal purpose, and cannot be employed on ordinary themes without manifest incongruity.

Throughout this summary classification the names of French artists have preponderated, not because France happens to be one of our immediate subjects, but because in France the virtues of lucidity and pro-

portion in the arts have been steadily kept in mind. Hence French painting, though it may frequently lack the supreme creative sense, tends to retain the sense of what makes a good picture more instinctively than the art of races whose invention is less disciplined. Our own national temper, as I have indicated, is so prone to delight in natural detail and (its inevitable sequel) unrelated colour, that we are much less consistent in attaining to that homogeneous unity by which the complete work of art is recognised.

We do not lack friends to remind us of this defect, and to tell us where to seek the remedy. But our hungry homely Anglo-Saxon temper is not calculated to thrive on the rarefied and exiguous diet which aesthetic theory insists on prescribing for it. We need a much more liberal allowance, and must pray that our critics will be satisfied if France continues to supply a good half, at least, of our artistic medicine. I trust also that the reader will not be disappointed if, on coming to the end of so much talk, he finds that I have no universal pill wherewith to cure our national distemper. History does not encourage confidence in such panaceas. The best one can do is to make out a short list of drugs, less unpalatable I believe, and certainly more varied, than those in common favour, from which each patient may compound his own private and particular emetic.

For all creative art is essentially a process of *κάθαρσις*, whereby the first crude concept is purged, not only of its grosser humours, but also of everything

which is not proper to the purpose in hand. All depends upon that purpose. If we take aesthetic philosophy for our guide (and in this Aristotle would seem to be in agreement with modern theory), the good picture can have no other purpose than to be a thing complete in itself, wherein spaces, forms, volumes, colours, are wrought into harmonious aesthetic unity, without any reference to their psychological significance.

Experience, as we have seen, proves that any such artistic canon is much too narrow, so far at least as painting is concerned. None of the world's accepted masterpieces conform exactly to it. Most of them indeed delight us, primarily at all events, because they depart from it, because through the relation of forms and volumes and colours they suggest to us the joys, the sorrows or the wonder of life.

How are we to explain this discrepancy between theory and fact? I think we can understand it most clearly if we think for a moment of that idea of a Canon of the Human Figure, over which so many artists have speculated as if it were some aesthetic philosopher's stone. As I have pointed out elsewhere,[1] the idea of a fixed canon of ideal beauty was mischievous, if not actually fatal, to all who pinned their faith upon it. The idea of such a perfect type might, indeed, exist in the artist's mind, but it could exist there with safety only when it was recognised as

[1] See the Introduction to *Notes on the Science of Picture-making*. Since the pagination of the various editions is different, and the point is of some importance to the present argument, I have reprinted a few of the more relevant paragraphs as an Appendix.

a centre of departure for such variations as the needs of emphatic expression might from time to time dictate. When pursued as an end in itself 'ideal beauty' invariably proved to be insipid.

Have we not, perhaps, indulged in some similar fallacy as to the nature and purpose of the theoretic canon of pictorial perfection? Have we not been tempted to regard it as an immutable law, instead of a valuable working recipe? For example, a general concept of 'ideal beauty' may do good service as a safeguard against extravagant disproportion, as a convenient medial figure, which may be swelled to the bulk of a Titan, or refined to the slenderness of adolescence, as the needs of expression demand, and yet may preserve something of its own temperate harmony in all these transformations, however emphatic and violent they may have to be.

If we are content to employ the theory of pictorial perfection in the same manner, we shall soon discover its usefulness as a centre from which the painter can make his excursions without the danger of altogether losing his way. It would be more strictly accurate, perhaps, to think of it as the plastic foundation (the sculptor's core or armature), with which all personal artistic expression must begin, and upon which it must build its appropriate monument. The fallacy of the moderns has been to mistake the core for the finished statue. Yet, since the theory is logically sound, we shall do well to keep as near to it as the need of expressing ourselves clearly will permit. That is to say, our ideal foundation must never be overloaded. We must

exercise the most scrupulous economy in our materials and our ornaments, so that the large basic relations are not altered or obscured.

In the case of ' ideal beauty ' it is not difficult, in the light of what the world's great sculptors and painters have achieved, to form a general concept of perfect human proportion, which is sufficiently definite to be used as a rough touchstone for our inventions. But no such general concept of pictorial perfection is imaginable : or could, indeed, be applicable to the immense variety of the demands which painting makes upon its votaries. Instead we must be content to take as our types and examples the painters who, in their several fields, have come nearest to achieving artistic harmony. Not one of them or all of them should satisfy us entirely, if we have anything new to say (and if we have not we do not deserve to be called artists), but from them we can get a general idea of what will constitute pictorial excellence in any new domain we may wish to occupy. Then upon that elementary basis we may start our fresh construction, remembering always that the more sparing we are with our materials, the more ruthless in our suppression of unessential details and ornaments, the more nearly shall we approach to the strict aesthetic ideal, and the more directly shall we express our meaning.

For art, though it must be founded on an aesthetic ideal, loses all its life and its character if it is not also a form of intimate personal expression. And we may rightly use the word ' personal ' in its wider sense,

as embodying those perceptive and executive faculties which are innate, and which must in the end be referred to a man's ancestry. The stock from which the artist comes will in the end remain the dominant and determining factor. All that experience and environment can do is to shape and to modify that original racial temper.

The gospel of cosmopolitanism so fashionable in the studios of to-day, seeks to eliminate these racial differences. But with their elimination painting loses nearly all its precious individual savour, becoming more insipid the more nearly it approaches to the common style. What should we think of a man who mixed up the vintages of Europe and offered us the product, in all seriousness, as International Wine? Cosmopolitanism, in fact, has a suspicious likeness to Eclecticism, that poor discredited cast-off, newly rouged and painted, and in an up-to-date frock from Paris, but still the same old plausible perilous man-trap.

The well-known case of Baron Leys in Belgium illustrates the benefit of working on racial lines. In an age of cosmopolitan eclecticism he had the courage to turn his back on contemporary fashion, and go back for his models to Belgian art of the fifteenth century. As a result he is the one Belgian painter of his time who still has a place in history. Nor did his influence die with him. It enabled one of his pupils, Henri de Braekeleer, to recapture some of the charm of de Hooch; another, Alma Tadema, to attain similar repute in London. And this repute might have been

permanent, had Tadema been able to maintain his national character in the face of the popular demand for prettified classicism.

In Germany the example of Rethel might be quoted to the same effect. Of all the Germans of the nineteenth century he is the one who adhered most steadily to the great national style of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the one whose fame through all changes of fashion remains unaffected. Menzel, too, is at his best when he comes nearest to Dürer. In Hans Thoma there seems to revive a spirit akin to Altdorfer's, and so his unpretentious pictures continue to hold their own, while the German names which gained momentary repute by reflecting the style of Italy or of Paris now live for us only in dictionaries.

Sweden for a hundred years or more was a cultural colony of France : and so in painting to some extent she remains. But in sculpture, and still more in architecture, she is creating a new national style, based on her old Romanesque traditions, which has attracted attention and admiration all the world over. Holland, in certain buildings—like the Post Office at Rotterdam —has come near to a like distinction. The revival of domestic architecture in England is also based on a national tradition, and has achieved similar success. Our public buildings so far have been less fortunate.

It would be interesting to speculate how far the new national feeling in other countries, in Italy for example, will be reflected in the Arts. But time and space forbid any further divagations. Enough has been said, I think, to show that race and personality are the

factors which make for character in the arts, as experience and the needs of the time determine their outward form. And this insistence on personality, on truth to the artist's racial and individual instinct, is after all but another form of that sincere conviction which provides all artistic expression with its ultimate and permanent force. To say, however cleverly, what we have learned from others may amuse or interest an audience; it will not convince them. To do that we must speak the faith that is in us, and nothing else.

So we come back at the last to the perfecting of our own souls, as the means of influencing others. Theory and practical training can teach us how to provide our art with a sound core, with a firm foundation, but that is all. The rest we must do for ourselves, slowly educating, it may be, our powers of perception, as Raphael, Rembrandt and Reynolds did before us, and employing them upon the subjects which naturally appeal to us, and upon those alone. The imaginative heritage of the Anglo-Saxon is singularly rich. We can well be content with it, and with our traditional mastery of line and colour, to which our knowledge of Oriental Art adds a new potential value, and the modern theory of three-dimensional form contributes the proper material complement.

Even so, it will not be all plain sailing. The time is one which calls for courage no less than for wisdom. Though the fiat of the exalted amateur, the jealousy of professional rivals, the sneers of the men who back all countries but their own, the obstruction of old age

in authority (I'm nearly sixty myself !), the indifference of the crowd—those historic impediments to the artist, may have lost some of their former virulence, yet the well-disposed and well-educated middle-class, upon which the painter now depends for his support, has little money to spend, and may soon have even less. The English artist cannot, therefore, expect to enjoy the material success of his luckier fellows in richer countries. But he can still help his patrons by resolving to give them only his very best work, and by resisting the temptation to rely on mere sketches and studies. Such things have seldom brought permanent repute to a man or to his country. Exhibition facilities, and the pockets of the average collector, may favour these slight products, yet it is not by them that our future will be made, or that we can expect to gain the respect of others.

That respect, in any case, must be slow in coming. Educated opinion in other countries is not accustomed to quick movement, and though international exhibitions are common enough, we cannot expect the bias of continental criticism to turn in our favour all at once. In time, however, the monotony and emptiness of the average modern work cannot fail to produce a reaction, and then the man who has something to say will reap his reward. Meanwhile he and his patrons must cultivate the virtues of patience, tolerance and courage. Of the three, I believe the last is the one which the much-harried English artist most needs to exercise. In visible emergencies, as the war proved, he can display it to universal admiration. If he could but do

the like in the less tangible struggle of modern life, we should have no reason to be apprehensive as to the future. And, of course, that British Colbert may even now be kicking a football, or checking his first pass-book.

APPENDIX

A CANON OF IDEAL BEAUTY

(From the Introduction to "Notes on the Science of Picture-Making.")

Let us consider the efforts made at one time or another to turn this notion of ideal beauty to practical account. All academies of art, from the late Renaissance to our own day, have cultivated it; one and all have failed to stand the test of time. The men who have achieved lasting fame are those who have broken away from academic precepts, not those who have followed them. In Italy the names of Tiepolo, Canaletto and Guardi, as in France those of Watteau and Chardin, have lived, while their learned contemporaries are forgotten. . . . Why is it that Germany, where painters from generation after generation have followed with logic, persistence, and often with considerable power, the road pointed out by aesthetic philosophers, has produced so infinitely little that has any aesthetic value?

The common fault found with all these attempts at realizing an ideal beauty superior to that found in any member of the human race is insipidity. "Yet," the philosopher may answer, "insipidity is not found in Greek art, where by universal consent ideal beauty has been most completely mastered; it is the talent of the moderns, not their ideal, which is at fault."

However, even Reynolds saw that this ideal beauty in Greek art was not one, but many; that there were distinct types; that there might be an ideal Hercules and an ideal Gladiator, as well as an ideal Apollo. Had he followed up this train of thought to its logical conclusion, or had he known what we now know about the development of Hellenic sculpture, he

might have made a discovery which would have solved his difficulties.... The great Greek sculptors... like the great artists of all other periods, are great, not because they all conform to some single ideal canon, but because, supposing such a canon is conceivable, each departs from it by emphasising the particular qualities or beauties which appeal to him. It is by this personal emphasis, this individual character, that we distinguish the style of a Myron, a Paionios, a Pheidias, a Polycleitos, or a Praxiteles. Not until we come to the time when the successors of Alexander the Great founded museums and academies does this personal emphasis begin to disappear, and as it does so, the art concurrently declines in beauty.

. . . . . .

We must then give up absolutely and for ever the application of a fixed canon of ideal beauty, either in the human form or in anything else, as a touchstone for the Fine Arts. The idea of such a perfect type may indeed exist in the mind, but only as a centre of departure for those variations from it by which each master of the future will reveal a new form of loveliness.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

To illustrate the relation of the Italian Masters to those of other parts of Europe.

	Florence and Central Italy.	Venice and Northern Italy.	Germany and the Netherlands.	France, Spain and England.
1200				
	Margaritone			
	Cavallini			
	Cimabue			
1250	Duccio			
	Giotto			
	P. Lorenzetti			
1300	A. Lorenzetti			
	Orcagna			
	Spinello			
1350				
	L. Monaco		R. Campin	
	Fra Angelico		Van Eyck	
1400	Paolo Uccello	Pisanello	Dirk Bouts	
	Masaccio		Stefan Lochner	
		Bellini		J. Fouquet
	A. Pollaiuolo	Antonello	Memling	S. Marmion
		Mantegna		
1450	Leonardo		Mabuse	
	Michelangelo	Giorgione	Dürer	
	Raphael	Titian	Cranach	
1500	Bronzino	Correggio	Holbein	Morales
		Tintoretto	Antonis Mor	F. Clouet
	Baroccio	Veronese	P. Brueghel	J. Bettes
1550	L. Carracci			Greco
	Caravaggio		Rubens	
	Guercino		Frans Hals	Poussin
1600			Van Dyck	Velazquez
	Sassoferrato		Rembrandt	Claude
	Salvator Rosa		Terborch	Murillo
1650			Hobbema	Kneller
		Piazzetta	Van der Werff	Rigaud
		Tiepolo		Watteau
1700		Canaletto		Hogarth
		Guardi		Wilson
				Reynolds
1750				Goya

INDEX

ACADEMY, THE FRENCH, its foundation, 29; its abolition by David, 75.

ACADEMY, THE ROYAL, its origins, 156; foundation, 161, 162; Pre-Raphaelites at, 226-229; recent painters, 266, 267. *See also* Diploma Gallery.

ACADEMY, THORNHILL'S, 156; 167.

AIX, painters of, 20; *Annunciation*, 21.

ALBANO, FRANCESCO (1578-1660), 32.

ALLEGORICAL PAINTING, 235-237.

ALMA-TADEMA, SIR LAURENCE (1836-1912), 286, 287.

ALTDORFER, ALBRECHT (c. 1480-1538), 287.

AMERICA, artists from, Copley, 176-177; Whistler, 242-246; Sargent, 252-254; J. J. Shannon, 266.

ANGELICO, FRA (1387-1455), 113; 189, 191; 229.

ANGLO-SAXON temper and capacities, 9-17; 53; sense of line and colour, 144-147; 282; 288.

ANTIQUARIES, SOCIETY OF, portraits, 145.

ARISTOTLE, 276; 283.

ASHFIELD, EDMUND (working c. 1673-1700), 151.

ATMOSPHERE, in Claude, 44, 45, 46-49; in Millet, 93, 94; in Corot, 96, 98; in Manet, 120, 121; in Fantin, 123; with the Impressionists, 125, 126; with Cézanne, 129; in portraits by Gainsborough, 169, 170; in Wilson, 181-184; in Crome, 195-199; in Cozens, 200; in Turner, 206-210; in Constable, 214-219; lack of in Pre-Raphaelites, 223, 227; in Watts, 238; in Steer, 250; in Clausen, 251.

AUDRAN, BENOIT (1661-1721), 58.

AUSTEN, JANE, 174.

AVIGNON, SCHOOL OF, *Coronation of the Virgin, Pietà*, 20.

BACON, SIR NATHANIEL (1585?-1627), *Self Portrait*, 148.

BAKER, C. H. COLLINS, 149 and note.

BAKER, WILLIAM (c. 1480), 144.

BARBIZON PAINTERS, 94; 99, 100, 101; 188; 263.

BARKER, THOMAS (1769-1847), *Clover Field with Figures, Lansdown Fair*, 193.

Bastien-Lepage, Jules (1848-1884), 123, 124; *Henry Irving*, 123; and Clausen, 251.

Baudry, Paul (1828-1886), 87; decorations in the Opera, 132.

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), 250-257.

Beaumont, Sir George, 47; 201; 212; 215.

Beechey, Sir William (1753-1839), 177.

Belgium, art in, 280.

Bellini, Giovanni (1428-30-1516), *Feast of the Gods*, 33, 35, 36.

Bernini, Lorenzo (1598-1680) 29; 32

Bettes, John (1530 ?-1580 ?), *Edmund Butts*, 145, 146.

Bettes, Thomas, 146.

Birmingham, *The Blind Girl*, 228.

Blake, William (1757-1827), 187; works and character, 188-191; *Procession from Calvary, Bathsheba, Spiritual Form of Pitt*, 189; *Elijah in the Fiery Chariot, Satan Smiting Job*, 190; *Morning Stars, A Spirit passed before my Face*, 191, 281.

Bone, Muirhead, 261, 262.

Bonington, Richard Parkes (1802-1828), 80; 96; *Column of S. Mark*, 219.

Bonvin, Louis Eugène (1825-1802), *Village Green*, 100; *Still Life*, 101.

Borrow, George, 195.

Botticelli, Alessandro (1444-1510), 101.

Boucher, François (1703-1770), works, 64, 65; *Pan and Syrinx*, 64; 67; 72; 76.

Boudin, Eugène Louis (1824-1898), *Harbour at Trouville*, 101.

Bourdon, Sebastien (1616-1671), landscape in *The Return of the Ark*, 51; and Cotman, 199.

Brakkeleer, Henri de (1830-1888), 286.

Brangwyn, Frank, *Poulterer's Shop*, 268.

Braque, Georges, 130.

Brill, Paul (1556-1626), influence on Claude, 42, 45.

British Museum, Claude in the, 44; Watteau, 60; oriental art, 107, 114 *n*.

Bronzino, Angelo (1502-1572), *Venus, Cupid, Folly and Time*, 237.

Brooking, Charles (1723-1759), *Calm*, 179, 180.

Brouwer, Adriaen (1605-1638), 55.

Brown, Arnesby, 266, *Line of the Plough*, 267.

Brown, Ford Madox (1821-1893), 222; *Christ washing S. Peter's Feet, Work*, 230; 239.

Brown, Fred, 257.

Brueghel, Pieter (1525-1569), 115

Buckingham Palace, Copley at, 176.

Buddhist Art, 105, 106; 107; and Blake, 189.

Burgundy, art in, 20, 21.

Burne-Jones, Sir Edward Coley (1833-1898), 241, 242; *Golden Stairs, King Cophetua, Perseus*, 242; 245; 256.

Byzantine Influence on Anglo-Saxon art, 10.

INDEX

CABINET PICTURE, influence of Poussin, 52; of Le Nain, 55; 280.

CALLOT, JACQUES (1592-1635), influence on Claude, 43; *Tartarus*, 54.

CAMERON, SIR DAVID YOUNG, *Ben Ledi, Stirling Castle*, 264; 265; 267.

CANADA, painting in, 13.

CANALETTO, GIOVANNI ANTONIO (1697-1768), 179; 180; 198.

CANONS OF PERFECTION, 270-272; 283-285, Appendix.

CANTERBURY, SCHOOL OF, 143; *S. Paul at Melita*, 144.

CARAVAGGIO, MICHELANGELO DA (1569-1609), 32.

CARRACCI, ANNIBALE (1560-1609), 32.

CARRACCI, LODOVICO (1555-1619), 32; and Reynolds, 164.

CAYLUS, on Watteau's method, 59, 62.

CÉZANNE, PAUL (1839-1906), 50; 95; 124; works and character, 127-129; *Aix, Paysage Rocheux*, 128; 278; 279.

CHAMPAIGNE, PHILIPPE DE (1602-1674), *Robert Arnauld*, 55; *Adoration of the Shepherds, Marriage of the Virgin, Richelieu, Cardinal de Retz*, 56.

CHARDIN, JEAN-BAPTISTE SIMÉON (1699-1779), 55; works and character, 69-71; *House of Cards*, 70; *The Lesson, La Fontaine*, Still Life, 71; and Millet, 92; influence on Walton, 176; 279; 280, 281.

CHARONTON, ENGUERRAND (c. 1410-c. 1461), *Coronation of the Virgin*, 20.

CHASSÉRIAU, THEODORE (1819-1856), 87; 102.

CHICAGO, Maitre de Moulins at, 22.

CHICHESTER ROUNDEL, THE, 144.

CHINESE ART, 105-107; 116, 117.

CLAUDE (Claude Gellée, "Le Lorrain" 1600-1682), 27; life, works and character, 41-50; early history, 42, 43; *Seaport at Sunset, Narcissus and Echo*, 44; *Cephalus and Procris*, 46; *Seaports*, 46, 47; *Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca*, 47; *Landscape with Figures*, 47, 48; *Aeneas at Delos, Enchanted Castle, Dido and Aeneas, Acis and Galatea*, 48; 'Liber Veritatis,' 50; 51; 98; and Cézanne, 128; 129; 179; and Wilson, 181, 183; and Turner, 203-207; 278.

CLAUSEN, GEORGE, 204; *Girl at the Gate, Gleaners returning*, 251, 252; 278.

CLOUET, FRANÇOIS (1510 ?-1572), *Elizabeth of Austria, Le Deuil blanc, A Man*, 25; 26.

CLOUET, JEAN (active 1516-1540), *l'Homme au Pétrarque*, 25.

COLBERT, 29; 56; a British, 274, 290.

COLOGNE, SCHOOL, and *The Holy Trinity*, 19.

COLOUR, in Maitre de Moulins, 22, 23; in Poussin, 36, 38, 40; in Watteau, 60, 62, 63; in Chardin, 70, 71; in Delacroix, 80, 81; in Ingres, 85, 86, 87; in Daumier, 90; in Millet, 93; in Corot, 98, 99; in Monticelli, 100; in Buddhist painting, 106; in Korin, 109; in the Japanese colour printers, 111-113; in Hiroshige, 116; in

Manet, 119-122; of the Impressionists, 124-129; of Degas, 134, 135; in Gauguin, 136, 137; in Van Gogh, 139; in miniatures by Hilliard, 147, 151; in Lely, 152; in Hogarth, 158; in Reynolds, 162-164; in Gainsborough, 168-171; in Romney, 172, 173; in Wilson, 181-183; in Gainsborough, 184-186; in Blake, 189, 190; in Crome, 196, 197; in Turner, 204-210; in Constable, 212-218; in the Pre-Raphaelites, 224; in Rossetti, 229; in Lewis, 232; in Watts, 238; in Burne-Jones, 241; in Whistler, 242-244; in Steer, 250; in Clausen, 251; in Conder, 255; in Tonks, 257; in Ethel Walker and Innes, 261.

CONDER, CHARLES (1868-1909), 63; 100; works and character, 254-256; *Spring: Windy Day, Brighton*, 255, 256.

CONNARD, PHILIP, *Summer: Jane, Evelyn, James and Helen*, 259.

CONSTABLE, JOHN (1776-1837), 43; 49; influence on Delacroix, 80; on Corot, 96; 100; 116; on the Impressionists, 124; 158; 180; 186; 200; life, works and character, 212-219; *Malvern Hall, Church Porch*, 212; *On the Stour near Dedham, Trees and Cottages, Village Fair, Boat Building, Flatford Mill, Mrs. Constable, Cottage in a Cornfield*, 213; *Harwich, Haywain*, 214-216; *Cornfield, Salt Box, Leaping Horse*, 216; *Salisbury Cathedral, Weymouth Bay, House at Hampstead, Country Lane, Dedham Vale*, 217; *Cenotaph, Valley Farm, View at Hampstead, Salisbury Cathedral, Study of Tree Stems, Mill near Brighton*, 218; and Steer, 250; 278.

COOPER, SAMUEL (1609-1672), 147; works and character, 150, 151; *Monk, Monmouth, Queen Catherine, Lady Castlemaine*, 151.

COPLEY, JOHN SINGLETON (1737-1815), *Death of Major Pierson, Royal Princesses*, 176, 177.

CORNEILLE DE LYON (c. 1510-1575), 24, 25; *Antoine de Bourbon, Man in Black*, 25.

CORNELIUS, PETER (1783-1867), 222.

COROT, JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE (1796-1875), 48; 67; 94; works and character, 96-99; *Claudian Aqueduct, Palace of the Popes, Macbeth*, 97; *Bent Tree*, 98; *Horseman in a Wood, Lady in Blue Dress*, 99; 102; 182; 218; 264; 281.

CORREGGIO (1494-1534), 76; 164; 238.

COTES, FRANCIS (1725-1770), *Mrs. Brocas*, 176.

COTMAN, JOHN SELL (1782-1842), 51; 199, 200; *Wherries on the Yare*, 199; *Duncombe Park, Drop Gate*, 200.

COURBET, GUSTAVE (1819-1877), 8; 88; 89; works and character, 94-96; *Self Portraits, Funeral at Ornans*, 94; *L'Immensité, The Wave*, 96; and Bonvin, 101; importance to France, 103; 118; and Manet, 120, 122; 132; 218; 220; 242; 248.

COURTAULD, MR. SAMUEL, 121.

COX, DAVID (1783-1859), *The Challenge*, 219.

COYPEL, NOEL (1628-1707), 69.

COZENS, JOHN ROBERT (1752-1799), 181; 200.

Crane, Walter (1845-1915), 241.

Critz, De (active c. 1645), *Martha Horton*, 148.

Crome, John (1768-1821), 180; 184; 185; 186; works and character, 194-199; *Moonrise, Slate Quarries*, 195; *Boy Keeping Sheep, Windmill*, 197; *Mousehold Heath, Poringland Oak*, 198; 203; 211; 212; 214; 215; 240; 278; 279.

Crozat, 58.

Cubism, 129-130; 138.

Cuyp, Aelbert (1620-1691), 181; 197.

Dahl, Michael (1659-1743), 154; 155.

Dante, illustrated by Blake, 191.

Daubigny, Charles François (1817-1878), *Banks of a River*, 100.

Daumier, Honoré (1808-1879), works and character, 89-91; *Don Quixote*, 90; 258; 265; 273; 280.

David, Jacques Louis (1748-1825), 72; 73; life, works and character, 74-76; *Oath of the Horatii*, 74; *Coronation of Napoleon, Rape of the Sabines*, 75; *Marat, Mme. Recamier*, 76; 80; and Ingres, 82, 83, 86; 102.

Decorative Painting in France, 132; 133.

Degas, Hilaire Germain Edgar (1834-1917), works and character, 134-135; *Jeunes Spartiates, La Plage, Miss Lola*, 135; 263; 281.

Delacroix, Ferdinand Victor Eugène (1798-1863), 78; works and character, 79-82; *Baron Schwiter, Execution of Marino Faliero, Barque of Don Juan, Good Samaritan*, 81; 89; 91; 94, 95; 102; 118; decorations and drawings, 132; *Massacre de Scio*, 214; 265.

Delaroche, Paul (1797-1856), 87.

Design, 17; in Poussin, 36-41, 52, 53; in Claude, 44-50; in Le Nain, 55; in Chardin, 69-71; in Delacroix, 80, 81; in Ingres, 82-87; in Corot, 96-99; in Tosa painting, 107, 108; in Korin, 109-110; in Hokusai, 115; in Manet, 121; in Seurat, 126; in Renoir, 127; in Cézanne, 127-129; in Puvis, 132, 133; in Degas, 134, 135; in Gauguin, 137; in Van Gogh, 139; Early English, 154, 155; in Hilliard, 146; in Hogarth, 157; in Reynolds, 162-164; in Romney, 172, 173; in Wilson, 181-184; in Blake, 189-191; in Crome, 195-199; in Cotman, 199; in Turner, 202-210; in Constable, 212-219; in the Pre-Raphaelites, 224, 228; in Rossetti, 229, 230; in Madox Brown, 230; in Watts, 238; in Walker, 240; in Burne-Jones, 240, 241; in Whistler, 242-248; in Clausen, 251; in Sargent, 254; in Conder, 255; in Beardsley, 256, 257; in John, 259, 260; in Innes, 261; in Bone, 262; in Sickert, 263; in Cameron, 264; in Ricketts, 265; in Brangwyn, 266.

Devis, Arthur (1708-1787), 167.

Diaz, Narcisse Virgilio (1809-1876), *Storm*, 99, 100.

Diploma Gallery, Burlington House, Lawrence at, 191; Constable at, 216, 217; Mulready at, 220.

DISRAELI, 221

DIVISIONISM, 125, 126.

DOBSON, WILLIAM (1610-1646), *Endymion Porter, A Gentleman*, 140

DODD, FRANCIS, *Interrogation*, 268, 269.

DOMENICHINO (1581-1641), 32.

DRAWING, of Claude, 44, 45, 50; of Watteau, 58, 59, 62; of Ingres, 82, 83, 84; of Menzel, 88; of Daumier, 90; of Millet, 92, 93; of Corot, 97, 98; of the Chinese, 105, 106; of the Japanese, 107-109; of Manet, 118, 119; of Zorn and Sargent, 121; of Degas, 134; of Matisse, 138; of Van Gogh, 139, 140; of Dobson, 149; of Kneller, 155; of Reynolds, 165; of Gainsborough, 167, 168; of Wilson, 182; of Crome, 196, 198; of Cotman, 199; of Turner, 202, 205, 206, 211; of Constable, 219; of the Pre-

DULWICH GALLERY, *Inspiration of Anacreon, Nursing of Jupiter*, Poussin, 40; *Plaisirs du*

DYCE, WILLIAM (1806-1864), 222; *Pegwell Bay*, 231.

DYCK, SIR ANTHONY VAN (1599-1642), 6; landscape drawings, 44; 58; 148; 149; 150; 152; 163, 164; 185; 200; 265.

EARLOM, RICHARD (1743-1822), 'Liber Veritatis,' 50.

EASTLAKE, SIR CHARLES, 222.

ECLECTICISM, Italo-Flemish, 6; 15; in Rome, 32; in Paris, 54; of Reynolds, 164; and Cosmopolitanism, 286.

EDINBURGH NATIONAL GALLERY, *Fêtes Venitiennes* by Watteau, 61; works by Raeburn, 175; Ramsay, 176.

EITOKU, KANO (1543-1590), 108, 112.

ELLE, FERDINAND (c. 1585-between 1637 and 1640), 30.

ELSHEIMER, ADAM (1578-1610); influence on Claude, 42, 45.

ETON, Paintings at, 144; 172.

ETTY, WILLIAM (1787-1849), 80; *Youth on the Prow*, 220.

EUGENE, PRINCE, of Sweden, 262.

EYCK, J. VAN (1385?-1441), 224.

FABRITIUS, CAREL (1620-4-54), 104.

FANTIN LATOUR, HENRI (1836-

Hommage à Dela-
Deux Sœurs, *Mr. and*
Mrs. Edward Fisher, 123;

FAUVISTS, THE, 138.

FINBERG, A. J., 211.

FISHER, MARK (1841-1923), *Feeding the Foals*, 251.

FLANDERS, *see* NETHERLANDS.

FORAIN, JEAN LOUIS (b. 1852), 135, *Le Tribunal*, 136.

FORM, in Poussin, 34 ; in Watteau 58, 59 ; in Chardin, 69-71 ; Classical ideals of, 72 ; in Delacroix, 80 ; in Ingres, 82-87 ; in Daumier, 89-91 ; in Degas, 134, 135 ; in Gauguin, 137 ; in Matisse, 138 ; in Van Gogh, 139 ; in Baker, 144 ; in Hilliard, 146 ; in Dobson, 149 ; in Kneller, 155 ; in Reynolds, 165 ; in Gainsborough, 167, 168 ; in Crome, 195, 198 ; in Cotman, 199 ; in Turner, 202, 203, 211 ; in Constable, 219 ; in John, 259, 260.

FOUCQUET, JEAN (c. 1420-c. 1481), 21.

FRAGONARD, JEAN HONORÉ (1732-1806), *The Swing*, *The Schoolmistress*, *The Souvenir*, *The Fountain of Love*, *Boy as Pierrot*, 67 ; 73 ; 96.

FRANCE, her racial origin, 4-6 ; national pride in art, 6-9, 221 ; early painting in, 18-27 ; restoration under Henri IV, 28, 29 ; Claude and Poussin, 30-53 ; the XVIIIth Century, 54-73 ; Classics and Romantics, 74-103 ; Japanese influence in, 104 ; Manet and his successors, 118-140 ; anticipated by England, 177 *n.*, 194 ; 203 ; influence on England, 249-256 ; national genius, 281, 282.

FRITH, WILLIAM POWELL (1819-1909), *Derby Day*, 231, 232.

FRY, ROGER, 267.

FUTURISTS, THE, 130.

GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS (1727-1788), 66 ; 149 ; 153 ; 155 ; 165 ; life, works and character, 166-171, 184-186 ; *J. J. Kirby and Wife*, *Admiral Vernon*, *Painter's Daughters*, 167 ; *Duke of Bedford*, 168 ; *Parish Clerk*, *Miss Singleton*, *Dr. Schomberg*, *Morning Walk*, *Mrs. Sheridan*, *Blue Boy*, *Ladies in the Mall*, *Perdita Robinson*, 169 ; *Mrs. Graham*, *Rev. H. Bate Dudley*, *Sir W. Blackstone*, *George Colman*, *Musidora*, *Baillie Family*, 170 ; *Mrs. Siddons*, 171 ; 172 ; 174 ; his landscapes, 184-186 ; *View of Dedham*, *Wood Scene*, *Cornard*, 184 ; *Watering Place*, *Market Cart*, 185 ; *Classical Landscape*, *Bridge*, 186 ; and Barker, 193 ; 196 ; 201 ; 212 ; 214 ; 252 ; 279.

GARRARD, MARK (1561-1635), 148.

GASPAR, *see* POUSSIN, GASPAR.

GAUGUIN, PAUL (1848-1903), 126 ; life and works, 136-137 ; *Faa Iheihe*, 137 ; 281.

GEDDES, ANDREW (1783-1844), 209.

GÉRARD, FRANÇOIS (1770-1837), *Head of a Boy*, 76.

GÉRICAULT, THÉODORE (1791-1824), work and character, *Raft of the Medusa*, 78 ; 194.

GERMANY, artists from, 19 ; 42 ; 43 ; 88 ; 89 ; 287.

GILLOT, CLAUDE (1673-1722), 58.

GIORDANO, LUCA (1632-1705), 156.

GIOTTO (1270-1337), 112.

GIRTIN, THOMAS (1773-1802), 201 ; 212.

GLASGOW, *Carlyle* at, 243 ; School, 263, 264.

GOES, HUGO VAN DER (1435 ?-1482 ?), 21.

Goya, Francisco (1746-1828), influence on Daumier, 89, 90; on Manet, 118, 120; 234; 258; 264; 273; 279; 280.

Grant, Duncan, *Lemon Gatherers, Queen of Sheba*, 267.

Gravelot, Hubert François (1699-1773), 166.

Greco, El (1545-1614), 70; 190, 191; 281.

Greco-Roman Portraits, 138; 280.

Greek elements in the French, 4-5.

Greenhill, John (1644?-1676), 153.

Greenwich Hospital, Lely at, 152.

Greuze, Jean Baptiste (1725-1805), 67.

Gros, Antoine Jean (1771-1835), 76; life and work, 76, 77; *Les Pestiférés de Jaffe*, 76.

Grosvenor Gallery, 241; 248.

Guercino (1599-1666), 32; and Reynolds, 164.

Guido (Guido Reni, 1575-1642), 32.

Guthrie, Sir James, 263.

Hals, Frans (1580-4-1666), and Manet, 119; 279.

Hamilton, Sir William, 72.

Hampton Court, Clouet at, 25; Lely at, 152.

Hammershoi, Vilhelm (1864-1916), 262.

Harpignies, Henri (1819-1916), 102.

Harunobu, Suzuki (active 1760-1780), 111; 280.

Hayman, Francis (1708-1776), 167.

Henri III, Portraiture in the reign of, 26.

Henri IV, influence on French art, 28, 29.

Henry VIII, art under, 145, 146.

Hertford House, *Dance of the Seasons* by Poussin, 39; works by P. de Champaigne, 55, 56; by Watteau, 61, 62; by Pater, 64; by Boucher, 64, 65; by De Troy, 65; by Nattier, 66; by Greuze and Fragonard, 67; by Prudhon, 77; by Delacroix, 81; by Meissonier, 88; by Corot, 97; by Reynolds, 162, 163; by Gainsborough, 169; by Bonington, 220.

Hesdin, Jacquemart de (c. 1400) and *The Holy Trinity*, 19.

Highmore, Joseph (1692-1780), 155; *Pamela, Samuel Richardson*, 159.

Hilliard, Nicolas (c. 1547-1619), works and character, 146, 147; *Richard Hilliard, Queen Elizabeth*, 147; 148; 151; 279.

Hiroshige (1797-1858?), 115, 116; 136; 244; 261; 278.

Hoare, William (1706-1792), 176.

Hobbema, Meindert (1638-1709), 198.

Hogarth, William (1697-1764), 149; 153; 155; life, works and character, 156-160; *Rake's Progress and Election*, 157; *Marriage à la Mode, Family Group, Calais Gate, Shrimp Girl*, 158; *Enraged Musician, James Quin, Ann Hogarth, Hogarth's Servants*, Self Portrait, 159; 167; 174; 179; and Canaletto, 180.

HOITSU (1761-1828), 110.

HOKUSAI (1760-1849), 104; works and character, 114-116; 136; 278.

HOLBEIN, HANS (1497-1543) and Ingres, 82, 84; influence in England, 145-147; *Anne of Cleves*, 147; 151; 234; 278.

HOLDER, MR., restoration of S. Ursula, 47 *n.*

HOLFORD, MR., 232.

HOLLAND, art of, compared with Le Nain, 55; with Chardin, 68-70; influence on Watteau, 58; on Rousseau, 99; Dutch painters in Paris, 101, 102; oriental influence in, 104; Dutch painters in London, 154; influence on Gainsborough, 167, 184; landscapes, 179; influence on Crome, 195, 198; 200; 220; architecture in, 287.

HOLROYD, SIR CHARLES (1861-1917), 264.

HOOCH, PIETER DE (1629-1683), 55; 280.

HOPPNER, JOHN (1758?-1810), *William Smith, Countess of Oxford*, 177.

HOSKINS, JOHN (1664), 147; *Charles I, Mrs. Cromwell*, 150.

HOUDON (1741-1828), 72.

HOUGHTON, ARTHUR BOYD (1836-1875), 239.

HUDSON, THOMAS (1701-1779), 160.

HUGHES, ARTHUR (1832-1915), *April Love*, 231.

HUNT, WILLIAM HOLMAN (1827-1910), 222; 223; 224; works and character, 226, 227; *Claudio and Isabella, Light of the World, Triumph of the Innocents*, 226; *Scapegoat*, 227.

"ILLUSTRATORS OF THE 'SIXTIES," THE, 225; 239; 273.

IMPRESSIONISTS, THE, 7; 113; Manet and, 122; works and methods, 124-127; and Cézanne, 128; 134; and Gauguin, 136, 137; and Steer, 250; Fisher and Clausen, 251; 262.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, Muirhead Bone at, 262; other painters at, 268, 269.

INCHBOLD, JOHN WILLIAM (1830-1888), *The Dewar Stone*, 231.

INFINITY, mysticism in Gauguin, 137; of air and space in Wilson, 182, 183; in Blake, 189-191; in Crome, 198; in Turner, 206, 210; in Rossetti, 228, 229; in Madox Brown, 230; in Watts, 235.

INGRES, JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE (1780-1867), life, works and character, 82-87; *Mme. Rivière, M. de Norvins*, 84; *Oedipus*, 85, 86; *Roger delivering Angelica*, 86, 87; 90; 101; 102; 132; 134; 234; 279.

INNES, JAMES DICKSON (1887-1914), *Waterfall, South of France*, 261.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY, 263-266.

IRELAND, early civilization, 10.

IRELAND, National Gallery of, *Entombment* by Poussin, 39; Chardin, 71.

ITALY, influence on France, 19, 24, 29; Futurists, 130; Segantini, 140; Reynolds in, 160, 162, 164.

JAPAN, influence on Millet, 93, 102, 103; history and character of Japanese art, 104-117; influence on Manet, 120, 121;

on Degas, 134, 135; on Gauguin, 130; 229; on Whistler, 242-245; on Beardsley, 256; on Innes, 261; 278.

Jews in England, 12-13.

John, Augustus, 258; 259, 260; *Smiling Woman, Madame Suggia*, 260.

John, Miss Gwen, *Girl with a Letter*, 261.

Johnson, Cornelius (1593-1664), *Richard Weston, Apolomus Veth*, 148.

Jongkind, Johann Barthold (1810-1891), 102.

Kano, School, 106, 107; 108.

Kano Eitoku, see Eitoku.

Keene, Charles (1823-1891), 239.

Kenzan (c. 1690), 108.

Kiyonaga, Torii (active after 1765), 111.

Knapton, George (1698-1778), 170.

Kneller, Sir Godfrey (1646-1723), 151; 154; *John Smith, Marquis of Tweeddale, Monmouth, Henry Sidney*, 155; 159; 160.

Korin, Ogata (1660-1716), 108-110; 112.

Koriusai (active 1760-1780), 111.

Koyetsu, Honami (d. 1643), 108.

Ku Kai Chih (4th century), 107.

Kunisada, Utagawa (d. 1864), 111.

Kuniyoshi (d. 1861), 111, 136.

Lamb, Henry, *Irish troops surprised*, 268.

Lambert, George (1710-1765), 167; 179; 184.

Lancret, Nicolas (1690-1743), *Four Ages of Man*, 64.

Landscape, with Poussin, 39-42; with Claude, 43-50, 53; with Bourdon, 51; with Courbet, 95, 96; Corot and his predecessors, 96-98; 'Barbizon' painters, 99-102; Hokusai and Hiroshige, 115, 116; in Gainsborough, 167, 169; early landscape in England, 179; Wilson and Gainsborough, 180-186; Blake and Palmer, 190; Morland, Barker and Ward, 193, 194; Crome, 194-199; Cotman, 199; Turner, 200-211; Constable and others, 212-220; Watts, 238; F. Walker, 240; Whistler, 244, 245; Steer, 250; Fisher and Clausen, 251; Sargent, 252; Innes, 261; Bone, 261-262; Cameron, 264; other painters, 266, 267; models for, 278.

Largillière, Nicolas de (1656-1746), *Mrs. Middleton*, 57, 153; *Princess Ragotsky*, 57.

Lasinio, Carlo (1757-1839), 222.

Latour, Maurice Quentin de (1704-1788), 66.

Lauder, Robert Scott (1803-1869), 264.

Laurie, Professor A. P., 209 *n*.

Lavery, Sir John, 263, *La Morte du Cygne*, 264.

Lawrence, Sir Thomas (1769-1830), 81; 175; 187; *Lucifer*, 191; works and character, 191-192; *Mrs. Siddons, Miss Caroline Fry, Sir William Grant, Pope Pius VII, J. J. Angerstein, Philip Sansom*, 192; 253.

Lawson, Cecil Gordon (1851-1882), 240.

Le Brun, Charles (1619-1690), 6; 54; 56.

Lecoq de Boisbaudran, Horace (active 1831-1865), 249.

Legros, Alphonse (1837-1911), 248; 249; 264.

Leighton, Sir Frederic (1830-1896), 239; *Arts of War, Arts of Peace*, 240.

Lely, Sir Peter (1618-1680), works and character, 151-153; *Princess Mary, Comtesse de Grammont, Prince Rupert, Buckingham, Countess of Shrewsbury, Admirals, Van Helmont*, 152; *Mrs. Middleton*, 153.

Le Nain, Antoine (1588-1648), *Portrait Group*, 55.

Le Nain, Louis (1593-1648), *Saying Grace*, 55, 68, 69; and Millet, 92.

Leoni, Leone (c. 1509-1590), 151.

Le Sueur, Eustache (1616-1655), 54; *Holy Family*, 56.

Lessing, 72.

Lewis, John Frederick (1805-1876), *The Siesta, Edfou*, 232.

Leys, Baron Hendrik (1815-1869), 286.

Light, as treated by Claude, 47-49; by Le Nain, 55; by Chardin, 70; by Delacroix, 80; by Daumier and Millet, 93; by Corot, 97, 98; by Manet, 120, 121; by the Impressionists, 124-129; by Degas, 134, 135; by Van Gogh, 139; by Hilliard, 146; by Reynolds, 161-163; by Romney, 174; by Raeburn, 175; by Wilson, 182, 183; by Blake, 190; by Morland, 193; by Ward, 194; by Crome, 196-199; by Turner, 203-211; by Constable, 214, 216-218; in Madox Brown, 230; in Lewis, 232; in Watts, 238; in Steer, 250; in Fisher and Clausen, 251; in Tonks, 257; in Orpen, 258; in Connard, 259; in Innes, 261; in other painters, 266, 267.

Limbourg, Pol de (c. 1400), miniatures by, 19.

Lochner, Stefan (c. 1400-1450), 19.

Louis XIV, the 'Grand Monarque,' 7; 56; 57; 65.

Louis XV, 65; age of, 68, 73.

Loutherbourg, Philip James De (1740-1812), 203.

Louvre, 7; 8; Clouet portraits, 25, 26; *Arcadian Shepherds* by Poussin, 39; Chardin, 70; works by David, 74, 75, 76; by Gros, 77; by Ingres, 84, 85; by Chassériau, 87; by Millet, 93, 94; by Courbet, 94-96; by Manet, 120; by Fantin, 123; by Whistler, 243.

Lucas, David (1802-1881), 218.

Lyons, 24; Fantin at, 123.

MacEvoy, Ambrose (1878-1927), *The Ear Ring*, 258.

Maclise, Daniel (1811-1870), 222.

Manchester, *Autumn Leaves*, 228; *Work*, 230.

Manet, Edouard (1832-1883), 81; 95; 101; works and character, 118-122; *The Firing Party, A Soldier*, 119; *Concert aux Tuileries, Eva Gonzales, Olympia*, 120, 124; *La Servante de Bocks, Lady with a Cat*, 121; 124; 125; 127; 134; 218; 240; 242; 279; 280.

MANTEGNA, ANDREA (1431-1506), 31.

MARCHAND, JEAN, 130.

MARIS, JACOBUS (1837-1899), *Drawbridge*, 102.

MARIS, MATTHEW (1839-1917), *Montmartre*, 102.

MARMION, SIMON (1425 ?-1489 ?), 21.

MARSEILLES, De Troy at, 65.

MASACCIO (1401-1428), 112.

MATISSE, HENRI, 138 ; 280.

MAYNO, JUAN BAUTISTA DEL (1569-1649), 133 *n.*

MEISSONIER, JEAN LOUIS ERNEST (1815-1891), 88, 89 ; *Hired Assassins*, 89.

MEMLING, HANS (1430-5-1494), 224.

MENGS, ANTON RAFAEL (1728-1779), 180.

MENZEL, ADOLF (1815-1905), 88, 89.

MÈRYON, CHARLES (1821-1868), 261.

METSU, GABRIEL (1630-1667), 258; 280.

MICHEL, GEORGES (1763-1843), 99.

MICHELANGELO (1475-1564), 89 ; 160 ; 233 ; 237 ; 238 ; 281.

MIGNARD, PIERRE (1610-1695), 54 ; *Descartes, Marquise de Seignelay*, 56.

MILLAIS, SIR JOHN EVERETT (1829-1896), 222 ; 223 ; 225 ; 226 ; works and character, 227, 228 ; *Christ in the Carpenter's Shop, Ferdinand and Ariel, Ophelia, Order of Release*, 227, 231 ; *Autumn Leaves, Blind Girl, Vale of Rest, Yeomen of the Guard, Mrs. Jopling*, 228 ; 229 ; " Parables," 239.

MILLBANK GALLERY, Delaroche and Ary Scheffer, 87 ; Daubigny, 100 ; Boudin and Stevens, 101 ; Manet, 120, 121 ; Monet, 125 ; Pissarro, 126 ; Seurat and Renoir, 127 ; Cézanne, 128 ; Puvis, 133 ; Degas, 135 ; Gauguin, 137 ; Van Gogh, 139 ; Hogarth, 158 ; Gainsborough, 169, 170, 185 ; Romney, 171 ; Copley, 176 ; Wilson, 181 ; Blake, 191, 192 ; Morland, 193 ; Ward, 194 ; Crome, 195, 196 ; Cotman, 200 ; Turner, 204, 206, 211 ; Constable, 214, 218 ; Pre-Raphaelites and later artists, 226-267.

MILLET, JEAN FRANÇOIS (1814-1875), 89 ; works and character, 91-94 ; *The Whisper*, 91 ; *Woodsawyers*, 93 ; *Printemps*, 93, 94 ; *Church at Greville*, 94 ; 102, 103 ; 248 ; 251 ; 280.

MONAMY, PETER (1670 ?-1749), *Old East India Wharf*, 179.

MONET, CLAUDE (1840-1926), 122 ; works, *Plage de Trouville, Vetheuil*, 125, 126 ; 185 ; 204 ; 238 ; 250 ; 251 ; 256.

MONTICELLI, ADOLPHE (1824-1886), 63 ; character, 100.

MOORE, HENRY (1831-1895), *Catspaws of the Land*, 240.

MOR, ANTONIS (c. 1519-1576-8), 147.

MOREAU, GUSTAVE (1826-1898), 87.

MORI SOSEN (1747-1821), 108.

MORLAND, GEORGE (1763-1804), 186 ; 187 ; works and character, 192, 193 ; *Rabbiting, Stable Interior*, 193 ; 196 ; 197 ; 201.

MORONI, GIAMBATTISTA (1520-5-1578), 123.

MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834-1896), *La Belle Iseult*, 241.

MOTONOBU, KANO (1477-1559), 106.

MOULINS, MAITRE DE (c. 1460-1529?), *S. Victor with Donor*, 21; *Meeting of Joachim and Anna*, 22-24; *Annunciation*, 24.

MULLER, WILLIAM JAMES (1812-1845), *River and Rocks*, 220.

MULREADY, WILLIAM (1786-1863), *Snow Scene, Village Buffoon*, 220.

MUNNINGS, ALFRED J., *Epsom Downs*, 267.

MYTENS, DANIEL (c. 1590-1642), *Marquis of Hamilton*, 148; 150.

NAPOLEON, 7; influence on art, 75, 76, 77, 79.

NASH, PAUL AND JOHN, 268.

NATIONAL GALLERY, its foundation, 222.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND. *See* EDINBURGH.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, *Bolingbroke*, 57; *Mrs. Middleton*, 57, 153; *Margaret Beaufort, Henry VII, Charles Brandon, Mary I, Edward Butts*, 145; *Richard Weston, Nathaniel Bacon*, 148; *John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell*, 149; *Prince Rupert, Buckingham, Countess of Shrewsbury*, 152; *Hogarth, Samuel Richardson*, 159; *J. J. Kirby and Wife, Admiral Vernon*, 167; *D. of Bedford, D. of Cumberland*, 168; *George Colman*, 170; *Romney*, 171, 172; *Sir John Sinclair*, 175; *Ramsay, Duke of Grafton*, 176; *Mrs. Godwin*, 177; *Sir William Grant*, 192; *Lord Lawrence, Cardinal Manning*, 235.

NATTIER, JEAN MARC (1685-1766), 65, 66, *Comtesse de Tillières*, 66; 68.

NETHERLANDS, influence on France, 6, 29; on England, 11, 12; 21; artists from, 55, 57, 58; influence in England, 144, 145; 185; 198; 215; 224.

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB, 249, 250; 267.

NEW GALLERY, 241; 248.

NORWAY, English influence in, 144.

NORWICH, SCHOOL, 195; 199.

OKIO, MARUYAMA (1733-1795), 110.

OLIVER, ISAAC (1556-1617), 147; 150; 151.

OLIVER, PETER (1601-1647), 147; 150; 151.

OPIE, JOHN (1761-1807), *Mrs. Godwin, A Boy, Self Portrait*, 177.

ORCHARDSON, SIR WILLIAM QUILLER (1835-1910), 240.

ORPEN, SIR WILLIAM, *The Mirror*, 258; *The Model*, 259; 266.

OSTADE, ADRIAEN VAN (1610-1685), 58.

OXFORD, works at, 149; 159.

PAINTING METHODS, of Poussin, 37; of Claude, 43-45; of Watteau, 59, 60; of Chardin, 69-71; of Delacroix, 80; of Ingres, 84, 85, 87; of Daumier and Millet, 90-93; of Courbet, 94, 95; of Bonvin, 101; of the

Chinese, 105, 106; of Manet, 118-122; of the Impressionists, 125-127; of Puvis, 132; of Degas, 135; of Gauguin, 137; of Van Gogh, 139; in early England, 144, 145; of Hilliard, 146, 147; of Kneller, 155, 159; of Hogarth, 158, 159; of Reynolds, 161, 165; of Gainsborough, 167-171, 184-186; of Romney, 174; of Raeburn, 175; of Wilson, 182; of Blake, 189, 190; of Ward, 194; of Crome, 195-198; of Cotman, 199; in water colour, 200, 201; of Turner, 201-210; of Constable, 214-219; of the Pre-Raphaelites, 224; of Rossetti, 229, 230; of Watts, 235, 237; of Whistler, 242-245; of Steer, 250; of Sargent, 254; of Conder, 255.

PALMER, SAMUEL (1805-1881), 190.

PARIS, influence of, 8, 19; recovery under Henri IV, 28, 29; 54; Japanese Art in, 104, 113, 114; effect of siege, 124; Constable's work in, 214; Whistler in, 242.

PARIS, MATTHEW (1259), 144.

PARMIGIANO (1504-1540), and Reynolds, 164.

PATER, JEAN-BAPTISTE JOSEPH (1696-1736), 64.

PERREAL, JEAN, *see* MOULINS, MAITRE DE.

PERRONNEAU, JEAN BAPTISTE (1731-1796), 66.

PERSONALITY, importance of, 285-288.

PETTIE, JOHN (1839-1893), 240.

PIAZZETTA, GIOVANNI BATTISTA (1682-1754), 150.

PICASSO, PABLO, 129.

PIETRO DA CORTONA (1596-1669), 32.

PINWELL, GEORGE (1842-1875), 239.

PISANELLO (1397-9-1455), 151.

PISSARRO, CAMILLE (1830-1903), 124, works *Printemps, Louveciennes*; *Boulevard des Italiens*, 126; 136.

PISSARRO, LUCIEN, 262.

POINTILLISM, 126, 127.

POLES IN ENGLAND, 12.

PORTRAITURE, in France, 21, 24-27; under Louis XIV, 56, 57; under Louis XV, 65, 66; with David and Gérard, 76; with Delacroix, 81; with Ingres 82-85; with Fantin and Bastien-Lepage, 123, 124; in England under the Tudors, 144-147; the Stuarts, 148-153; with Reynolds, 162-165; Gainsborough, 166-171; Romney, 172-174; Raeburn, 175; Ramsay, Knapton, Cotes, Wilson, Hoare, Copley, 176; Beechey, Hoppner, Opie, Stubbs, 177; Zoffany, Walton, 178; Lawrence, 192; Constable, 213; Stevens, 234; Watts, 235; Steer, 250; Sargent, 252-254; John, 260; Guthrie, Strang, the Shannons, 263-266; 279, 280.

POST-IMPRESSIONISTS, 130; Exhibition, 267.

POT, HENDRIK GERRITSZ (1585-1657), 150.

POUSSIN, GASPAR (Gaspard Dughet, 1613-1675), 50, 51; *Abraham and Isaac, Landscape near Albano, Italian Landscape, Calling of Abraham*, 51; 179; and Wilson, 181.

Poussin, Nicolas (1594-1665), 27; life, works and character, 30-42; in Rome, 30, 31; love of classical art, 31; order of his works, 34; *Venus surprised by Satyrs*, 34, 35; *Plague at Ashdod*, 35; copy of *Feast of the Gods*, 35, 36; *Bacchanalian Festival*, 36; *Cephalus and Aurora*, 37, 38; visit to Paris, *Dance of the Seasons, Adoration of the Shepherds, Arcadian Shepherds, Entombment*, 39; *Inspiration of Anacreon, Nursing of Jupiter*, 40; *Landscape, "Phocion,"* 40, 41, 42; 48, 49, 51; his influence on design, 52; 55; 56; 86; on Corot, 96, 97; on Turner, 203; 281.

Poynter, Sir Edward (1836-1919), 239; *Visit to Aesculapius*, 240.

Prado, painting by del Mayno, 133 *n.*

Precious Stone, Ideal of the, 62; 147, 151; 208, 210.

Pre-Raphaelites, 23; 124; 188; the Brotherhood, 222-230; 245; 257; 273.

Provence, 4; 20.

Prudhon, Pierre Paul (1758-1823), 76, 77.

Psychology in Art, 271, 272.

Puvis de Chavannes, Pierre Cecile (1824-1898), 87; works and character, 132, 133; *Beheading of S. John Baptist, Toilet, La Mort et les jeunes Filles, Summer*, 133; 281.

Raeburn, Sir Henry (1756-1823), *Miss Hepburn, Sir John Sinclair, Viscount Melville, Mrs. Lauzun, Miss Forbes*, 175.

Ramsay, Allan (1713-1784), 176.

Raphael (1483-1520), 30; influence on Poussin, 31, 32, 34, 39; *Parnassus*, Transfiguration, *"Bible,"* 31; 56; on Ingres, 82, 83, 84; 160; 168; 233, 234; 279; 288.

Realism, of Maître de Moulins, 23, 24; of David, 75, 76; of Ingres, 83; in France, 88; championed by Courbet, 94, 95; value to French art, 102, 103; of Manet, 122; of Monet, 126; of Romney, 173, 174; of Gainsborough, 184; 186; in Morland, 193; in Crome, 196-199; in Turner, 202; in Constable, 213-219; in Sant, 240; in Ruskin, 247, 248; in Clausen, 251; in Sargent, 253, 254; in Tonks, 257; in Orpen, 258; in John, 259, 260; of Dodd's *Interrogation*, 268, 269.

Rembrandt (1606-1666), his drawings, 50; 81; influence on Reynolds, 161, 163, 164; 202; 254; 261; 264; 279; 281; 288.

Renoir, Pierre Auguste (1841-1919), 124; *Les Parapluies, La Première Sortie, Nu dans l'Eau*, 127.

Repose, in Claude, 48; in Bourdon, 51; in Le Nain, 55; in Chardin, 70; in Millet, 92; in Corot, 97; in Bonvin, 101; in Puvis, 132, 133; in Wilson, 181-183; in Gainsborough, 184; in Crome, 195-198; in Turner, 204; in Constable, 212; in Whistler, 243-245; in Clausen, 251; in Cameron, 264; 278.

Rethel, Alfred (1816-1859), 222; 287.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA (1723-1792), 78; 113; 144; 153; 155; 158; life, works and character, 160-166; the "Discourses," 100, 101, 164, 166, 187; *Holy Family*, 161; *Countess of Albemarle, Captain Orme, Nelly O'Brien*, 162; *Lady Cockburn, Graces decorating Hymen, Lady Bamfylde, Heads of Angels, Age of Innocence, Miss Bowles*, 163; *Two Gentlemen, Lord Heathfield*, 164; *Duke of Cumberland*, compared with Gainsborough, 168; 169; 171; 172; 174; 178; 186; 187; 212; 225; 252, 253; 288.

RHYTHM, of line in Ingres, 82-86; in Chinese Art, 105, 106; in Korin, 109; in Degas, 134; in Van Gogh, 139; in Reynolds, 164; in Blake, 189-191; in Cotman, 199; in Rossetti, 220, 230; in Burne-Jones, 241, 242; in Whistler, 243, 244; in Beardsley, 256, 257; in Brangwyn, 266; in Botticelli, 281.

RIBERA, JUSEPE (1589-1652), 94; 118.

RICHARDSON, JONATHAN (1665-1745), 155; 160.

RICKETTS, CHARLES, 256; *Deposition, Don Juan*, 205, 206.

RIGAUD, HYACINTHE (1659-1743), *Cardinal Fleury, Bolingbroke*, (57).

RILEY, JOHN (1646-1691), 153.

ROBERT, HUBERT (1733-1808), 96.

ROBESPIERRE, 75.

ROMAN (or Latin) strain in the French, 4, 5; in England, 12; 14; in Alfred Stevens, 234; sculpture and Republican feeling, 72, 73, 74.

ROMANO, GIULIO (Giulio Pippi, 1492-1546), 34.

ROMANTIC SCHOOL, 7; its origins, 79, 80; Ingres and the, 82, 83, 86; 87; 95; 98; Barbizon painters, 99, 100; and the Realists, 102, 103, 118; and Copley, 177 *n.*; and Ward, 194; 200.

ROME, French artists in, 29; Poussin at, 30-39; Claude in, 41-43, 46, 54; De Troy in, 65; David in, 74; Ingres at, 82; Wilson at, 180.

ROMNEY, GEORGE (1734-1802), life, works and character, 171-174; *Self-Portrait, Mr. and Mrs. Lindow, Lady Emily Kerr*, 171; *Lady and Child, Mrs. Trotter, Beaumont Family*, 172-174.

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL (1828-1882), 12; 220; 222; 223; 226; works and character, 228-230; *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, 228; *Arthur's Tomb, Damozel of the Sanct Grael*, 229; *Fazio's Mistress, The Bride, Beata Beatrix*, 230; 239; 242.

ROTHENSTEIN, WILLIAM, *The Doll's House*, 257, 258.

ROUSSEAU, PIERRE ETIENNE THÉODORE (1812-1867), *Sunset in Auvergne, Storm*, 99.

ROWLANDSON, THOMAS (1756-1827), 200; 202; 258.

RUBENS, SIR PETER PAUL (1577-1640), 6; 29; influence on Watteau, 58; on Boucher, 64, 67; on Gros, 77, 78; on Delacroix, 80; theory of colour, 113; 118; 161; on Reynolds, 163, 164; 168; and Gainsborough, 185; and Ward, 194; effect of *Chateau de Steen*, 215; 238.

RUISDAEL, JACOB VAN (1628-1682), 99.

RUSKIN, 46, 170; 223; Whistler and Ruskin, 244, 245, 247, 248.

RUSSELL, WALTER W., 251.

SACCHI, ANDREA (1598-1661), *Miracle of S. Gregory, Vision of S. Romuald*, 32; 41.

ST. ALBANS, School of, 144.

ST. AUBIN, GABRIEL JACQUES DE (1724-1780), *The Parade*, 71.

SALVATOR ROSA (1615-1673), 51; 179.

SANDRART, JOACHIM (1606-1688), friend of Claude, 43, 44.

SANDYS, FREDERICK (1832-1904), 239.

SANT, JAMES, *Miss Martineau's Garden*, 240.

SARGENT, JOHN SINGER (1856-1925), 131; works and character, 252-254; *Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose, Madame Gautreau, The Misses Hunter, The Wertheimer Family, Lord Ribblesdale*, 253; and John, 260; 266.

SCALE of painting as modified by Poussin, 52; of miniature, 151; of portraiture, 178.

SCANDINAVIAN ELEMENT in the French, 5; in Ireland, 10.

SCHEFFER, ARY (1795-1858), 87.

SCOTT, SAMUEL (1710-1772), *Old London Bridge*, 179.

SCULPTURE, 5; 7; antique, 34, 72, 74, 75, 82; 83; sculpturesque element in Daumier, 89, 90; in Millet, 92; in Gauguin, 137; in Matisse, 138; in Stevens, 233.

SEGANTINI, GIOVANNI (1858-1899), 140.

SEURAT, GEORGES PIERRE (1859-1891), 126, 127; *La Baignade*, 127; 136.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY, Boydell's, 173.

SHANNON, CHARLES HAZELWOOD, *Mrs. Patrick Campbell*, 265.

SHANNON, JAMES JEBUSA (1862-1923), *Phil May, The Flower Girl*, 266.

SHARAKU, TOSHIUSAI, 111; 136.

SHUNSHO, KATSUGAWA (active 1764-1792), 111.

SICKERT, WALTER, 262, 263; *Café des Tribunaux, Ennui*, 263.

SISLEY, ALFRED (1840-1899), 124.

SLADE SCHOOL, 248, 249; 257-261; 262.

SMITH, "of Chichester" and "of Derby," 179.

SOANE MUSEUM, Hogarth at the, 157.

SODOMA (1477-1549), 76.

SOEST, GERARD (c. 1605-1681), 153.

SOSEN MORI (1747-1821), 108.

SOTATSU (c. 1690), 108-110; 112.

SPENCER, STANLEY, *Travoys arriving*, 268.

STARK, JAMES (1794-1859), 195.

STEER, PHILIP WILSON, 50; *Yachts, Painswick Beacon, Richmond Castle, Chepstow Castle, Music Room, Mrs. Raynes*, 250; 261.

STEVENS, ALFRED, English School, (1817-1875), 168; 222; works and character, 232-234; *Judith*,

King Alfred and his Mother, 232; *Mrs. Collman, John Morris Moore*, 234; 279.

STEVENS, ALFRED, Belgian School, (1828-1906), *Seascape, The Present*, 101.

STILL LIFE, painters of, 279.

STOKES, ADRIAN, *Autumn on the Mountains*, 266.

STRANG, WILLIAM (1859-1921), 264, 265; *Bank Holiday*, 264; *Henry Newbolt*, 265.

STUART, "Athenian," 72.

STUBBS, GEORGE (1724-1806), 159; *Phaeton and Pair*, 177.

SUNG DYNASTY, art in the, 105, 106.

SWEDISH ARTISTS, 154; 287.

TASSI, AGOSTINO (1565-1644), Master of Claude, 42.

TAVERNER, WILLIAM (1693-1772), 179.

TENIERS, DAVID (1610-1690), 58.

TENNIEL, JOHN (1820-1914), 239.

TERBORCH, GERARD (1617-1681), 150; 258.

THOMA, HANS (1839-1924), 262; 287.

THORNHILL, SIR JAMES (1676-1734), *Miracle of S. Francis*, 155, 156.

TIEPOLO, GIOVANNI BATTISTA (1696-1769), 182.

TITIAN (1480?-1576), influence on Poussin, 33-39; *Bacchanals*, 33; *Feast of the Gods*, 33, 35, 36; *Bacchus and Ariadne*, 33, 36, 38; *Worship of Venus*, 33; 52; 203; 228; *Sacred and Profane Love*, 237; 238; 265; 279; 280, 281.

TOCQUÉ, LOUIS (1696-1742), *Man in a Flowered Vest*, 66.

TONKS, HENRY, *Rosamund and the Purple Jar*, 257; 261.

TOSA SCHOOL, 107, 108.

TOYOKUNI, UTAGAWA (1768-1825), 111.

TROY, JEAN-FRANÇOIS DE (1679-1752), *Plague of Marseilles*, 65.

TROYON, CONSTANT (1810-1865), 266.

TURNER, JOSEPH MALLARD WILLIAM (1775-1851), and Claude, 47, 48; and Watteau, 63; and Monticelli, 100, 116; influence on Impressionists, 124-126; 180; 184; 186; 188; works and character, 200-211; *Calais Pier*, 202; *Sun rising through Vapour, Spithead, Frosty Morning*, 203; *Bligh Sand, Crossing the Brook, Dido building Carthage*, 204, 205; *Bay of Baiae*, 206; *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus*, 207; *Interior at Petworth*, 208; *Agrippina, Fighting Téméraire, San Benedetto, Sun of Venice*, 209; *Rain, Steam and Speed*, 210; 212; 214; 215; 219; 227; 250; 267; 278.

UKIYO-YE SCHOOL, 110-116.

ULTRAMARINE, synthetic (French Blue), fading of, 209 *n.*

UNITY, lack of in Maître de Moulins, 22; with Claude and Poussin, 52; with Chardin, 69, 70; with Ingres, 83, 86, 87; with Corot, 97, 98; with Wilson, 183, 184; with Gainsborough, 184; in Crome, 195-199; in Turner, 204, 206, 211; in Constable, 212, 215; in Millais, 227; in Walker and

Lawson, 240; in Whistler, 242-245; lack of in Fisher, 251; in John, 260; in Bone, 262.

Utamaro, Kitagawa (1754-1806), 111; 121; 136; 280.

Van Gogh, Vincent (1853-1890), works and character, 138-140; *Landscape with Cypress Trees, Yellow Chair, Sunflowers, Field near Arles*, 139; 190; 278.

Van Loo, Carle (1705-1765), 65; 69.

Varin, Quentin, 30.

Velazquez, Diego (1599-1660), and Chardin, 69; *Philip IV*, 71; and Manet, 118; and Reynolds, 164; 196; 242; 279.

Velde, Willem van de (1633-1707), influence of on Brooking, 180; on Turner, 201.

Vermeer, Jan (1632-1675), 55; 104; 258; 280, 281.

Vernet, Claude Joseph (1714-1789), 96; 180.

Veronese, Paul (1528-1588), 198.

Victoria and Albert Museum, works in, by Delacroix, 81; by Millet, 93; by Courbet, 96; by Rousseau, 99; oriental art, 114 *n.*; by Hilliard and Holbein, 147; by Gainsborough, 168; by Monamy, 179; by Barker, 193; by Crome, 197; by Constable, 212-218; by Cox and De Wint, 219; Leighton, 240.

Vien, Joseph Marie (1716-1809), 74.

Vigée Le Brun, Elisabeth-Louise (1755-1842), 72.

Virtuoso, the, 130-132; 272.

Vitality in Titian and Poussin, 33, 34; with the Romantics, 78-81; with Ingres, 82, 86; with Daumier, 90; with Courbet, 95, 103; with the Chinese and Japanese, 106, 107, 109-114; of Manet, 119-122; of Cézanne, 128, 129; of Zorn and Sargent, 131; of Degas, 134; of Gauguin, 137; of Van Gogh, 139, 140; of Hogarth, 159; of Reynolds, 162-164; of Gainsborough, 168, 185; of Romney, 178; of Blake, 190, 191; of Ward, 194; of Crome, 197; of Turner, 202, 203, 207, 208; of Constable, 214-219; of Madox Brown, 230; of Frith, 232; want of in Burne-Jones, 241, 242; and in Whistler, 244-246; in Steer, 250; Sargent, 252, 253; in Orpen, 258; in John, 259, 260; in Innes, 261; in Bone, 262; in Strang, 264; in Ricketts, 265; in Munnings, 267; in the Moderns, 268; 278-279.

Vorticists, the, 130.

Vouet, Simon (1590-1649), 29; 54.

Walker, Miss Ethel, *Nausicaa*, 261.

Walker, Frederick (1840-1875), 239-240; *The Plough*, 240.

Walker, Robert (c. 1600-c. 1658), *John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell*, 149, 150.

Wallace Collection, *see* Hertford House.

Wallis, Henry (1830-1916), *Death of Chatterton*, 231.

Wals, Gottfried, 42.

Walton, Henry (1746-1813), *Plucking the Turkey*, 178.

INDEX

WARD, JAMES (1769-1859), works and character, 193, 194; *Landscape with Cattle, Gordale Scar, Harlech Castle, Regent's Park, Bulls Fighting*, 194.

WATER-COLOUR, in England, 200-201; with Turner, 206, 208; with Rossetti, 229.

WATTEAU, ANTOINE (1683-1721), 6; life, works and character, 57-63; his drawings, 58; painting methods, 59, 60; *La Gamme d'Amour*, 60; *Plaisirs du Bal, Fêtes Venitiennes, Lady at her Toilet, Gilles and his Family*, 61; *Embarquement pour Cythère*, 57, 63; *Gilles*, 63; 67; 71; 100; 168; 255.

WATTS, GEORGE FREDERICK (1817-1904), 222; works and character, 234-238; *Russell Gurney, Lord Lawrence, Cardinal Manning*, 235; *Story from Boccaccio, Echo*, 237; *Love and Death, She shall be called Woman, Psyche, Time Death and Judgment, Jacob and Esau*, 238; 241; 279.

WEST, J. WALTER, *Sunshine, Breeze and Blossom*, 267.

WESTMINSTER, SCHOOL OF, 144.

WHISTLER, JAMES ABBOT M'NEIL (1834-1903), 113; 134; 239; works and character, 242-246; *Little White Girl*, 242, 243; *Painter's Mother, Carlyle, Miss Cicely Alexander*, 243; *Fire Wheel, Cremorne Lights, Old Battersea Bridge*, 244; trial *v.* Ruskin, 244, 245, 247, 248; 256; 262; 263.

WILKIE, SIR DAVID (1785-1841), 203; *Blind Man's Buff*, 220.

WILSON, RICHARD (1714-1782), 153; *Venetian Gentleman*, 176; landscapes, 180-184; his influence, 180, 184; *Niobe's Children, Maecenas' Villa, Lake Avernus, Landscape with Bathers*, 181; *View in Italy*, 182; *Italian Coast Scene, View on the Wye*, 183; 186; and Crome, 196; 201; 212; 214.

WILTON HOUSE, Van Dyck at, 185.

WINCHESTER, SCHOOL OF, 143.

WINCKELMANN, 31; 72.

WINDSOR CASTLE, Hilliard at, 146; Hoskins at, 150; Cooper at, 151; Lawrence at, 192.

WINDUS, WILLIAM LINDSAY (1823-1907), *Too Late*, 231.

WINT, PETER DE (1784-1849), *Wooded Landscape*, 219.

WITTE, EMANUEL DE (c. 1618-1692), 104.

WOOTTON, JOHN (1690-1765), 167; 179; 184.

WOUVERMAN, PHILIP (1619-1668), 58.

WRIGHT, JOSEPH MICHAEL (1625 ?-1700), 153.

WYNANTS, JAN (1625 ?-1682), 184.

YEISHI (active 1780-1800), 111.

ZOFFANY, JOHANN (1733-1810), 159; 177; *Family Group, Gainsborough*, 178.

ZORN, ANDERS (1860-1920), 131.

ZUCCARELLI, FRANCESCO (1704-1788), 179, 180.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON THE EARLIER VOLUMES OF

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

I. THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS. 112 *Illustrations, in Colour and Monochrome.* 21*s. net*

"An excellent book. . . . No better introduction to the Transalpine Masters could be had than this scholarly volume, which is quickened by fine taste and penetrating insight, and beautifully illustrated."—*Morning Post.*

"For a long time we have had no such courageous or interesting work on the art of the Italian schools."—Sir Claude Phillips, in *The Daily Telegraph.*

"On nearly every painter of mark it gives a page or two of informative and detailed appraisement: on the greatest masters, of course, many more pages . . . apt, persuasive, suggestive. . . . There is no criticism of art like that of a man who is himself an artist. When it is reinforced by admirable powers of expression and wide knowledge . . . it carries a weight beyond all the rest. . . . Sir Charles Holmes has not only trained skill of exposition and an attractive style, but also as profound a technical knowledge of the processes and methods of elder art as any living painter . . . he opens up to many readers vistas unknown. His sympathies, too, seem to be quite unbiased and to extend to all schools and periods."—*Times.*

"It is given to few experts to be able to place their specialised knowledge in as acceptable a form as Sir Charles Holmes. He has the rare gift of being able to invest abstract theories on recondite points of art and expositions of its technical expression with an appeal to the ignorant layman as well as to the more advanced student, enabling the former to acquire an insight into artistic truths that might otherwise have remained as sealed books to him. The charms of Sir Charles's style, and the depth and extent of his historical and technical knowledge of painting, have perhaps never been better shown than in the first volume of his new book on the National Gallery . . . at once interesting and truly informative . . . an illuminative survey of Italian art from the time of Duccio to that of Canaletto . . . an admirable introduction to the study of Italian art."—*Connoisseur.*

See over for Press Opinions of Vol. II

II. THE NETHERLANDS, GERMANY, SPAIN

143 *Illustrations, in Colour and Monochrome.* **25***s. net*

"The most helpful introduction to the study of the Northern Schools. . . . The human insight and enthusiasm, the faculty of making technical analysis stimulating, and of so opening up complicated and profound considerations that the lay-public can enter and understand, these are the evident and important qualities of this book."—*Burlington Magazine.*

"The book takes a permanent place as a classic on the general history and development of European painting . . . it makes highly fascinating reading, the writer having the gift of conveying erudite knowledge in a lucid and engaging manner that makes it not only easily comprehensible, but impels the reader to go forward."—*Connoisseur.*

"Sir Charles Holmes's gifts as a writer raise his second volume on the National Gallery (as they did his first) far above the ordinary standard of an official description to the level of a brilliant essay on aesthetic development, whose focus in the present instance is the art and artistic ideals of the seventeenth century . . . always stimulating and suggestive."—*Studio.*

"His book will be eagerly read . . . his own skill as a painter enables him to interpret pictures from the artist's own point of view, as it were, and not as an outsider."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"It is much more than a book about the National Gallery. It is a book about the art of painting; and those who desire to know as much about pictures as every civilized man is supposed to know, can safely buy Sir Charles's three volumes as they appear."—*The Guardian.*

"The book is not intended for specialists, but the most exacting will have no fault to find with its scholarship. To the general reader it may be commended as clear, simple, and eminently readable."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"If we knew nothing more of Sir Charles Holmes than the two books he has written on the pictures of the National Gallery, we might feel convinced of his supreme fitness to be the Director of that great collection . . . those who know our great national treasure house will find intense enjoyment in the author's appreciations and analyses of some of the outstanding works in the gallery."—*Yorkshire Post.*

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C.2

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW